

The

June, 1929

YOUTH'S COMPANION



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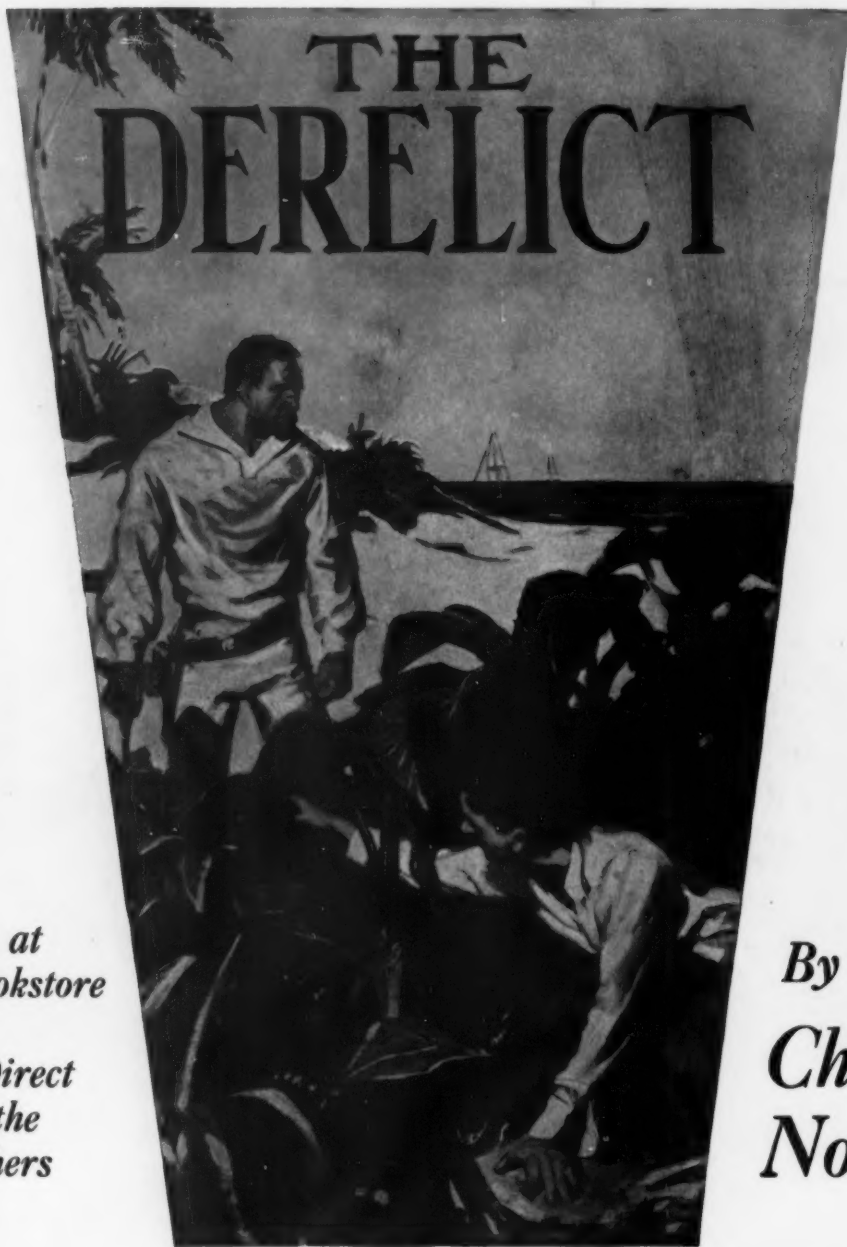
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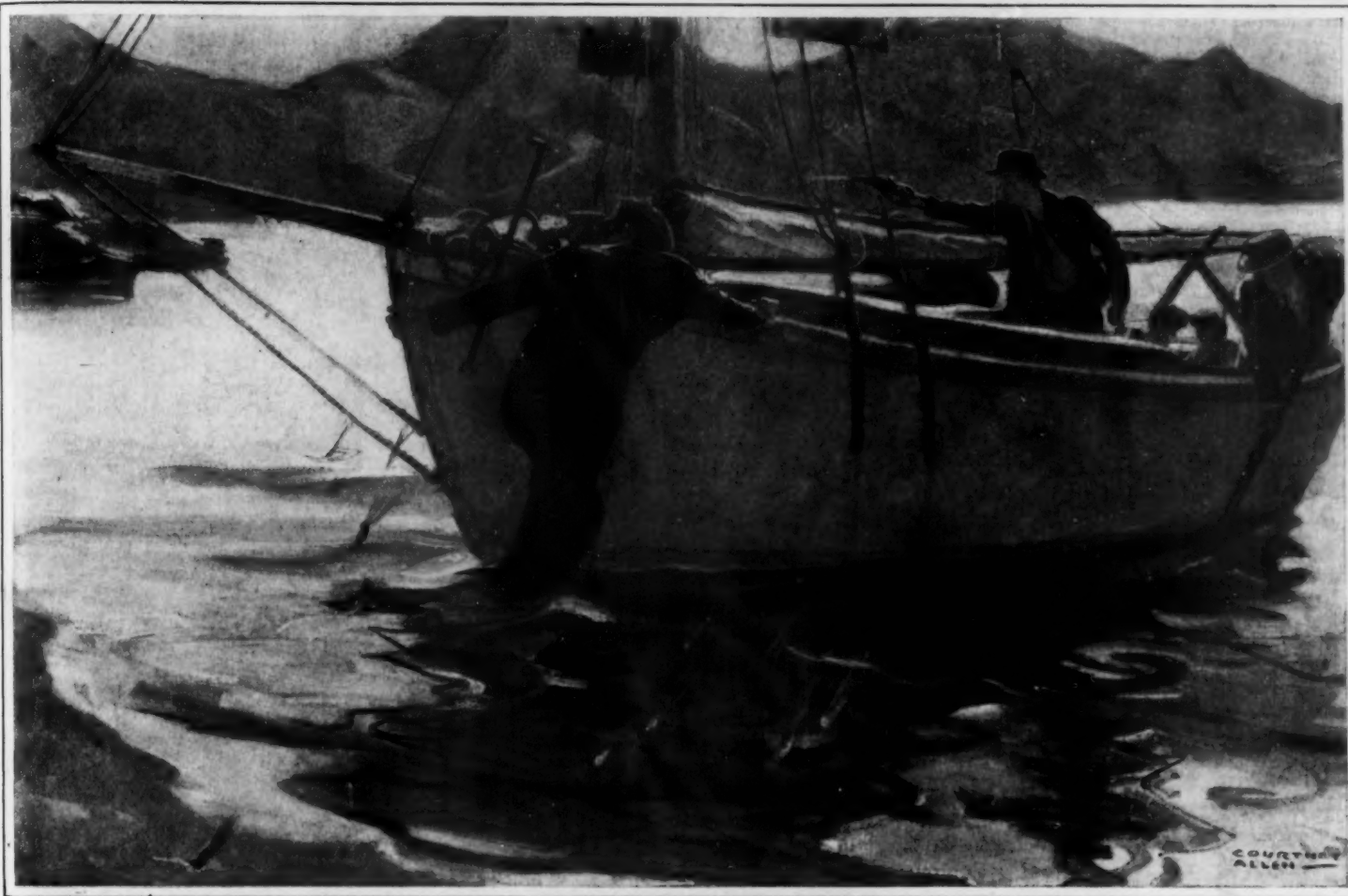
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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A fusillade clattered out from the smugglers on top of the island. Small geysers of water danced all around the boat. "Shoot over their heads!" ordered Dick as he and his two men opened fire in reply.

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The Mystery of Death Island

LIEUT. HENRY CRANDALL, U. S. Navy, accidentally washed off submarine R-5, in San Pedro Harbor and drowned near noon today. Body not recovered. Please notify next of kin.

This message was sent by the commanding officer of the submarine base at San Pedro, California, at 2:40 p.m., February 12, 1929. It was received by the commander-in-chief of the U. S. Pacific Fleet aboard the flagship at 2:47 p.m.

The Admiral of the Fleet pulled angrily at his white, close-cropped moustache and exclaimed to his Flag Lieutenant: "Another submarine accident!"

"Yes, sir."

It was clear that the Flag Lieutenant was just as mystified as the Admiral.

"Washed overboard!" snorted the Admiral, his face purpling with rage. "Fine lot of officers we've got when they get washed overboard in weather like this!"

He nodded at the port through which was framed a circular area of calm blue sea, sparkling under the sunshine of a cloudless California sky.

The commanding officer of the submarine base, located at the municipal dock in the inner harbor, was equally moved by the dispatch he had just sent.

"What do you make of it?" he demanded for the third time of his executive officer. And for the third time the executive officer retorted: "Nothing at all, sir! Nothing at all!"

By Fitzhugh Green

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

"What does Armstrong say? He has the R-5, hasn't he?"
"Yes, sir, he has. But he hasn't much to say. Not much."

"Not much! Have you asked him for details?"

The executive shook his head. "He's very upset, sir. I didn't like to press him just now. In a few hours—"

The commanding officer made a gesture of exasperation. "For Heaven's sake, don't baby him! It looks as if he were to blame for the death of a fellow officer. Have him make a statement at once."

"Aye, aye, sir."

But as the executive stepped to the door, his senior held up a hand. "I say, wait a minute."

"Yes, sir?"

"I guess you had better go easy with him, after all. That is, if you think it's the thing to do. But don't forget that the Admiral is going to come down on us like a ton of bricks. This is the fifth submarine accident in five weeks. The press of the country is already beginning to wake up. A few more

attacks by American editors and we'll all lose our jobs."

"Yes, sir."

The executive waited for a moment to see if his chief had more to say. Then he stepped quickly outside to the dock alongside which the unfortunate R-5 had moored only a little while before. His glum face showed how much he disliked pressing Armstrong for more facts. He trusted the young officer. To urge details at this moment was to imply suspicions that did not exist.

"Where is Lieutenant Armstrong?" he inquired of a passing bluejacket.

The bluejacket nodded toward a dock shed, where a tall figure in the uniform of a naval lieutenant stood staring out across the crowded harbor. A good-looking young officer, too: sharp blue eyes with a ruddy color showing through his deep sea tan; broad shoulders with a swing to them that smacked of the football field; and a certain air of nautical efficiency that marked the born mariner.

"Pretty tough, old man," observed the executive sympathetically.

Dick Armstrong gave his superior a grateful look, but said nothing.

"The chief wants to know a little more. Of course he expects a detailed statement. But he's anxious to have something now. Couldn't you tell me just how it happened?"

Slowly Dick nodded, still staring gloomily

The Long
Story
Complete
in
This Issue

across the water. Plainly it was an effort for him to speak. But he was game; Dick Armstrong was that sort—willing to face the music. In a flat, toneless voice he briefly explained the tragedy.

Hank Crandall (he said) had asked to make a short run with him on the R-5. Of course it was against Fleet Regulations to take a passenger on a submarine. But Dick thought this would not make any great difference. The R-5 was just going to take a turn around the fleet of battleships anchored in the harbor.

Hank had never done any submarine duty. He wanted to see what it felt like on such a boat. He was interested in how everything worked; particularly in how the craft was steered from the little bridge by the periscope.

As the R-5 threaded her way out through the harbor traffic and between the anchored battleships, Hank went forward for a look at the boat's diving fins. After a while he walked aft along her narrow steel deck. It was foolish, yes; but then Hank had never been aboard a submarine before; nothing but battleship duty since he graduated from Annapolis, in the same class as Dick. When Dick glanced over his shoulder he saw Hank lying down, head toward the stern, staring at the whirling propellers below him.

The accident came without warning. Accidents on submarines do. The R-5's horizontal rudders jammed, and she began to dive rapidly. And although Dick signaled instantly for her engines to stop, he saw her bow begin to disappear under the surface.

"Hey! She's going under! We've got to duck!" he yelled at Hank.

But it was too late. Dick had to stay with his ship. The main hatch, gaping at his feet, must be closed in five seconds or the submarine would fill. As he sprang for a ladder he saw Hank Crandall look up. He saw the look of astonishment spread across his friend's sunburned features. The sea was already closing over the R-5's decks.

Hurrying to the lower control, he told himself that Hank would be all right. Surely it would mean only a ducking for him. Some one of the scores of small craft moving about the harbor would pick him up. The day was warm, and keeping afloat an easy matter for a good swimmer.

"No headway, sir," reported the Quartermaster a few minutes later.

Dick nodded. "Pumps!" he shouted through the tube at his elbow.

An indicator showed that the R-5 was rising. Presently she would emerge. Dick hoped she had not gone far. He couldn't stop worrying. His lips tightened with the suspense. When the R-5 broke water Dick was first out of the hatch. He saw by the location of the ships around him that she had not gone far. He rang up full speed ahead. He circled back to the approximate point at which Hank had been washed overboard. There was no sign of the missing man. After an hour's search Hank Crandall was still missing. Dick hailed several shore boats, but they had seen no man swimming in the water. Navy launches said the same thing.

He tried to believe that Hank had been picked up, but his thoughts were not convincing. Suppose Hank had been seized by a cramp? Suppose he had been struck by the propellers as he slipped overboard? What if his uniform proved too much of a drag?

With a despair he could not down he turned the R-5 back to the submarine base. He told himself that a telephone message would be there ahead of him saying that Hank Crandall had been taken ashore and was now safe and dry aboard his own ship. When he got in no such message awaited him.

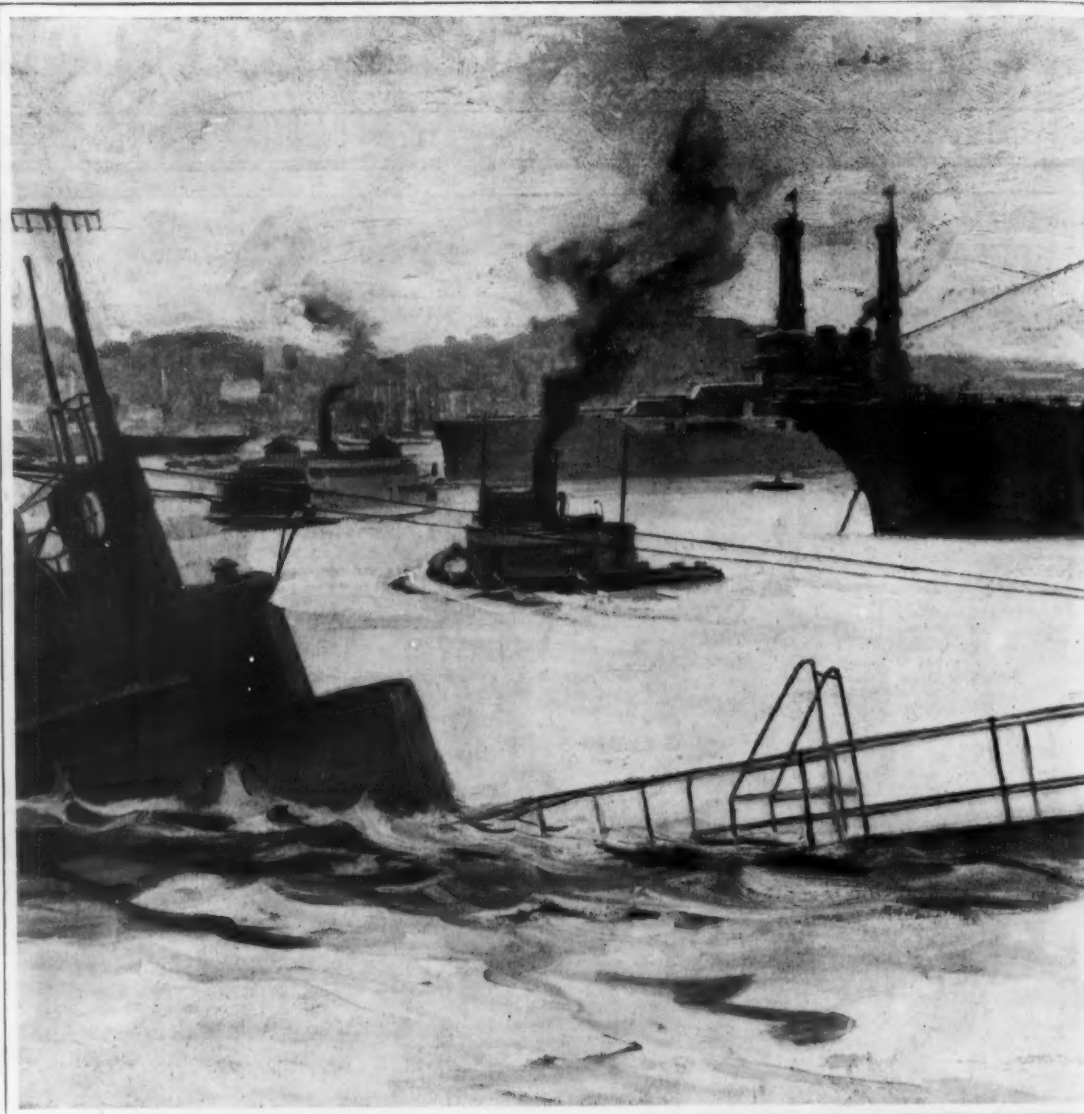
DICK turned to the executive officer, standing beside him: "He was my best friend—"

The executive nodded understandingly.

But before he could speak Dick suddenly whirled about and, disregarding the stern formality of Navy manners, seized his senior's arm in an impulsive grip.

"I won't believe he is dead!" he cried. "Hank was too good a swimmer to drown that easily! Something's happened to him we don't understand! And I'm going to find out what it is!"

The executive controlled his surprise with an effort.



The accident came without warning. Accidents on submarines do. The R-5's horizontal rudders jammed, and she began to dive rapidly. "Hey! She's going under! We've got to duck!" Dick yelled at Hank [PAGE 304]

His sympathy was too great to show the younger man how foolish he thought such an idea was.

"But, Armstrong, how do you propose to go about solving this—er—mystery?"

Dick shook his head. "I don't know, sir. I've been thinking pretty hard. And I don't know! But I'm not going to admit Hank Crandall is dead until they show me the body!"

CHAPTER TWO

The Representative of the Press

TWO days later Dick Armstrong stepped aboard the U. S. S. Idaho, where the Court of Inquiry was being held. It was 11 A.M. of the same sort of day as that on which Hank had disappeared. The sea was very blue. Bright signal flags snapped from the foremost halliards of the flagship. Her decks were spic and span. Bluejackets in snow-white uniforms stood smartly at the gangway while Dick was piped over the side by the boatswain's mate of the watch.

"Good morning," said the officer of the watch, returning Dick's salute to the colors. "A cit is here to see you before you go below."

Stepping aside, the speaker nodded to a man in civilian clothes who stood near one of the turret barbettes.

Dick took the fellow in with a glance.

Later he recalled that even in that first meeting he had disliked Meisner. It wasn't the fellow's check suit and loud necktie, nor his straw hat with blue-and-white striped band. If a cit wanted to wear loud clothes, that was up to the cit. No, it was something in the man's manner that got under his skin; something in the way Meisner's slight body bent and clammy hand only half-gripped his that made him distrust the man. When he met Meisner's small black eyes under their bushy brows he

felt uncomfortably as if he himself were under suspicion.

"May I have a few words with you, Lieutenant?" asked Meisner. "Won't take a minute."

"About what?" queried Dick bluntly.

Meisner stepped close and laid a well-manicured hand on Dick's arm. "Step up to the deck, sir, and I'll tell you."

When they were out of earshot of both the watch officer and the side boys Meisner spoke again, still using an undertone as if imparting a deep secret.

"I want the lowdown on the drowning, Mr. Armstrong. Won't you give it to me?"

"Why—" Dick began. But the other held up his hand.

"It's all right. I should have told you that I'm the Los Angeles representative of the Pacific Press Association. The only thing we've had is a paragraph to the effect that Lieutenant Crandall was drowned day before yesterday. This morning I heard he was washed overboard from your submarine."

"What of it?" was on the tip of Dick's tongue to blurt at the man. Why should a stranger be allowed to pry into a matter so intimate and personal as this? What right had anyone to print stories about a personal grief?

But Meisner was supplying the answer to these thoughts even as they raced through Dick's mind: "You see, Lieutenant, the newspapers must have some sort of story. When the naval authorities say that an officer has been drowned the public wants to know how it all happened."

"All right, tell 'em," blurted Dick.

Meisner adjusted his bright silk necktie. "All right, Lieutenant, I will. But you'll have to give me the dope first."

"It's not my business to. The commanding officer of the submarine base will tell you everything there is to tell."

"I tried him. And all I got was a couple

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BE FOUND ON
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A look of astonishment spread across Hank's sun-burned features. The sea was already closing over the R-5's decks

of names and a date. Yours was one name, and the dead man's was the other. Come on now, Lieutenant, and give me a few facts. How did Crandall happen to be on your submarine? I didn't find his name on the list of officers attached to the R-5."

Dick's face flushed. He was tempted to brush by the man and make his way below, where he knew the Board of Inquest was in session investigating Crandall's death. There was no physical reason why he shouldn't. Certainly he was nearly twice the size of Meisner. And the newspaper man wouldn't have dared to start a fracas on a man-of-war. But a curious feeling came over him. It wasn't exactly fear. It was more as if some voice had whispered in his ear: "Look out for this fellow. He is quick-witted and treacherous."

"I'm sorry," he said after a moment of hesitation, "but I don't think it's my place to talk about the accident. If the Navy doesn't choose to give out the facts, certainly I oughtn't to."

It was Meisner's turn to show resentment. But he didn't flush. Instead his hard, thin features grew harder, and his eyes narrowed until they were mere pin points of black.

"All right, Mister Lieutenant," he said insolently. "I haven't been writing twenty years for nothing. I'm one of the best story-tellers you ever saw. And if you won't help me I'll help myself!"

"All right," Dick snapped. "Say any confounded thing you want. Only leave me alone. Now beat it!"

But as Dick turned angrily and headed for the hatch he felt a hand on his arm. Looking down, he saw gold rings on two of the thin fingers and knew whose hand it was.

"Take your dirty paw off me!" he shouted into Meisner's leering face.

"Don't get excited, Lieutenant," said the other calmly. "I just wanted to ask you a question."

"What?"

"Do you know what I'm going to put into my story?"

"No, and I don't care a hang!"

Again Dick turned and started for the hatch. Over his shoulder he heard the persistent voice of the newspaper man: "I'm going to say you did it on purpose!"

There was no mistaking the speech. The very tone of Meisner's voice was a threat.

This time Dick controlled himself with an effort. "Look here, I'm going to have you put off this ship," he said a little unevenly.

Meisner shrugged. "I doubt it, Lieutenant. But you didn't give me a chance to finish. I happen to know that you and Crandall had a fight only last week."

"We didn't!" broke out Armstrong and caught himself.

As if enjoying his disclosures, Meisner put his thumbs in the armpits of his loudly checked vest and rocked back on his heels while an ugly grin overspread his face.

"You had this fight in the attic of Mrs. Crandall's house over in Long Beach."

It was true; he and Hank had been boxing there only a few days ago while Mrs. Crandall, Hank's mother, was out driving. But how on earth did this scoundrel know anything about it? The house was empty at the time.

"Oh, it'll make a great yarn! Think of the headlines: 'Two Sons of Neptune Battle for Lady's Hand!' 'Dead Men Tell No Tales!' 'Murder Sus—'"

But Meisner choked on the last words. Dick's hands seized the lapels of his coat so suddenly and closed them with such viciousness that the pressure cut his wind completely off.

"You skunk!" panted Dick. "If you print any of those lies I'll break every bone in your body!"

With an effort Meisner jerked himself free from Dick's grip. He made no effort to hide his annoyance in having his handsome clothes mussed. Foppishly he straightened his tie, rolled his coat collar out of its disarray and dusted his spotless shoes with his silk handkerchief.

Gradually his poise came back. When he had once more buttoned his coat and pulled it down, he bowed with mock courtesy. "I'm sorry, Lieutenant, that you and I can't do business. But you're a little too quick on the trigger."

With a theatrical gesture he held up his hand—the one with the rings on it—when Dick opened his mouth to speak. "No, don't let's quarrel," went on Meisner. "You prefer to let me go and tell my story the way it comes to me."

"You'll be sued for libel!"

"Oh, no, Lieutenant. My facts are facts: You and the dead man fought. A few days later he died—washed off your submarine. He didn't have to be aboard the R-5. He didn't have to be out of earshot when she dived. He didn't—"

"Shut up!"

Meisner pretended to be surprised. "Oh, you'd rather give me your own story then?" he asked amiably.

Dick hesitated between a desire to hurl him over the side and a desperate feeling

of doubt about the advisability of letting such a scandalous story start.

There was not the slightest grain of truth in what Meisner implied, but it would only add to the bitter grief of Hank's poor mother if a sensation were started.

"And on sober second thought?" queried Meisner sarcastically.

Dick glared at the man. What a contemptible piece of humanity he was! Attempting blackmail, too! The law might take care of that. But then it would be too late. The story would be out.

"Yes?" Meisner asked.

"No!" snapped Dick suddenly. "No, I won't!"

His loathing of the man had abruptly got the better of his judgment—if judgment it were to do as Meisner said. To tell Meisner the story would be to admit the power of the man's threats.

Meisner bowed again. But he did not take his beady eyes off Dick.

"The court sends word they are waiting for you," broke in the officer of the watch.

"Tell 'em I'm on my way," said Dick savagely. He turned and without another word strode toward the wardroom hatch.

AS he hurried below he experienced a sharp reaction from his anger. Now that the disturbing effect of Meisner's personal appearance was removed he saw more clearly how much trouble the man was able to stir up.

For years Dick had been glancing across the headlines of the sensational daily papers. He had seen murders and robberies spread across their pages in enormous type. But somehow it had never occurred to him that he could ever become a party to such things.

Of course Meisner was clever enough to compose his story in such a way that he could not be sued for libel; that was his business. But there was obviously plenty of material to make the morbid-minded public devour it.

"They'll have our pictures spread all over the country," groaned Dick. "Poor Mrs. Crandall! At least she knows that Hank and I were the best of friends."

But did she?

The last two times he had been there he and Hank had argued loudly about the relative merits of submarine and battleship duty. That was one reason he had persuaded Hank to make the trip with him on the R-5. But Mrs. Crandall had not known what the argument was all about. She only asked them not to talk so loud and had gone to bed with a sick headache.

What would the Navy Department say—and do? It was an established tradition that the officer who got into trouble was on the blacklist. It didn't make much difference whether he were guilty or not. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," was the proverbial platform of the Washington authorities.

"I'll not get the new boat after all," he thought. For six months he had been straining every nerve to get one of the brand-new S-boats which were soon due to go into commission.

Well, there was no way of knowing what was best to do yet. He'd have to wait until the inquest was over. But Meisner was obviously going to make serious trouble unless some way could be found to stop him.

"Lieutenant Armstrong," Dick told the marine orderly outside the wardroom where the court was being held.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the marine and disappeared through the doorway.

When Dick entered he sensed a distinct air of hostility about the group of officers seated at the table before him. There were two lieutenants of about his own age, but the other officers were older. The senior member of the court was Capt. Hugh Black of the U. S. S. Mississippi, who had a reputation of being one of the most severe disciplinarians in the Navy. He was a tall, hatchet-faced man, with a long upper lip and a nose like the bow of a destroyer.

When Dick entered Captain Black gave him a long and penetrating look. As he and Dick had not met before, Dick felt the older man was sizing him up.

Could it be that the senior member had some suspicions of his own?

As Dick took a seat near the foot of the mess table which was being used for the court he glanced about the room. It was a long, narrow compartment that ran athwartships from one side of the battleship to the other. The port and starboard bulkheads were cut by half a dozen portholes each, through which he could see the waters of the harbor. The fore and aft bulkheads were decorated with paintings of ships and the sea. The place had a slight smell of smoke and fresh paint. Aside from the pictures,

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The boss struck a majestic attitude [PAGE 337]



Edsel Ford, president of one of the world's greatest enterprises, the Ford Motor Company and its allied industries

Edsel Ford Speaks Out

Modest, capable, sincere, this young head of a great industry offers you some sound advice

By Samuel Crowther

instead of clashing with his father there has grown up between the two a complete business and personal co-operation, companionship and understanding; and in addition to this there is a sincere mutual respect.

Schools for Industry

"Father seems to know in advance," said Edsel Ford to me, "how things are going to turn out, but he just waits and does not say a word, hoping that a man will discover his own mistake. Then, if he does not discover it, Father steps in and sets things right before too much damage has been done. That is what he has done with me, and I only hope that I can make all of my big mistakes while he is still here to show them to me."

"It will be time enough for me to talk when I have done something worth talking about. I think that I know this business, for I have been here while it was growing. I am not as intimately familiar with the manufacturing details as I am with the commercial details, but I think that I can judge design, for with that I have had a very long experience."

"But I am free to say that I do not seem able to originate on the spot the way my father does. But then again no one else that I have ever met can do as he does."

"I have not worked out a separate business philosophy for myself. It has not been necessary, for on all material points I agree absolutely with my father's philosophy. I do not merely accept his chief points. I feel as strongly about them as he does. We must pay high wages, and we must sell at low prices. I do not pretend to know the limit of high wages or of low prices. When I first entered this business, we thought we were paying the highest possible wages and selling at the lowest possible prices, but as I look back it seems as though we then knew very little. There is every reason why developments should continue and no reason at all why they should cease. So it is out of the question to say what will or will not be ten or twenty years from now."

"I am and have to be interested in every phase of our business, but most particularly I am interested in seeing that it is something more than a business. It must offer the widest possible opportunity to boys and young men. A boy, in my judgment, ought to be taken at his face value. It is just as wrong to discriminate against the well-to-do as against the poor. Our trade school is organized to meet one set of conditions, and it is very different from all other trade schools in that the boys not only pay their own way, through the work that they do, but also receive wages for going to school. My father started this institution some years ago as a part of our Highland Park plant, when most of our manufacturing was there."

"It began with half a dozen pupils, but it now has upwards of two thousand and a waiting list that runs between four and five thousand."

We cannot extend it fast enough to take care of nearly all those whom we should like to see admitted. For the present, we have had to restrict it to boys whose parents are not living or who, for some reason, are not able to keep them in school long enough for them to gain an education.

"Many a boy is glad enough to get out of school at thirteen or fourteen and go to work, but unless he is very exceptional he will have to take the first job offered, and probably he will take one in which there is no future. Thus, he will go on to be a man without any training that would enable him to earn much more as a man than he would as a boy. The exceptional boy can make good and go forward in any kind of job, and no one has to bother about him; but the rank and file of boys have to be helped along to earning."

"Ours is a day school and is not a charity. The boys spend part of their time in the classrooms and part of their time in the shops connected with the school. These are real shops, fitted with the same kind of machinery that is used in our factories, and the boys make automobile parts and do other work for the company at prices fixed by the company. They do no useless work at all, but, by being shifted from one useful job to another, they gradually become expert workmen. Their product must pass the closest inspection before being bought by the company, and it is interesting to note that the percentage of rejected work is smaller than in the regular shops."

"All the boys become good mechanics, and some of them expert mechanics. At the same time, they gain both a general and a special education, so that it is possible for the graduates, by taking a few extra subjects, to pass the usual college entrance examinations. A few have done this. Most of the boys, however, have not the funds to go to college. We neither encourage nor discourage going to college. It is all up to the boy. When he has graduated from the school, he is capable of earning a good living at once—either with us or with some one else—and has enough general education to go forward to a higher position."



Edsel Ford and his famous father standing beside a new Model A Ford at the automobile show in New York

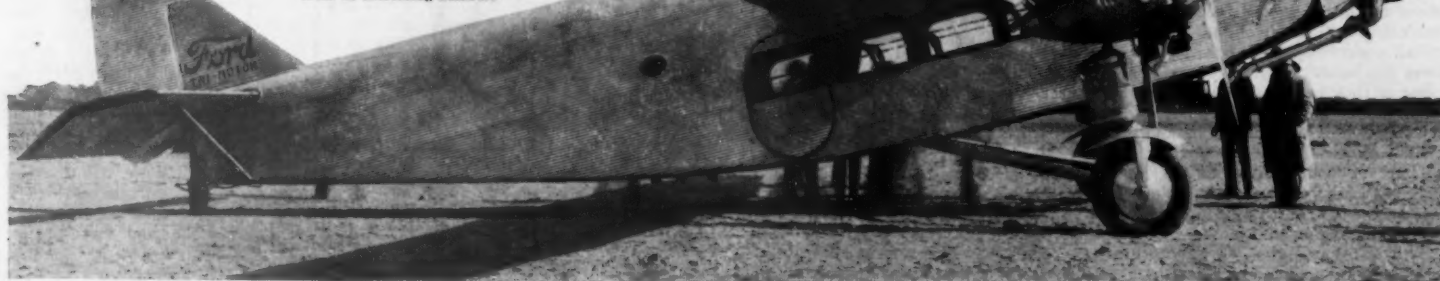
EDSEL FORD at thirty-six is one of the richest men in the world. Being just that is in itself quite a task, for, beyond a point, it is as hard to give away money as it is to spend it. Some rich men allow themselves literally to be pestered to death while attempting to give away money.

But in addition Edsel Ford is the president of one of the world's largest enterprises. That, without more, is a difficult enough task for any one. This enterprise, although it is organized as a corporation, is really a partnership, and the other partner is its founder, Henry Ford. And, as every one knows, Henry Ford is an outstanding world figure. That makes things still more complex.

It is the hope of nearly every father to take his son into business with him, and as a rule it causes trouble. The employees, and especially the older ones, look on the son with great suspicion. They are afraid of what he will do; and usually they have good reason to be afraid. The son, in the enthusiasm of complete ignorance, commonly wants to take charge of everything at once and set his father right. The father, on the contrary, has in mind training the boy as an understudy—teaching him everything he should know and in the way he ought to know it. If the son shuts up and does as he is told, he becomes a mere shadow and as easily walked on as a shadow. If he tries to assert himself, a clash comes, and in the course of time either the boy or the father gets out.

Henry Ford took his son into business with him. He is an entirely reasonable man, but also he is absolutely the master of his business. He has no understudies. He knows precisely what he wants and how and when he wants it. The most remarkable thing about the Ford Motor Company is not its size, nor its wealth, nor the extent of its output, nor the character of its output, but the fact that Edsel Ford has been able to go into that business, work out a very important sphere for himself and, in spite of his father's commanding stature, develop his own personality. He is anything but a shadow, and,

Airplanes manufactured under the direction of Edsel Ford are an important factor in modern aviation. Commander Byrd has one of them at the South Pole, and commercial lines throughout the country are using them in increasing numbers





There are few finer airports than the Ford Airport at Dearborn, Mich. The photograph above was taken from the balcony of the passenger station and shows the concrete apron which fronts all the buildings. Extending out into the flying area is the first concrete runway for airplanes in America.

"While in school, the boys earn from five dollars up to eighteen dollars a week for the work that they do. In addition, they receive two dollars a month which must be deposited in a savings account, and they have a good hot lunch every day. Their work pays all the running expenses of the school except the interest on the buildings and the equipment. This equipment is rather expensive, for it is that of a large, first-class machine shop.

"In addition to the trade school, the company maintains a school which has upwards of three thousand students. This school does not have a building, but, instead, the students work right through the various departments of our factories, learning our methods and how to build and repair automobiles. It is a course in practical mechanical and automotive engineering, and in it we have students from every country in the world. These students, too, are paid, and a great many—possibly the majority—of them are college graduates.



This tiny 20-foot 2-cylinder plane is the Ford air "flyer." With a speed of 100 miles an hour it will travel almost 50 miles on one gallon of gasoline.

"It seems to us that a great factory, both for its own sake and for the sake of the community, must, in addition to its other activities, be a force in education. It can educate better by teaching the things it knows about than by going on the outside and founding schools which may educate for the work of life, but, again, may educate away from the work of life."

An Eighty-Horsepower Ford

Edsel Ford is not an uplifter or out to do good at any cost—forcibly to reform every one whether he wants it or not. His thought is only to give the widest opportunity for people to help themselves. In this he follows his father, who will have nothing at all to do with the kind of charity that just gives things to people. He holds that such gifts do more harm than good. He also is not a rich man's son; in point of fact, he was born a poor man's son, for his father was then working in the Detroit Edison Company at fifteen dollars a week. And out of those wages his father had to find the money to buy the materials and the tools for the motors on which he was working.

"Of course, I do not remember the first automobile that my father made," said Edsel Ford, "for he got it running to his satisfaction the year after I was born, and sold it two years later. But I do well remember that the Mayor of Detroit came to see the first, or more likely the second, machine, because I was standing at the window watching for him to come, and it must have been around election time, for we had a picture of him in the window.

"Neither do I remember very much about the Detroit Automobile Com-



In oval: Bert Balchen, Commander Byrd and Edsel Ford in front of the plane which Commander Byrd later took with him to Antarctica. With the exception of a few minor changes in the design to adapt it for South Polar flying, it is a commercial model.

pany, which later became the Cadillac Company and of which my father was the chief engineer from August, 1899, to March, 1902. But I well know the one-story brick shop at 81 Park Place where my father set up for himself to experiment and to build racing cars. There he built the 999, which Barney Oldfield drove. It was an eighty horse-power four-cylinder machine. We still have it, and I have driven it, although never at full speed, for nobody knows just how fast it can go, and, compared with its roar, an airplane engine just purrs. I watched that machine through the whole building. On its success hung my father's future as a maker of automobiles, although I did not know this at the time. I only knew that he and Tom Cooper worked on it day and night, and that it was the thing principally talked about in our house.

"Then came the carpenter shop on Mack Avenue, where the Ford Motor Company was born and where it began to manufacture. This was 1903, and I was ten years old. Since then I have always been in and about the company, and in fact have grown up with it. I went to public school and then to the Detroit University School, which is in the nature of a high school. I left there in 1912.

"My father was well able to send me to college. I suppose really that he was a rich man, for he let me do about as I pleased. What I pleased to do was to buy every kind of new automobile that came out. They must have cost a great deal of money, but money for

purposes outside of the business is a subject that our family never talks about. As far as I know, my father never even thinks of money except as a business supply like steel or copper.

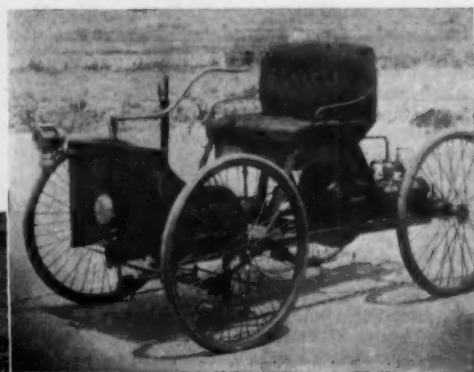
"I wanted to go into business and not, as it seemed to me then, to waste time at college. I had my own way, and I think it was a mistake, for, whatever else college may or may not do, it helps one to meet a great many different kinds of people, and also it helps one to get more enjoyment out of life. I hope that my own boys will go to college.

"In 1912, when I joined the company, it had just moved out to Highland Park from the Piquette Avenue plant. Model T had been put out four years before, and more than ten thousand had been produced. By 1912 this had jumped to more than seventy thousand, which we all thought was a very big production. It was about then that people definitely decided that the country was saturated with automobiles."

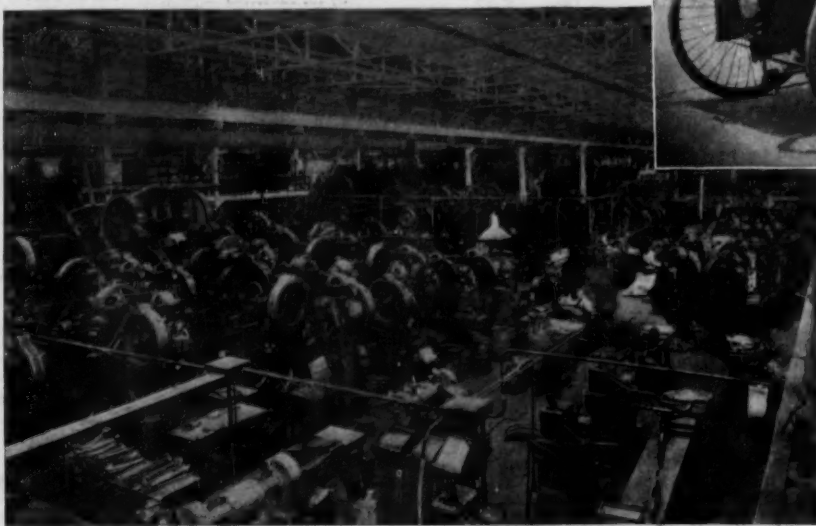
All-Metal Planes

Henry Ford's genius is in mechanics and organization. Edsel Ford has learned organization, but his greatest ability is in design. He likes to work with line and color, and he is responsible for the designs of all the cars now turned out by the Ford Company and its Lincoln subsidiary. His other large business interest is the airplane, and it is due to him that the Ford Company is now actively in the making of the all-metal type of monoplane.

"My interest in airplanes goes far back," he said. "The heart of the airplane, as well as the heart of the automobile, is the motor, and we are, first of all, motor



This is the first Ford car, manufactured in 1903. Note the gong rigged on the dashboard instead of a horn.



This scene in the interior of the Ford factory shows what is apparently a hopeless confusion of machines and materials. As a matter of fact every machine and each pile of material is laid out with the greatest care and efficiency. Ford production methods are studied and imitated by large manufacturers in every country.

manufacturers. We made our first airplane in 1908—just to see if we could make one. We built a small monoplane and then installed an ordinary Model T engine, which we had bored full of holes to save weight. We did not know anything of the science of flying. It was piloted by one Charles Van Auken, who designed the plane. I do not know that any one really expected it to go up. It did not fly, but it did leave the ground and ended its career against a fence—before

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 346]

A Message from the Bottom of the World

Commander Byrd sends you a message from his base on the borders of Antarctica

JUST a year ago Com. Richard E. Byrd chose *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION* through which to tell young people everywhere the story of his plans for exploring the great, almost fabulous, continent of Antarctica, and to fly, in his famous plane, the Floyd Bennett, above the desolate wastes of the South Pole.

Now he has again chosen *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION* through which to send his greetings, from the edge of the polar ice on which he is encamped for the Antarctic winter, to young people all over the world.

A picture of that message, sent by radio from Little America, Commander Byrd's base on the Bay of Whales, to the expedition's receiving station in New York and delivered from there to *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION*, is printed on this page. It is a stirring and historic message. Those words traveled more than ten thousand miles, through the chill of the Antarctic continent, northward through the burning heat of the Equator, and at last into the temperate regions of the United States, before they were finally caught by the sensitive antennae of a short-wave receiving set and set down on paper.

That journey, although it passed through both night and day, took less than one-twentieth of a second. By land and water, by ship to Dunedin, New Zealand, twenty-four hundred miles away, the nearest point of communication, then by cable and telegraph to New York, would have taken many months, even if a ship could have penetrated the heavy drift of icebergs covering the South Polar Sea. Former expeditions to the polar regions, both north and south, have disappeared for months and even years without a word of their safety or whereabouts reaching the outside world. Scarcely more than eighty years ago the expedition of Sir John Franklin, in the *Erebus* and the *Terror*, sailed for the North Polar regions. It disappeared within a few months. Then an expedition under Sir James Ross sailed in search of it. The whole Franklin expedition had perished of cold and starvation, but it was not until fourteen years after it had sailed that its fate became definitely known.

Science and invention have changed this story. Now, through the marvelous advances of radio, every action of Commander Byrd's gallant expedition can be known in New York only a few minutes after this has taken place.

How a Message Comes Through

Reception is not always good, and occasionally the radio waves meet some impenetrable obstacle in the atmosphere and fail to break through. We are learning much of value from this unparalleled attempt at almost continuous long-distance communication. The best frequency and length of wave are still to be determined. It is generally believed that short waves are better for communication during the daytime, and somewhat longer ones at night, but which are better for use for the message which travels first through darkness and then through light is still a matter of experiment. Communication between New York and the Bay of Whales is generally established between six and eleven in the evening and may continue for several hours. Sometimes the messages are received in



The words of this historic message from Commander Byrd traveled almost instantaneously from his base on the Bay of Whales to New York—a distance that would take months by older methods of communication

144 WFA Little America Mar 29 1929

Youths Companion Boston.

For the youths of the country.

My shipmates and I are grateful to the youths companion for the opportunity of sending from the bottom of the world a message of good will and greeting to our young friends at home. Every one of you can be proud of one of your own dash Paul Siple dash the boy who was selected from more than half a million of the boy scouts of America to represent you on the expedition. Paul has made good down here and is more than holding his own alongside the rest of us. We all send you cordial

Good wishes from Little America Antarctica. Richard E Byrd

New York, and sometimes, because the conditions in great cities are not always favorable to reception, at Astoria or Bellaire on Long Island. In either case, the story is received and transcribed more rapidly than news from a New York suburb. For purposes of communication, the South Pole is now as close to New York as is Brooklyn.

The special short-wave station on which all messages from Commander Byrd are received, and from which all

monthly magazine delayed its publication until this month. It took infinitely longer to prepare it for presses than to send it. When it left Antarctica, winter was closing in about the tiny settlement that rests on the thick ice of the shore of the Bay of Whales. Mid-summer's day there is December 21, and by the end of February the terrible winter has begun, with temperatures that reach seventy degrees below zero, and blizzards that blow at the speed of one hundred miles an hour for days on end. The great Antarctic explorer, Sir Douglas Mawson, called the South Polar region the home of the blizzard, and later explorers have more than confirmed the accuracy of that title. In a gathering darkness and bitter wind and cold, the expedition has settled down, as you read these words, to wait through the many months of winter. With the coming of the brief summer, when the winds die down somewhat, and the temperature rises, the work of aerial exploration will begin again. Airplanes and mapping cameras will make it possible for the expedition to study and map thousands of square miles of the ice-covered South Polar plateaus which men on foot or with dog-sledges could never reach.

In the meantime weather conditions will be studied, and as much as possible will be learned about the ice-sheet that forms the shore of the Bay of Whales. But all this will grow monotonous as the months go by. Fortunately Commander Byrd and his expedition have one great asset no other Antarctic explorer has had—radio. It is easier to send to Antarctica than to receive, and every Saturday night, in addition to the usual communications from the Times station, a program of music is broadcast to Antarctica from many of the larger stations. Such a break in the terrible monotony of winter is an enormous help.

Commander Byrd's message of good-will and greeting will be returned a hundredfold. To him, as to no other great explorer of our time, the hopes and best wishes of every young person will go out. His interest in youth, his sympathy and understanding, no less than his achievements in aviation and exploration, have made him a constant inspiration to every one of us.



Commander Byrd with Chinook, the most famous of his sled dogs, photographed just before they both sailed from this country for Antarctica

Photo by Wide World

Home of the Blizzard

His message to you was sent on March 29, and only the time necessary to prepare and print a great

Randolph—Secret Agent

An exciting new serial of international adventure

By Keith Kingsbury

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASSELL

MARK RANDOLPH closed his book disgustedly. "Romance is only in books," he thought. "Dictographs and spies and plots—nothing like that in life any more! Unless it's in the Army—"

The Army represented the Promised Land to Mark. As far back as Randolphs can be traced, which is a long way, there had been a Randolph in the Army. The last of his line, the Army was not for Mark; the heavy lenses over his eyes were the reason. He could think of it now without clouding up his glasses, but he wished he had chosen some other book than "Exploits of the Secret Service in the War" to read on the train going to Washington.

And why did he have to be in a section opposite an Army aviator? Mark tried not to stare, but the young man with wings on his khaki uniform received many a stolen glance of envy from the blue eyes behind the strong glasses across the aisle. The Pullman was almost empty—there was no one else to look at.

"Oh, well, diplomacy is the next best thing to West Point!" Mark comforted himself for the thousandth time. It had not occurred to him that difficulties might be in the way of getting a position which would lead to a diplomatic career. Surely the grandson of the late Gen. Mark Randolph, great-grandson of the Gen. Mark Randolph whose record at Gettysburg is second only to that of Pickett, had only to ask to be received with open arms. His father had told him so, and what Col. Mark Randolph had said in his lifetime was the law and the prophets for Mark Junior.

Mark thought he possessed some excellent qualifications for a diplomatic career. He spoke Spanish as fluently as he did French, and French as well as he did English; two years in France and Spain at tender years and a decided aptitude for languages had supplied those assets. The year in Japan when much older had not produced a fluent Japanese, but he could understand it. He had youth and health and an education Colonel Randolph thought superior to that to be had in college, because it came from contact with men and affairs and wide travel. Mark was but twenty-one but looked older; he had the assurance and poise which come from first-hand knowledge of many lands and people.

He leaned forward to stare into the little mir-

ror between the windows in the Pullman section. The face that gloomed back at him should have been pleasant. It was not as boyish as the eyes, which were rather wistful. A shock of unruly, almost black hair, most carefully brushed into a deep wave, fell over a good forehead;

the black eyes were wide apart, the chin firm and determined, the mouth a bit wide, but the lips sensitive and sufficiently full to absolve their owner from any traits of stinginess or meanness. It was a lean brown-skinned face, the face of an athlete in condition; his strength was another asset partly to be credited to the year's training in *judo* and the graduate course in *judo* which he had been lucky enough to get in Japan; *judo*, the ultimate development of *judo* and the privilege and prerogative of the Samurai, never to be used for self, only for some great cause.

It was the "reward" which Matsu had so profoundly promised him for that sudden dive into the stream and the rescue of little Matai, Matsu's sister. Nothing Matsu could give compared to winning permission from his distinguished statesman father to let Mark share his course in *judo*. Mark never expected to use his knowledge—indeed, he had pledged the word of an American gentleman never to call on it for a selfish reason. But it had been not only a lot of fun and full of surprises but a splendid development of muscle.

"They were the good days!" he reflected. Twenty-one is apt to be pessimistic, and Mark had some reason for sadness. Colonel Randolph had lately gone to a land where all soldiers are generals-in-chief, joining the gentle mother Mark could barely remember. The last representative of the Randolphs faced life with little but his "assets" and courage. The denial of West Point for deficient eyesight had been a bitter blow; but for what is a soldierly heritage if not to stand bitter blows? Mark was crushed for a day, then he hauled himself to the surface of life and took train for Washington, armed with letters and determination, to enter the diplomatic corps.

The journey was long and boring; his book annoyed him by being too interesting. Not for him the career in the Army; not for him the work of spy-hunter; not for him that loneliest and most distinguished of services in which one man puts his wits alone against an enemy, disowned by his own forces if he gets in trouble.

The aviator across the aisle opened a handsome pigskin grip and took out a magazine. Mark wondered idly what name went with the initials E. H. H. on the bag. The tall young officer rose, pulled down the coat of his well-fitting



As they dived head first for the earth the bowl of the wind became a shriek; the checkerboards broadened and flattened; ribbons of silver became railroads; thin threads of gold became roads with tiny bugs crawling on them [PAG 311]

uniform and departed, presumably for the smoking-room. The car was empty; probably all the passengers for Pittsburgh, next stop, were in a special Pittsburgh car. Doubtless his car would fill up with New York passengers when the train rolled into the Smoky City. Twelve more hours to New York! Mark looked at the flying landscape; on its peaceful farms he visioned trenches; in its woods were camouflaged great guns; over the terrain buzzed airplanes. It is hard to have the blood of five generations sing the song of military service and two miserable little pieces of glass advertise to an Army doctor that the music is in vain.

"Darn!" Mark said to himself and picked up his daily paper. "Army Maneuvers a Success," he read in a headline. He didn't want to read about the Army. It was too sore a spot. "Secret Service Guards Titled Guest." What danger could he be in to need guarding? Still, probably the Secret Service had to do something in peace time.

"Natria threatens severance of diplomatic relations."

"What's that to me?" asked Mark of no one. "I'm not interested in South America."

THEN he reflected that a "career man" in the State Department ought to be interested in anything that had to do with diplomacy—Mark spelled it with a capital D—so he read the article carefully.

Guayzil and Natria were on the verge, it appeared, of breaking forth in their perpetual quarrel. Half a century ago the boundary between the two small South American republics had been settled, but neither Guayzilians nor Natrians had ever been willing to abide by the settlement. Each claimed what the other believed to be part of their native land. Neither had much use for it, but national pride and fiery independence of nature made a small thing into a big one. Every border incident became a *casus belli* in the newspapers of both countries; only the united pressure of economic development, foreign capital and the good offices as well as the diplomatic representations of larger neighbors prevented friction from developing fire. The Council of American Republics was meeting in Washington for the settlement of many vexed South American questions; Natria chose the moment—or so said Guayzil—to stage a border raid which was "intolerable" to the inland republic.

Ambassador Del Rey of Guayzil had protested to the conference. Señor Planchestos of Natria had made a fiery speech in rebuttal. But the words of the suave Ambassador from Guayzil had carried much weight; Señor Planchestos had threatened to withdraw from the conference. He had become personal; the Ambassador, still suave and smiling, had made his opponent unhappy. It was generally conceded that the Ambassador would have matters his own way when the conference met tomorrow.

The newspaper article was rather light in tone; the correspondent evidently regarded it as a comic opera war threat. But the quotation from Mr. Penland Mortan, the great financier, did not chime with this levity. He regarded the situation as very grave and exceedingly inimical to great American vested commercial interests.

Mark read the article conscientiously. He had been to South America with his father; a flying trip. He remembered with pleasure beautiful Buenos Aires, the soft, warm climate, the magnificence of the Andes, the quaintness of life in Bolivia and Paraguay. He had not visited either Natria or Guayzil, had, indeed, only a hazy idea of just where they were.

"Ought to be ashamed of myself!" he thought. "I'd think a South American who didn't know where Texas or Ohio was a grossly ignorant man. Must look it up—"

He looked up from his paper. The train was slowing perceptibly. The landscape gave way to smoke and factories and railroad tracks and dirty windows and hills; evidently the environs of Pittsburgh.

Mark went to the end of the car for a drink of water. A man crowded by him in the narrow passage. As Mark threw away his paper cup and stepped into the car, he saw a stocky, well set-up man with an impassive face pause at the seat opposite his own. The pause was only momentary; he moved on, quickly. In his hand he carried a pigskin bag marked E. H. H.

"Curious!" thought Mark. "I didn't know Wings had a traveling companion— Oh!"

Had he a companion? Or was the thickset man walking off with property not his own?

Mark turned back to speed to the smoking-compartment, but the aviator was not there. "Club car—next



White hair over a young face, wide-apart piercing gray eyes under heavy brows: Willard Slyne, Chief Special Agent [PAGE 348]

behind!" cried Mark to himself, tore open the door and plunged across the swaying platform. He rushed through the narrow corridor, squeezing past a porter who obligingly flattened himself out of the way of haste.

Mark found the aviator chatting in the club car. He stopped before him, a little breathless. "Have you a friend who has the right to take your bag?" he demanded.

"Wings" looked up, startled. "Why, no!" he answered. "Why?"

"Then it's being stolen! Come on, he can't get off till the train stops—I can spot him for you."

Not waiting to see if he followed—was the man not a soldier, and therefore accustomed to thinking and acting quickly?—Mark flew back the way he had come. The porter was slow, this time, and Mark put forth a muscular hand and pushed him ahead to the end of the passage. An exclamation told him that Wings was close behind.

As he passed Wings' section he pointed. "See? Gone!" he cried. "Come on!"

Wings came on. Many in the more crowded cars ahead must have thought the two young men rude to the point of boorishness. They ran through four cars without a sight of the heavy, impassive face. But in the day-coach smoker Mark saw his man sitting placidly near the door. A suitcase was at his feet. The pigskin bag was nowhere in sight.

"That's the man!" announced Mark.

The aviator stood beside him. "This gentleman tells me you took a grip from my section," he said, pleasantly enough. "I am sure it was a mistake. Mine is marked with my initials. Where is it?"

"The mistake is his, then!" growled the man, in a rather heavy voice. "I have no grip, only this suitcase," pointing to the black leather suitcase at his feet. "You don't claim that, do you?"

"Certainly not. I—are you sure?" turning to Mark.

"Absolutely! I saw him take it!"

Curious heads turned toward them; the conversation was not low-voiced. The train decreased its speed and noise.

"I have no baggage but this." The man spoke as if bored. "The young gentleman is mistaken. Now, if you'll pardon me, I get off here—here, let that alone!"

The tone changed from civility to anger, as Mark stooped to the suitcase and threw back the catches. "Let my baggage alone!"

Mark pulled the case into the aisle and yanked it open. It was empty, save for a pigskin grip on which were the initials E. H. H.

Men crowded the aisle to see. The thief looked hunted. Suddenly he pushed by the boys and dived for the door. But Mark put out a predatory foot and caught a leg as he went by; he stumbled and fell full-length.

Wings flew after him, pulled him to his feet, smashed him one hard blow, full in the face, then dragged him to the door and pulled him to the platform. The porter already had the side door open; the train was going, perhaps, five or six miles an hour. Wings gave him a shove, kicked the bulky figure hard as it shot through the door, went back to the car, grabbed the suitcase and threw it after the thief, thus unceremoniously disposed of, and turned to Mark.

"Haven't time to bother with a prosecution!" he remarked, pleasantly. "But if you'll come back with me, I'll try to say thank you as if I meant it!"

Mark grinned. He liked action and decision. He liked the dramatic way in which the incident was closed. He wasted no wonder as to whether the heavy-set man arrived on the tracks with unbroken bones; he was heartily glad he would not have to get off at Pittsburgh, appear as a witness and waste time in the law's delays.

As they reached their sections the train stopped. Wings held out his hand.

"You are quick-witted and a fast thinker. I'd have lost a lot of valuables if you hadn't been! I am deeply grateful. I am Ellery Holmes, sometime aviator for Uncle Sam—I hope fate gives me a chance, sometime, to show I'm appreciative. So many men won't inject themselves into a row."

"You are more than welcome. My name's Mark Randolph. No job."

"You ought to be in the Army!"

"I know it." Mark grinned again to hide his pain. "Want to. All my people were. Eyes no good for West Point."

"That so? Too bad. But don't fret too much! I'm out at midnight. Resigned. Stagnation promotion in the air service. I'm going to fly mail planes in South America. What do you say we eat? Then we can chat and fill the inner man. I'll be honored if you'll be my guest."

IT was a pleasant dinner. Mark learned that his companion, on the morrow, would make his last flight in uniform. "Flying down a training plane to Washington for my chief. Terrible slow boat, but some big-wig wants to learn to fly. Where you going?"

"I'm going to Washington, too, but to New York first," answered Mark.

"What's the matter with flying to the Capital with me, then?" asked Lieutenant Holmes.

"I say, Wings—I beg your pardon; I called you that before I knew your name!" Mark was embarrassed. "Do you mean that? I've never flown—"

"Of course I mean it! It's strictly against my regulations, but I'm out of the service at midnight. This is a courtesy job for my friend, not an order



Barros was counting money—yellow bills which Mark did not recognize. Then he caught his breath as he saw the figure \$1000 on one of them

from my chief! We'll stop at the same hotel and eat and go to a show, and I'll rig you out in flying clothes—you'll find it fun, spite of the old boat being slow. Dual controls, you know—I say, I'll give you a flying lesson!"

"Oh, boy!" was Mark's comment. It meant a lot.

The twelve-hour journey that had seemed so long in prospect sped faster than the train. Wings was several years older than Mark, but not nearly so reserved; he had the airman's viewpoint of the unimportance of many things mundane, the look of a man who is accustomed to see matters in the same fifty-mile perspective with which he sees the landscape, the outlook of a child interested in everything. His gaiety, he explained, came from being once more his own master. Mark thoroughly enjoyed the journey, and after the day and evening, the late show, of which he had seen little because of the thought of the unique experience of tomorrow, and a chat before bed, he felt he had known Wings—he called him so now without apology—all his life.

On the morrow, after Mark had received the letter which he had come to New York to

get, they took a Long Island train for Mineola Field, where the training plane was being groomed for the flight to Washington. On the way Wings gave Mark a condensed lecture on how to fly.

"I won't be able to tell you much after we start," he explained. "She's powered with an old Liberty, and makes more noise than a battery of seventy-fives. Keep your hands on the controls and your feet on the bar, and you'll soon get the feel. The controls in my cockpit have greater leverage than yours, so you couldn't pull her into a stall if you tried, but don't try. I'll have you flying the last half of the journey!"

"I never knew you could learn so fast!" cried Mark.

Wings laughed. "You can't! There's considerable more to flying than steering and keeping an even keel! Take-off is hard, and landing harder, to learn; take off too fast or try for too much altitude too quickly, and you'll have a stall or a pancake; if you don't land just right, you'll get a nose dive or a Chinese three-point—that's one wheel, one wing and your prop! It's a matter of experience and keeping your head—say, you don't scare easy, do you?"

"I don't know—how much is easy?"

Wings smiled. "I like that. The chap who says he's never scared is a liar. But I'll not stunt with you. Here we are—"

The preparations, which were an old story to his friend, were absorbingly interesting. The plane, which Wings called an old tub, seemed beautiful to Mark. The day was bright and sunny and much too warm, he protested, for the heavy flying suit, helmet and goggles which Wings handed him. Later he was glad his protest had no effect. He had not known how chilly the upper air can be.

The rush down the field was exhilaration; the slow rise in the air, a surprise. Altitude was attained with no apparent effort, without any of the alarming sensations of height Mark had expected. The broad fields, which soon contracted to checkerboard squares of queer shapes; the enormous expanse of landscape; cities which spread out under him only to dissolve in distance and disappear as if by magic; the absence of any sensation of speed; the rush and roar of the motor; the howl of the wind about the tiny windshield; the vibration of the motor; the jumpiness of air pockets, and the strangeness of the eagle's view of the world—all intrigued him greatly. Not until they passed a city which Mark thought must be Newark did he think of the controls and put his feet on

the bar and his hand on the stick. He turned to nod to the goggled figure behind him.

Wings nodded in return. Mark faced forward again, felt the stick pulled back a little, and looked up instead of forward to the propeller. Then he felt the stick go forward, and they leveled out on an even keel. He was initiated into the mysteries of banking; he learned how both stick and rudder are used together, found that rudder to the right meant loss of altitude, unless corrected by the stick, and recalled that Wings had told him this was a "torque effect," though he was not quite clear as to just what that meant. He learned that rudder alone or stick alone is seldom used, except when diving or climbing. So interested was Mark in following the motions of the controls as Wings put the big ship through the many paces that he forgot to watch the landscape and saw Philadelphia as a smoky blot almost before he thought they were out of New Jersey air.

The stick shook violently in his hand. He turned to see Wings put both hands above his head. In panic Mark grabbed the stick and held the ship on a level. But his momentary fright passed. Why worry with an aviator behind to see that he got in no trouble!

Mark began to experiment. Slowly, softly, he gave her a little rudder, at the same time some stick to the side to bank, so sideslip would not follow change of direction. Then he turned around; Wings nodded approval. The same maneuver to the right was not so successful—he felt Wings pull back the stick and remembered he must have more lift.

After half a dozen turns, the stick shook again in his hand: signal to turn around. Wings unfolded his arms, took the controls, and an increased roar told of more power. They began to climb; up, up and again up. Then the shaking stick again; Wings pointed down and nodded. Mark didn't know what he meant, but nodded in return. Suddenly Mark dropped the stick to hold to the edge of the cockpit, the earth turned halfway up in front of him, and he stared through the whirling propeller directly down. As they dived head first for the earth, the howl of the wind became a shriek; the checkerboards broadened and flattened; ribbons of silver became railroads; thin threads of gold became roads with tiny bugs crawling on them.

Mark shook himself wrathfully and took hold of the stick, to feel it come very slowly and gently back as the pilot eased her out of her dive.

It was glorious! It was stupendous! It was living as the eagles and gods must live! If it were not for his eyes—

Another city—Baltimore? No! Baltimore had been passed, a smoky blot far to the right, some time ago. He looked at his watch. Three hours—that was Washington! A faint streak against the dust which was the horizon must be the Washington Monument! A little squat dome which grew swiftly—could that be the majestic Capitol? How perspective alters size and importance! No wonder an airman thought a theft of his suitcase so little important that he apparently forgot it after expressing his thanks!

The plane circled a field near the Potomac once, then drifted softly down; Mark had a sudden sensation of being very high. He kept careful note of his feelings; of the pressure of rudder bar against his feet, the stick moving under his hands. The motor died away to a soft purr, the merest hint of a tiny jar came from beneath, and then the plane flung itself on bumpy wheels across the field, to stop a hundred feet from the hangar. His flight was over!

He took leave of Wings with real regret, and only after an exchange of addresses and the promise to see each other as soon as possible. "I'll want another lesson, some day!" cried Mark. "It was worth—oh, more than I can tell."

"Not so much as the service you did me," Wings was suddenly very sober. "I like men with wit. Bye."

MARK registered at the Willard and then showed a characteristic Randolph trait; he had never seen the Capital City, but sight-seeing could wait. Learning that the State Department was near, he walked briskly up Fifteenth Street past the Treasury, turned into upper Pennsylvania Avenue, and had his first view of the White House. He thrilled at the historic home of the Presidents and admired the beauty of the wide street, the restful openness of Lafayette Square opposite the President's home, and the massive old-fashionedness of the State, War and Navy Building, with its hundreds of columns.

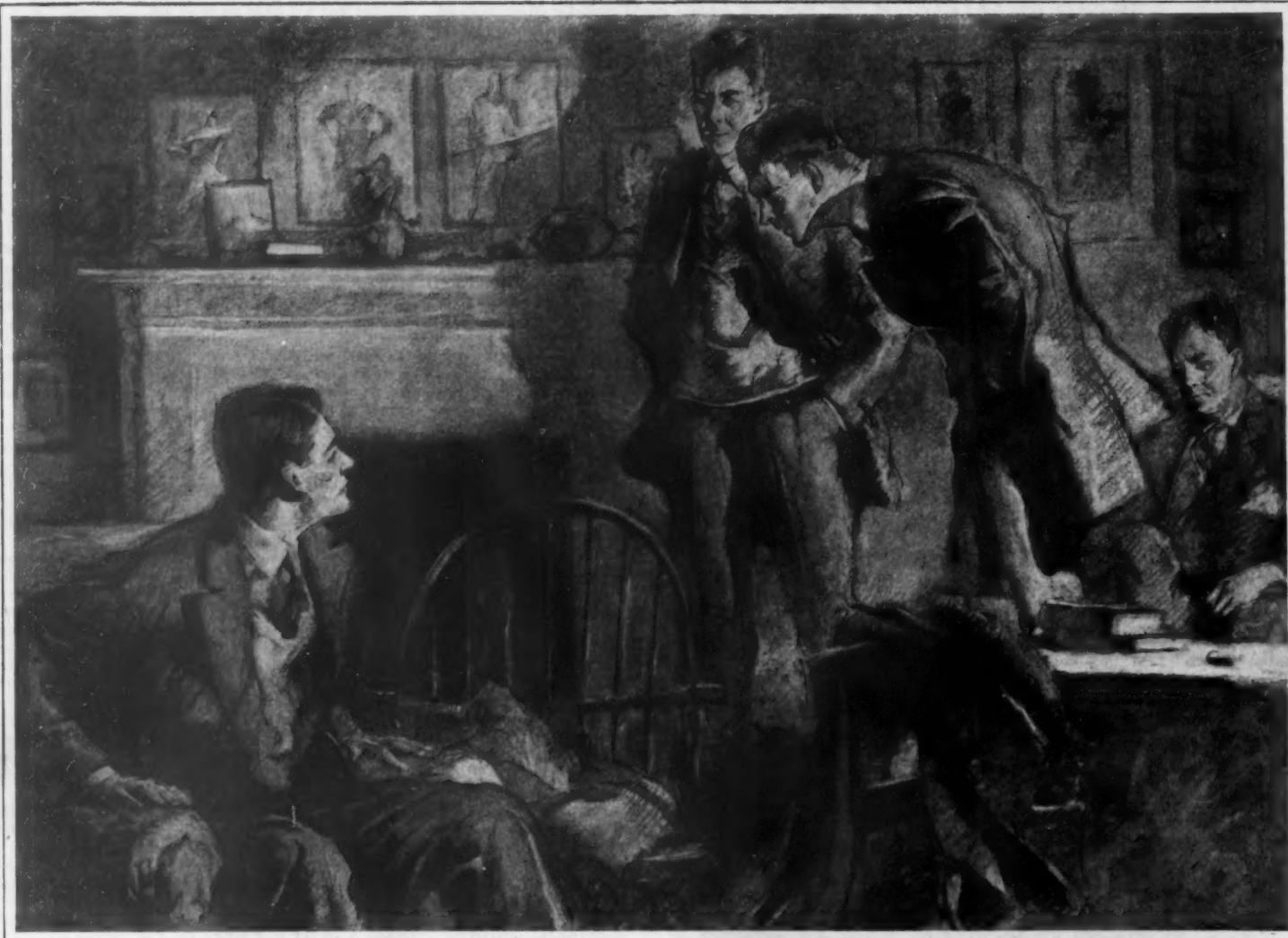
Mark had no difficulty in seeing the Assistant Secretary of State; his letters were apparently an open sesame. The Assistant Secretary was very kind, very smooth and very regretful.

Mark could point to no omission of courtesy or interest, yet he felt that this most polite gentleman regarded him as but one of a hundred nuisances. He spoke slowly, deliberately—a man of thought rather than one

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 348]



The last of the money was paid over as Mark watched. The man who took it was heavy and yet it was less fat than solidity



"What were you going to do, whitewash those crooks?" asked Billy, grinning. "Never mind what I was going to do—what did you do?" Jimmy demanded

Auditory Nerves

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

THEN, if there is no objection, the chair appoints Brothers Byers and Armstrong as an auditing committee, Byers as chairman, with Assistant Steward Doane as the third member," announced Charles Knowland, head of the Jordan chapter of Alpha Omega fraternity, at the year's next to last business meeting. "Byers and Armstrong will be seniors next year; Doane knows the books now and can help them and, because he will be steward next year, will be especially anxious to check the books before he takes them over. Agreeable to you, Witter? No objection?"

Witter, the steward, nodded agreement to the committee appointment, and Knowland glanced around at the other members of the fraternity.

"I object," spoke up Big Jake Hilligoss, medical student, star center in football and member, with Byers, Armstrong and Les Moore, of the self-constituted Big Four. "Jim's a busy guy, and he doesn't know anything about auditing. I object. Put somebody else in his place."

"Objection overruled," Knowland replied, with a grin. "It's time some of you athletes did a little work around here, and took some responsibility."

"I'm not ducking any responsibility," said Jimmy Byers, flushing as the fraternity brothers laughed.

"The auditing committee will report next Monday night, at the last regular meeting for this semester," concluded Knowland, ignoring Byers and his defense. "Anything to say, Witter?"

"No, except that the books are up to date, and in good shape," the steward replied. "We show a profit on this semester's affairs."

Several of the older members of Alpha Omega applauded, remembering other years when it had been necessary to "cack" to make up a deficit in the operation of the fraternity's business affairs.

"Give the little girl a hand," laughed Les Moore, leading the applause. Witter, in some embarrassment, only stared at the floor in front of him.

As in many fraternities, the business of Alpha Omega was handled by the members themselves, with only casual oversight by the alumni committee named for the purpose. The work was delegated to a steward, who received his board and room rent for doing the work, and an assistant steward, who served for his board. It was really quite a task and entailed some responsibility, but Alpha Omega always fared well and gave at least two members considerable business training in the course of a year.

The members paid \$5 per month each for their board and lodging and fraternity fees. A house full, or forty brothers, made the monthly income \$2,000. Out of that amount the steward had to buy food and coal, pay insurance and mortgage interest on the loan that helped build the house, and so forth. The steward usually earned his board and room.

"Tomorrow night, at eight o'clock, suit you to go over the books?" Jim Byers asked Witter, after the meeting had disbanded.

"Yes, I guess so," muttered Witter.

Byers thereupon spoke to Armstrong and Doane, each of whom agreed to meet with him and Witter in the fraternity office, Witter's room, the next night.

"Why did you bawl me out like that, Jake?" asked Jimmy, when the two were in their room.

"Aw, I saw you scowling when Knowland ap-

pointed you, and I thought you didn't want the job," said Jake. "Besides," he added defensively, "you don't know anything about auditing, now, do you?"

"Maybe not, but I'll get through it somehow," Jimmy replied.

He spoke with some assurance, but he did not know the "how" of his vague "somehow," nor even, as events proved, the half of it.

Next night the committee of four gathered with Al Witter in his room. The steward had his books, receipts and other data, in order, and at Jimmy's request went over the year's business in detail. Now and then he turned to Doane, who had managed the kitchen and dining-room, for confirmation. Finally, he said:

"Books, and everything, all balanced and in order. Surplus, not counting bills owing by the members but not collectible this minute, is \$518."

"Fine," said Jimmy. "These accounts receivable—they'll just add to the surplus, when they're collected?"

"Yes, but I don't know whether any of them will be collected or not," said Witter, evasively. "Most of them are old bills, and the brothers skipped out without paying. I've been writing, but all I get from them is promises, and not many of them."

"Well, even so, this looks like a good showing, a surplus without the old accounts due," said Byers. "Come on, Billy, pay some attention. We'll go through the statements and receipted bills, now."

Carefully, examining each piece of paper to see that it was what it purported to be, Byers went through all of Witter's data. Before he had finished, however, Armstrong had his head on his arms, down on the table around which the five sat, either asleep or pretending to be. Jimmy prodded him twice, but each time Billy declared he was listening.

"Now," said Jimmy finally, "let me look at the check-book and the bank statement." He thumbed through the check stubs and then turned to the bank-book. Everything seemed to be in order, but no—"Here, this is odd," he exclaimed, suddenly. "The check-book balance shows \$518, but the balance in the bank statement is only \$218."

"Must be a mistake," mumbled Witter, turning red. "Let me see."

"Yeah, must be a mistake," added Doane. "Look, that 2 in the bank figures ought to be a 5, see?"

"He meant to make a 5," Witter said.

"That's funny," began Jimmy.

"And I'll take the book down in the morning and get it corrected," volunteered Doane, eagerly. "Let me have it."

Jimmy handed him the statement and turned to look at Witter, but the steward, averting his gaze, shifted to watch Billy Armstrong.

"Say, aren't you fellows ever going to get that job done?" Billy yawned. Then, rising, he stretched himself and loafed out of the office. "Let me know when you want me again," he said, as he went through the door.

"Well," said Jimmy, reluctantly, "if you'll get that figure corrected, it looks as if everything is all right."

The disparity in the figures worried him, but everything else was all right, and he did not like to question either of the two men who had been handling the books.

"Sure, I'll take it down tomorrow and get it fixed," Doane repeated, eagerly. "Show it to you, then."

"Tomorrow night, same time?" Jimmy asked.

"Yeah—well, we'll get hold of you soon as the book's fixed," Witter amended.

It dawned on Jimmy Byers, as he looked at the furtive Witter, that he really did not know this fraternity brother. When there are forty men living in one house, all wearing the same pin and accepting the same oath of brotherhood, it is hard really to know all of them. Byers, perhaps, had found more companionship within the limits of his own Big Four than in all the rest of the membership combined. And now, staring at the chubby, weak-chinned Al Witter, he found himself wondering what manner of man this brother could be.

But the auditing was complete, except for that final, all-important difference in the house and bank balances, and the interview was ended.

"See you tomorrow night," said Jimmy and left the room, Doane remaining with the steward.

THE next night, when Jimmy went to seek Witter and Doane, neither was in the house.

It was Thursday night before he found them, to ask about the mistake. Both were in the office, but Doane, as Jimmy entered, left in obedience to some signal Witter made him.

"Get the figures straightened out?" asked Jimmy. "Doane said he would do it yesterday—"

"No, he forgot it, or something," Witter explained, weakly. "But he'll get on it tomorrow."

"Well, let's be sure he does," said Jim. "If it's nothing but a mistake by the bank—" he added, eyeing Witter carefully.

"Oh, that's all right," began Witter.

"Funny, a bank would make a mistake of three hundred dollars," Jimmy continued. "They're usually pretty careful about figures. That's their business, you know."

"We'll get it straightened out, t-tomorrow, I'm s-sure," stammered the steward.

"No later than that, because I'll have to write a report of some kind for the auditing committee and lay all the books and receipts and so on before the house, Monday night," said Jim. He watched Witter carefully as he spoke and then, suddenly suspicious, exclaimed: "What's going on here, Al? What's the matter, anyhow?"

"What d'you mean?" Witter demanded, trying to maintain a bold front.

"This shortage of \$300—kidding me?" asked Jimmy. "Expect me to lay all this stuff before the house, and tell the bunch everything's all right, except for a little mistake the bank made?"

"Aw, listen, now," whined Witter, abjectly dropping his bluff. "You don't have to put these books and everything in front of the crowd. Just tell 'em everything's O. K.—that's all they want to know. That's all the auditing committee ever does."

"Tell them that, when everything is not all right?" Jimmy exclaimed. "Not this auditing committee. Especially with that mistake—"

"We'll get it fixed, I tell you," protested Witter, his pasty white face turning red.

"Al, what in the world is the trouble?" asked Byers, slowly.

For answer, Witter walked past him, locked the door of the office and then came back to face him.

"Sit down," he said. "I guess I'd better tell you the whole story."

Wondering what was coming, Jim sat down on the corner of the table.

"Listen," said Witter, more nervous than usual. "It's nothing much—that is, it's nothing to worry about. You see, I've had a dickens of a hard time this year—"

"With the house—and Doane to help you?"

"I mean, with my own affairs," Witter went on. "I got my board and room for attending to the books and the buying and everything. Well, I thought that would be enough to get me by, see? But after my folks helped me come back to school they sent me word that Dad's business wasn't so good, and I'd have to get along on my own. Well, I got organized and had things lined up so I could get by, and then I got another wallop. Dad got sick, and the first thing I knew I had to send a little money home to Mother, now and then. Well, it was hard going, but I made it for a while, until just lately, with Commencement expense, and everything, so I—so I—" he stopped and made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"Then it was not a bank mistake at all?" asked Jimmy, slowly. Witter shook his head. "You—you took the \$300?"

"Sh—don't talk so loud," begged Witter.

"But it's bound to come out," Byers exclaimed, horrified. "You didn't think you could hide it, or anything?"

"Doane was going to take care of it," said Witter. "The house can make money—put by a surplus every year. We were in the hole last year, and I made it up. More than made it up," he declared. "And this thing can't come out! I've got to graduate, haven't I? I can't be disgraced and have them hold up my diploma!"

"But how could Doane do anything about it?" asked Jimmy.

"He could just carry the shortage over—and earn enough on the operation of the house next year," began Witter.

"And nobody ever know about it?"

"Why should they? Nobody pays any attention—"

just so we don't have to cack for a shortage," argued Witter, thinking Jimmy could be won over.

"Well, I'm sorry, but it's no use," said Byers. "I've got to make an honest report. I know about this, and I'll have to tell—"

"And have the whole gang on my neck?" wailed the miserable steward. "You can't do that, Byers! They'd all be on my neck. They'd think—why, they would think I'm a thief!"

It was on the tip of Jimmy's tongue to ask Witter what he thought he was, having taken money that did not belong to him. But he felt sorry for the miserable steward, and instead took another tack.

"Let's get this straight," he suggested. "You used money that belonged to the fraternity—"

"I thought I could pay it back," groaned Witter, holding his head in his hands.

"And now you can't put it back?"

"But Doane can make it up next year—easy, I tell you."

"Then Doane knows you used the money—kept it?"

Jimmy pursued.

"But nobody else does, and nobody needs to," pleaded Witter. "You can't disgrace me, Byers—I'd be run out of school before Commencement, and never get my diploma! And my folks, my mother would just be killed, that's all!"

"I can't disgrace you, Witter," said Byers, slowly, thinking hard. "You're the only one who can disgrace you, you know."

"But if you spill all this stuff—"

Tears were in the white-faced boy's eyes, and he was the very picture of misery. Jimmy Byers could not help feeling sorry for him, even though he could not for a minute forgive the theft of the house funds.

"I'm not saying I'm going to spill it," said Jimmy.

"I'm trying to think what can be done. Haven't you any way to get the money and square the account?"

For answer, Witter only shook his head and groaned. Byers sat a long time and gazed at the miserable wretch, huddled on a swivel chair by his study desk. Witter's story, one of weakness and despair, with the background of family poverty, had made a deep impression on him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 345]



"I can't disgrace you, Witter," said Byers, slowly. "You're the only one who can disgrace you, you know."

Henderson—Air-Mail Pioneer



An airport at night, brilliantly illuminated with flood-lights. This field, typical of those used throughout the United States for passenger and air-mail work, is located at Newark, N. J. In oval, Col. Paul Henderson, former Assistant Postmaster-General in charge of air mail, vice-president of the National Air Transport Corporation and executive vice-president of Transcontinental Air Transport, Inc.

The Father of the Air Mail tells how he entered aviation, and how you may, too

By Earl Reeves

ON a still August night in 1923 a small group of men stood upon a flying field near Omaha, Neb., waiting, watching. Twin lights appeared in the west; the drone of a plane became audible and grew in volume; the tiny lights dropped lower and lower, arrow-straight in their course; a sudden glare, as the plane's powerful landing lights flashed on—and in a moment mail bags were being loaded into a light post-office truck.

The pilot handed down two packages for one of the watchers.

The engines roared to a higher pitch; the plane moved slowly, bobbing a little over the turf, gained in speed, raced, was off the ground and away, mounting steadily higher, its nose pointed eastward.

Men in the watching group strained their eyes to see which could hold sight longest on the glowing spark of tail light.

Suddenly a great glare eclipsed the little red bulb. While still at a distance of five miles or more from the field, the pilot of an incoming plane could restrain his excitement no longer. He blinked his powerful reflectors, telegraphing notice of his approach, then left them full on for a sweeping descent and a graceful landing.

From this plane also two packages were handed to one of the watchers.

And that was the greatest thrill Col. Paul Henderson has had out of aviation.

One of those packages contained San Francisco newspapers of that day; another trout, freshly caught in California that morning. Out of the East had come the New York morning papers and a steamer basket of fruit. Shortly after ten o'clock that night, Colonel Henderson and his assistants sat down to a meal featured by California trout and New York fruit, and spared time to scan at least the leading headlines of the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard.

The Father of the Air Mail

One of those newspapers, I believe, referred to the stage manager of the bit of

history being played that day, and called him the Father of the Air Mail.

For more than five years he

has denied the accuracy of the title, endeavoring to pass it along to Postmaster-General Burleson, but the nickname sticks. Moreover, he earned it; for, while it is true that the first air-mail experiments were made before Henderson became an assistant postmaster-general, he deserves the major honors, because he made the air mail a trans-continental reality.

Aviation is largely a matter of preparation. There is no royal road to aeronautical achievement—not even for a Lindbergh.

During the spring and summer of 1923 Colonel Henderson and his assistants sweated through long hours of careful planning. During those months "Slim" Lindbergh served his apprenticeship, barnstorming through the West.



But the Henderson continent-spanning feat was only a test-out, operating for four days. Almost a year passed. A thousand miles of route were lighted, from Chicago westward. Then Colonel Henderson said the air mail was ready to operate on schedule, from ocean to ocean. On July 1, 1924, opening date of the permanent line, Cadet Lindbergh had plowed a quarter of the way through the grind of an Army air school in Texas. He was learning to fly all over again at that school.

It was another year before night mail, New York to Chicago, became a reality, and one year more before the United States Government decided that it could let private companies carry the mail through the skies, as it lets privately-owned railroads carry the mails on the ground.

Then Captain Lindbergh became an air-mail pilot. And then Colonel Henderson became operating head of the longest air line in the world, National Air Transport, which whipped the mails through from New York to Chicago and Dallas.

Before Lindbergh, Henderson captured the public imagination, although his feat was not so spectacular. He plotted and planned and engineered, to the end that planes should go shuttling back and forth across the country, tying the great cities together—another major victory in man's battle against time. And when Lindbergh, by his flights, made trans-continental passenger transport seem not only possible but inevitable, there was Colonel Henderson again, executive vice-president, or operating head, of Transcontinental Air Transport.

He has prepared the way. The books will record that he was given three of the biggest building jobs in aeronautical history, and I suspect that he got those jobs and succeeded in them because of the thoroughness of his preparation for every move he made.

I stress this here because, across the United States, there may be hundreds or thousands of boys who are thinking about jobs in aviation with never a thought about preparation.

Henderson's own preparation came through a hard school.

Preparing to Enter Aviation

As a boy in Chicago he trudged a long newspaper route each morning; and each afternoon at dusk he trudged over a wide area as a "lamplighter." That would seem strange in most cities today; but then electricity had not come into general use for



The greatest air-mail pilot of them all: Colonel Lindbergh at the Municipal Airport at Chicago, just before taking off to complete a round trip over his old air-mail route between St. Louis and Chicago.

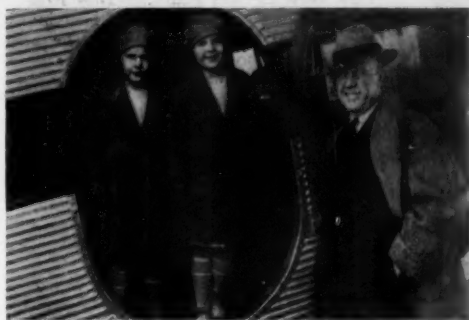
street lighting, and Henderson's job was lighting the pallid gas jets whose glow only slightly dispelled the darkness around street intersections. Morning and night, the stints meant about nine miles of walking and three dollars a week income.

His first full-time job was in a foundry; but he went from that into the young automobile industry. There he became a self-taught engineer, being unable to afford the standard collegiate course. Automobiles had led him to highway building, so that he had great experience in the problems of motor transportation when President Harding, for many years a personal friend, asked Henderson to go to Washington as Assistant Postmaster-General. The real job behind that invitation was the air mail. More than that it was the task of building up such a widespread use of airplanes as would result in the building of airplane and engine factories and the training of pilots. Uncle Sam had no wars to fight, nor did he expect any; but he was long-headed enough to understand that airplane and engine factories and pilots, developed for peace-time use, would become an arm of defense, if needed.

That Uncle Sam was wise in his plan and in the selection of a man is attested by the fact that we do have airplane factories and engine factories and trained pilots today—and tens of thousands of new jobs for young men.

I asked the Father of the Air Mail to talk about these jobs.

"If one of my boys were to show an aptitude for



Col. Paul Henderson and his twin daughters. The latter are standing in the doorway of Transcontinental Air Transport's office plane

mechanics and an inclination toward aviation," Colonel Henderson said, "I think I would have him go through some good aeronautical engineering school, such, for instance, as the one at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and then I would suggest that he get into overalls and go into the machine shop of one of the larger airplane factories.

"When I was a boy it was beginning to be considered somehow something of a disgrace for a boy to go into anything involving overalls. It was thought to be better socially to have a white-collar job; although such a job in all probability offered less money, less chance of learning, less opportunity for advancement.

"I am hoping that the interest of the present generation of boys in aviation may help swing us away from this tendency to look down on overall jobs for young men.

Opportunity in a New Industry

"Certainly there should be a great opportunity for good engineers in the new aviation industry. Of the men rated as aeronautical engineers today it seems to me that no more than ten are entitled to first-class rating. Dozens fall short because of inadequate preparation. They go through the motions, but they are likely to be copyists, because they have not sufficient knowledge to permit them to go forward alone and work out their own problems of design.

"Already the airplane is a thing of many types, each type designed for a different use; and the perfecting of these individual types presents problems in exactness not met in most forms of engineering. In building a bridge an engineer may throw in extra strength and weight in order to be on the safe side. If you are too liberal in your strength factor in plane or engine building, you kill the effectiveness of your vehicle. An airplane must be strong enough; but if it is stronger than necessary it is likely to be too heavy for its power, or for the job it is designed to perform. A plane which is not strong enough is obviously dangerous; but so is a plane which is too heavy.

"Aeronautical engineering therefore is more difficult, more precise, than most other forms of engineering. Moreover, being as yet in its beginnings, there is all the greater opportunity in the profession. No man can predict what vital new developments will come during the next few years from young men now unknown.

"Boys who may have a vague idea that they would

like to be in aviation would do well to consider where their tastes or talents are likely to lead them farthest.

"In aviation there is engineering, manufacturing and selling,—each a distinct division, as in any other industry,—and there is transportation, the operating of planes and air lines.

"The division I have called operations interests boys most, since it includes actual flying. When we needed about a dozen cabin boys more than two hundred applied. That in itself is typical of the new jobs in aviation.

"A more concrete contrast may be of interest. A few years ago there were three jobs,—pilot, mechanic and grease monkey,—but the carrying of passengers changed that.

"On a salaries and wages estimate for Transcontinental Air Transport, which climbs well toward the million-dollar mark for the year, the cabin boy rates low at a hundred and twenty-five dollars a month. On our payroll are machinists, engine mechanics and teletype operators at twenty-one hundred dollars a year. The last operate a machine which has a keyboard like a typewriter, and it sends the written word hundreds or thousands of miles over a strand of wire, to be retranslated from electrical impulses into written words by another machine at the far end. For aviation, the teletyper succeeds the telegrapher of the railway station. Good radio operators come a little higher: radio engineers rate at about a hundred dollars a week.

"A train crew of the air will cost more than twelve thousand dollars a year, the pilot's minimum being seventy-two hundred, and the mechanic-pilot's income half as much.

"There are meteorologists, or weather men, and airway superintendents and, as on a railway, division superintendents. Superintendence is an important job, for which air lines seek ten thousand dollars a year men. The pilot's seat and the superintendent's desk are destined to be spots on which the ambitious cabin boy will fix his eye.

Jobs on the Ground

"You will note that there are more jobs on the ground than in the air. There are also jobs behind the

Inspecting a mail plane: government-licensed mechanics examining the Liberty motor on a Curtiss-Falcon mail plane before it is scheduled for cargo carrying. Every ship must have this inspection



The preparations for a flight: loading mail and express matter into a mail plane from the special trucks of the express company. Note the guard with riot gun watching the shipments

line which the air traveler or airport visitor never notes.

"National Air Transport alone maintains a shop which employs one hundred and ten men. There are champions there who are never advertised. The champion propeller man of the United States is a man of sixty-five years. There are expert mechanics in that shop who know that they are in aviation as deeply as any pilot, and are as necessary to it.

"Between trips one hundred different facts about a plane are checked, not once, but twice, by two different men working separately. Any defect in plane or engine ranks as a personal disgrace in the minds of the men who have serviced and inspected the plane: a perfect record by a plane, on the other hand, is cause for sound pride. That thing which is called *esprit de corps* exists in an intensity seldom met elsewhere.

"The measure of the success of this shop is decline in forced landings. The score now is one forced landing in a hundred and fifty thousand miles—in six laps around the world. In National Air Transport history there have been two fatal accidents, but neither was due to defect in a plane. That is to say, in millions of miles of flight, planes groomed by these men do not fail. That is character in work: preparation, care, integrity—things you must have anywhere in aviation, which makes exceptional demands upon its men.

"Young men most likely to succeed in aviation are those whose minds work in an orderly way, who have been taught to think for themselves, and who recognize that, if their job in life is to be of a technical character, they cannot be too thorough. Planes fly safely and successfully in direct proportion to the care which is put into building them in the first place, then into flying them; and finally— and probably this is most important—success and safety depend upon examination, inspection, tests.

"Managers of aviation must somehow establish a high character test in picking men, because aviation is scattered across so many miles of territory, and young men are needed who will work honestly, effectively and loyally without immediate and constant supervision.

"While aviation is in its formative stage it is difficult to lay down any rules of procedure for boys who wish to get into the business.

"As for training to become a pilot, it is possible by medical examination to determine what candidates have little chance of becoming good pilots because they lack the physical and nervous foundations.

A Thousand Hours of Flying

"An adequate course of instruction, which should include twenty-five hours of flight, costs about six hundred dollars. The Department of Commerce estimates that a pilot should have at least fifty hours' solo experience before he carries passengers, and that after two hundred hours he may be able to pass the department examination for a transport

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 351]

The 100% Advertisement

By David William Moore



ILLUSTRATED
BY
DUDLEY
GLOYNE
SUMMERS

ABRIGHT spring morning, in a wonderful old world. Speed Kane whistled a gay little tune as he hustled to begin the day's work. Yes, sir! As good a job as any young fellow ever had. Wasn't he assistant production manager in the well-known Hannibal Advertising Agency? And wasn't he making his work stand up and eat out of his hand?

All right, let's go! He was almost running by the time he reached the office, so eager was he to get at the day's tasks.

And then—isn't it strange how a fellow's world can be turned upside down in a jiffy?

Speed found Herb Rowe, his immediate superior, already at his desk, although the production manager was merely reading his morning newspaper. The fact that Rowe was in the office at this hour indicated that something unusual was in the air.

Speed tossed his cap onto the hook and regarded his boss. "How come? Couldn't you sleep last night?"

Herb Rowe was the sort of man who becomes very officious when there is the slightest excuse. He now regarded Speed with a solemn look. There seemed to be almost compassion in his gaze. Then: "So you don't know the office was robbed last night, eh?"

"Robbed! Geewhiz!" And Speed's big eyes showed plainly his consciousness of standing right in the middle of a great melodrama. "When did they do it? Did the cops get 'em? What did they get?"

"It was last night at nine o'clock—"

"Why, I was here in the office myself until eight-thirty," exclaimed Speed.

"That's what the night watchman said," continued Herb Rowe, in his solemn voice. "He said he saw you come in at seven o'clock, and he didn't see you go out."

Speed's face went white, as he realized the seriousness of what Herb was saying. The production manager

noticed it and hurried on. "Of course, he didn't accuse you of doing it, Speed. I didn't mean any such thing as that. But the cops asked him questions, and he had to tell about you. You know how it is with—"

"Gosh! You know I wouldn't do such a thing!" And Speed looked terribly hurt and worried.

"Now, don't be silly, Speed. I know you

"Of course, you don't," and the chief was gone.

Don't worry! Foolish words, they were. As Speed again turned to his work, it seemed to him that everything was wrong. Don't worry! Like telling a fellow he is going to be hanged and then advising him not to worry about the rope breaking. Speed had read of how innocent people had been convicted by just such evidence as seemed to be against him.

Mechanically his hands wrote out orders, and in a peculiar voice he talked over the phone with the engravers and electrotypers. He was going to do his work, anyhow. It was all he could do. He felt helpless and weak against this great trouble that threatened him. Of course, everybody knew he was innocent, but—

The detectives came blustering in, chewing black cigars, and questioned him sneeringly. Third-degree stuff. They seemed to act as if they knew he was guilty. They haggled over his straightforward answers, inferring all the time that he was lying. Could he prove that he was innocent? Could he prove where he was at nine o'clock? They'd probably want to talk to him again. And so they left him.

IF Speed Kane had been just an ordinary boy he might have done nothing. It would have been the obvious way out of such a difficulty. Other boys might have told those detectives to go to thunder, and passed the affair over.

But not Speed. He was hurt and worried—and angry. He was not content to have his name bandied about with the names of bandits and racketeers. There must be some way to clear up this matter, so that the real truth could no longer be questioned. And he was determined to do that very thing.

There was one man in jail, probably one of the robbers. But there was no proof against the man. He had no money on him, except a few bills that might have been his own. The night watchman couldn't identify the fellow. In a few days the police would have to release him, although they knew he was a crook by the name of Winters.

"Gosh! I reckon I've got some job on my hands," Speed meditated. "If I can't prove that Winters is guilty, how can I catch that other bird? But there must be some way."

And all through the day, Speed sat there at his desk, thinking, thinking, thinking—fighting for the solution of the most serious problem he had ever faced. The net result of his mental effort was increased bitterness against the bandits. What right had they to come prowling around a city to annoy and injure innocent people? Why were such people allowed to live in a city, anyhow?

The other workers in the Hannibal office made Speed's burden all the more trying, because they tried so hard to show their faith that they went too far. He felt they were being too nice to him, too considerate. Even the busy contact men, hurrying in with plate and composition work to be done, would suddenly slow down when they reached Speed's desk and talk to him in an unnatural kindly tone of voice. Why couldn't they bark at him as they usually did? Why couldn't they be themselves?

Even Judy McGann, the file girl, came in to tell Speed she simply knew he couldn't have had anything to do with the robbery. "Why, the very ideal!" she said, drawing down her eyebrows in exasperation. "I don't see how anybody could suspect you."

By five o'clock, Speed was ready to explode. If just one more person came in and said that Speed was innocent or pulled any of that nauseating sympathy stuff, Speed was going to grab him by the neck and choke the life out of him. "Why does everybody act as if I'm about to be shot?" he asked Herb.

But Herb was like all the others. He put an arm about Speed's shoulder. "Listen, kid, we're all trying to make you realize that we know you're all right. So you run along home and forget it."

And Speed started for home, but he was a different Speed. His slow, weary walk was quite a change from his happy, cheerful stride of the morning. He had no desire to get home. He couldn't tell his mother. He

"I've got the idea that will get these crooks," said Speed, excitedly. "I'm going in and sell it to the chief. You don't mind, do you?"

didn't do it, and you know you didn't, and nobody has accused you. I'm just telling you the facts. Two men with masks on grabbed the night watchman at nine o'clock, and tied him to a chair, then broke open the safe. Didn't get much, because old Huggley doesn't keep more than a hundred dollars or so of cash on hand. A cop was passing just about the time the robbery happened, and he saw a man running out the front drive. He thought the fellow acted suspiciously, so he arrested him. The man said he was merely cutting across to catch a street car, though the night watchman says the fellow looks as if he might be one of the robbers. The chief may ask you some questions, Speed, but I know he doesn't suspect you any more than I do. But that second robber must be accounted for somehow."

"But I don't know a thing 'bout it," exclaimed Speed. "I was home by nine o'clock—no, it must have been nine-thirty, because I stopped and got a soda. But I didn't see a thing, or hear a thing."

"Well, you quit your worrying, son, and you won't have any trouble." Herb Rowe was really sympathetic now. "I'd just as soon accuse myself as you."

So Speed tried to busy himself with his work, while he waited for developments. It was a cruel, ruthless world that would throw such a cloud of circumstantial evidence over a fellow this way. Why, he loved the Hannibal Advertising Agency. He wouldn't think of robbing it any more than he would rob his mother!

Then the chief walked in. His face, too, was solemn. He walked directly to Speed's desk and stood looking down at the boy. "Just wanted to say to you, son, that we know you didn't have anything to do with that affair last evening. But the detectives may insist upon talking to you, though I told them it was nonsense. Just don't worry." Speed had never seen such kindness in the old man's eyes.

"I don't know anything about it," he said.

didn't want to go to a movie. He didn't want to do anything. Just wanted to think—to get hold of an idea that would take this stain off his good name.

Then came a kid yelling the baseball extra. Speed had almost forgotten about baseball. Why, never before had he failed to have the score in mind when he left the office during the baseball season. He grabbed one of the papers. This would take his mind off the robbery. Maybe the Reds had trimmed those hated Giants again. He held up the paper hungrily.

"No game today. Team traveling to Pittsburgh." Speed had even forgotten there was no game. He didn't care for the usual gossip with which the sport writers filled up the extras on off days. And he walked even more slowly, more dejectedly, as he glanced idly at the front page.

RUM-RUNNER GIVES PAL "A RIDE"

It was a glaring headline clear across the top of the page. Speed ordinarily would not have given it a second thought, but now he read it through.

"The crooks!" he said through gritting teeth. "Those are the scoundrels who cause all the trouble."

The story told how one rum-runner had suspected a pal of double-crossing him and had killed the other man in cold blood. A ruthless, vicious act. It made Speed's blood boil to read how unspeakably bold these criminals were in their activities. They didn't even have any mercy toward one another.

By the time Speed had reached home he had read through to the last word of that item about the killing. There was something about it—hope, perhaps—that intrigued him. A peculiar sort of hunch came to him that somewhere in that item was the secret for which his mind was groping. There must be a way to use this ruthlessness of the bandits to solve his problem.

He sat around the house that evening, saying nothing, only thinking. His mother became worried and asked what was the matter.

"Aw, nothing," replied Speed. "Just trying to think up a campaign."

And that satisfied her. She knew that campaigns had to do with advertising, in Speed's life, so she was content that he should show such industriousness.

But the answer didn't come. And Speed finally went to bed to toss about, like a ship without a rudder. He was sailing on a stormy sea, all right.

But the great blessing that always awaits to cheer humanity was on hand to do its stuff for Speed Kane. Few problems or troubles can stand up through a bright, cheerful morning. There is something about the morning sun that clears up murky skies and leaves minds refreshed and capable, with a clearly indicated path to be followed.

SPEED bounded out of bed that morning, happy and full of the old pep. He had it!

He remembered a wonderful dream,—yes, it was about bandits,—and in this dream his problem had been solved for him. And now, when he knew he was wide-awake, the solution seemed just as good to him.

He bolted down his breakfast and was off for the office on a run—the old Speed, with an idea, with something to be done. Of course he reached his desk long before even Herb Rowe was there. And he had to wait. His business now was not with Herb, but he knew he'd better tell his boss, before he went into the big chief's office. And while he waited he took out a sheet of paper and sketched off his idea. Yes, it would work! But there was something about it that caused his enthusiasm to dwindle a bit. He might have a hard time selling it to the chief. It wasn't just the type of thing the chief had been known to favor.

"But when you're playing against crooks you have to use your wits," Speed concluded. "I reckon, though, I'd better try to get this over without letting him know just what I'm going to do."

Then Herb came in. Speed was facing the production manager before the morning paper was unfolded. "I've got it!"

"What, the money that was stolen?"

"No," said Speed, excitedly. "I've got the idea that will get these crooks. I'm going in and sell it to the chief. You don't mind, do you?"

"Go right ahead," said Herb. "Good luck to you." He was relieved that he didn't have to take the time right then to think about what Speed had in mind. He wished to read his paper. And into the big sanctum-sanctorum went Speed. The chief smiled benignly, as he

listened to Speed's enthusiastic announcement of his wonderful idea. But he wanted to know how.

"I'll do it with an ad," said Speed.

"With an ad? Humph! That's a rather large order, isn't it? What kind of ad?"

"I'd rather not say." And Speed's face clouded, as he realized the trouble he had anticipated was materializing. He believed he couldn't sell the idea if he told what the ad was to be. He had to sell it without giving away his secret. "Here's what I want to do. Give me permission to run an advertisement about two columns by eight inches. I'll write the copy. I won't cause you any trouble. But I'll catch those crooks."

"But why don't you wish to tell me what the advertisement is like?"

Speed grinned. "You'd think it was foolish."

The chief, apparently in good spirits, laughed at Speed and told him to go ahead. "But," he cautioned, "don't make it any bigger than you said. The robbers got only about a hundred dollars, you know. However, I'm willing to spend a little if we can bring them to justice."

So Speed went out quickly, before there could be a change of mind. First, he asked the order department for an insertion order covering his advertisement that was to appear in the morning newspaper. He explained that he would take the ad personally to the paper. Then, with the order in his hand, he went back to his desk.

Herb Rowe was waiting for him. "Any luck?" asked the production manager.

"Yes. He said for me to go ahead."

"What's the idea?"

"I'm going to run an advertisement," said Speed.

"Hunh! Going to catch crooks with advertising, eh? Well, that's good. What kind of ad is it?"

"You'll see it in the paper tomorrow morning," said Speed. "If I told about it now everything would be spoiled. I'm going to show how to get some results for a change."

"All right, Sherlock Holmes," grinned Herb. "You've got nerve, I'll say. But I'm with you."

The sympathetic gloom that permeated the offices of the Hannibal Advertising Agency on the previous day now had become a very cheerful interest in Speed Kane's mysterious advertisement.

Herb Rowe spread the news, and everybody wanted to find out about it. The copy men, those dignified intellectuals, wandered in to comment upon Speed's venture into the creative end of the agency business. "Now remember the four fundamentals, boy," they would say. "First you must attract attention, then arouse interest, then create desire, and finally get action."

"You think I don't know how this stuff is written, don't you?" Speed would retort. "Well, you've got a treat coming to you. Just read the paper in the morning!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 346]



The detectives came and questioned him sneeringly. They seemed to act as if they knew he was guilty. Could he prove that he was innocent? Could he prove where he was at nine o'clock?

The Picked Chicken

By Margaret Ward

ILLUSTRATED BY D. S. WENDELL

THERE wasn't much of May left after Joan Jordan had found in Electa Appleton's attic a little tea-colored book "by a Bostonian," that was sold early in June in New York for thirteen thousand five hundred dollars. What there was left Joan took for herself, going off every day on hikes or bird and flower hunts with Ann Hazard and, on Saturdays, Judy Blake.

"I just couldn't stand it not to have some of spring to wander in," she told Ann, "and anyhow I might as well this year, because there's no job in sight for Miss Fix-It."

When Mrs. Appleton's check came, Joan reluctantly accepted a commission of a hundred and thirty-five dollars; the least, Mr. Watson had assured her, that she could take on any business basis, and not nearly as much as Mrs. Appleton had wanted her to have. But even with that Miss Fix-It's income from eleven months' work, as Joan footed it up one June evening, was not exactly stupendous:

Three weeks of twins, less advertising.....	\$26.55
Twins at Thanksgiving (almost a present).....	10.00
Wrennait Wreaths, net profits.....	82.00
Getting Tony Hazard back to school (That was sheer profiteering, she thought, as she put it down).....	172.00
Keeping March Hares in order.....	5.00
Parties and bridge lessons with Dill.....	24.90
Mrs. Appleton's book.....	135.00
	\$455.45

Not quite ten dollars a week for the forty-eight weeks that Miss Fix-It had been operating. Of course there were the hat and the dress that had perhaps saved buying them—only Joan had planned to get on with what she had—and the mistletoe pendant and the violet sapphire, both of which were valuable but as gifts couldn't be sold. Then Mr. Stephen Adams had said that after its annual meeting the bank was going to give her a reward for getting back the stolen bonds. Joan hadn't any idea what that would amount to, but she hoped the bank would live up to the dignity of its marble front in the matter of saying thank you.

However, presents and rewards are not business. Neither in Joan's sturdy code was waiting for something to turn up. Anxiously she considered her next move. Maybe, with a new crop of summer people coming to Hillsboro, she ought to advertise again. She was trying to word a taking but rather less optimistic statement than the casual one of a year ago, when the director of the girls' camp at Loon Lake telephoned her.

"I believe you applied for a position as sub-councilor last year," she began, "but we hadn't a vacancy to fit you. We have one now, due to a last-minute disappointment. May I come to interview you?"

"But you don't pay anything," objected Joan. "I'll tell you just what happened last summer. There was a vacancy, but I have to be earning something right along, so I couldn't consider it. I'd love to be a councilor at your camp, but I'd have to work hard enough to make it worth your while to pay me nine dollars a week at least," concluded Joan with decision.

"Have you had camp experience?" asked the other. "We never pay inexperienced councilors. You don't perhaps know anyone we could get?"

Joan hesitated. Maybe Judy would go, but she was too young. Anyhow, business is business. Joan needed the job, it was almost time for Loon Lake Camp to open, and she wasn't going to give information against her own interests.

"I'm afraid not," she said sweetly, "except me—for nine dollars a week. I've never been camp councilor, but I've looked after lively twins when their mother was away, and I've had experience in housekeeping and gardening and picnicking and a little in family camping: all that ought to help. Don't the experienced councilors expect to do certain definite, specified things? If I came, I'd try to do what you wanted, when you wanted it. But I've got to earn nine dollars a week."

"Well—" The camp supervisor's voice sounded a little less crisp and curt. "Are you at liberty tomorrow afternoon? I shall be near Hillsboro then. Of course I may find someone before that who'll come on our usual terms."

"Of course," agreed Joan cordially, "and I may have taken another job."

"This afternoon then," conceded the harried supervisor. "Miss Tevis speaking. You agree to hold yourself in readiness until I've seen you?"

Joan hated that sort of bargaining, but she was glad Miss Fix-It had been able to hold her own at it. She felt sure that working for Miss Tevis would mean earning every cent of her pay, but she was willing to do anything to keep Deepdene going until Father came back.

FOR two days of camp, things went along very happily and smoothly. To be sure, there was overmuch system to suit Joan, whose idea of camping, gained from overnight trips with her father on the Green Mountain Trail was just blissful vagabonding, doing as you pleased and learning, because you wanted to, some of nature's lovely secrets. But of course seven weeks of blissful vagabonding would be demoralizing. And for a crowd of a hundred girls there had to be some simple rules and a definite daily routine. All the things that healthy girls like to do in summer—swimming, tennis, golf, horseback riding, archery—could be done safely or learned under expert supervision at Loon Lake Camp with rest hours, nature study, and handicraft lessons sandwiched in to keep the days from being too strenuous. "Order, punctuality, obedience, consideration for others, above all good sportsmanship"—these were the things Miss Tevis urged the councilors to emphasize. Joan learned the list by heart. She congratulated herself on having six good campers in her cabin. One, to be sure, Dorothy Hyde, Joan had shrewdly sized up as a trouble-maker. She decided that her first move should be to make friends with Dorothy.

But before she had well begun, Dorothy was removed to another cabin.

"The head councilors had a meeting this morning," Miss Tevis explained, "and rearranged cabin groups. Dorothy's initiative seemed to be needed in Vail Lane's cabin, and we are giving you Emilia Lawson." Miss Tevis gave an embarrassed cough. "Emilia will need quite a bit of supervision. Her father is an old family friend, and she's the one girl I didn't see before accepting her. I question if the camping environment is quite suited to Emilia's needs at present."

"Is she the one the girls are calling the Picked Chicken?" asked Joan. "I should think camp would be awfully good for her if we can keep the rest from teasing her all the time."

"Please make it your special project to see that Emilia gets on as well as possible," said Miss Tevis stiffly, ignoring the question about Emilia's nickname, and beginning to open her mail by way of dismissing Joan.

"I'll do my best," Joan promised cheerfully. She saw through the whole thing. Vail Lane was Miss Tevis's niece, and she was head swimming councilor. She couldn't be bothered with Picked Chickens. Joan wished her joy of Dorothy and went to the cabin to help the new girl settle. She found Emilia on the verge of tears.

"I hope you'll be nicer to me than Miss Lane," she sniffled. "She said I'd never make a camper."

Joan grinned encouragingly. "Well, you'll just about have to, won't you? Or else let it bear you and go home. I'm sure you won't do that. The girls and I have decided to win the prize for best-kept cabin this week, so you'll have to make that bed look less like a nest. And you've brought a lot of things, haven't you? Still, I think they'll go into your chest and your shelf space



Joan found Emilia on the verge of tears. "I hope you'll be nicer to me than that Miss Lane," she sniffled. "She said I'd never make a camper."



if they're folded properly, but never in a thousand years if they're wadded up and stuffed, the way you've started doing."

"One little box, and one shelf!" gulped Emilia. "If my father had seen this camp, instead of depending on Miss Tevis to have things comfortable, I guess he'd never have sent me here. He's a hotel manager, and he knows what guests expect."

"Oh, but that's half the fun of camp, Emilia," explained Joan, "to get away from closets and bureau drawers, and find how jolly you can be without any fuss and feathers. Now suppose we go through your stuff and put the things you may not need at the bottom of the heap. I shan't help you like this after you get started," she warned, "but I want to see you started right. Here, leave out your bathing togs! They'll be on you or on the drying line most of the time. Didn't you go for a dip this morning?"

"No," said Emilia, with a shiver. "I—I—" her pale little face was convulsed. "She—Miss Lane—made me duck yesterday. I—I just can't bear—"

"Oh, well," Joan assured her, "you can stand it if the rest can. If I were you, Emilia, I'd make up my mind to do as the rest do and never peep if you don't like it—just laugh when you get into any sort of mess, like drowning when you try to duck yourself. You can't be happy camping unless you make up your mind to be a good sport."

After that camp for Joan was dated, day by day, by the climactic woes of Emilia Lawson: her teary arrival at the cabin; her ruining all chance of winning cabin-inspection prize for the week by leaving her pajamas on the floor under her cot the very next morning; her being pinched awake the day following by her incensed cabin-mates; her falling off her horse and tearfully proclaiming that Dorothy Hyde had hit him on purpose to make him lopsided; her setting her bloomers on fire in the silliest way from a burning marshmallow; her being hit by a golf ball—entirely her own fault because walking cross-lots on the course was forbidden; her trying to run away because she was so miserable, getting mired in a pasture on the next farm, being rescued by the farmer and brought back ignominiously, her clothes caked with mud and her face streaked with grime and tear stains—even Dorothy Hyde didn't laugh at her that day; she was too abject, too really woebegone, to be made fun of.

Occasionally Joan was sorry for her and angry at the older girls for teasing her. Most of the time she didn't blame them; Emilia was nearly everything that Joan disliked: a coward, a cry-baby, a telltale, selfish, conceited, indolent. But she was Joan's job. For nine dollars a week Joan had promised to do whatever Miss Tevis wanted. Well, she didn't mind helping the cook now and then; she didn't mind doing Miss Tevis's mending, or pedaling three miles on a rickety bike to get the bread that the baker had forgotten to deliver, or having to miss the moonlight picnic to take telephone calls. But she did get very tired of trying to make a good camper out of Emilia Lawson.

"There go Picked Chicken and Nursie," she heard Vail Lane say one day. She tried not to care, not to mind being left out of Vail's little group of favored coun-

The treat arrived, packed in an imposing pile of refrigerated hampers. All very indigestible and out of place in camp, Joan thought, but the girls overate with enthusiasm and sang the camp thank-you song to Mr. Lawson and the radiant Emilia

cilors and being ignored by the older girls when they formed a club called Cute Campers. Vail belonged to it, and several other councilors.

One of the girls in Joan's cabin announced triumphantly one day that she was "up" for election. "And if I get in, Miss Joan, you must turn your back and not see too much. The way Vail Lane does."

"Yes," piped up Emilia. "I heard Dorothy Hyde telling how they went swimming by moonlight after 'lights out,' and I thought she said Vail Lane went too."

WHETHER or not Emilia had heard right, tales of the exciting, forbidden exploits of Cute Campers were rife among the cabins, and everybody wanted to join. Dorothy Hyde, as moving spirit of the society, was besieged by eager applicants, ready to promise anything and fag for her endlessly if she would get them in. But Cute Campers preferred to remain small and select. Outsiders were kept dangling until those with any spirit rebelled and formed a society of their own.

Dorothy, missing their flattering attentions, looked round for new diversions and decided to take one last grand fling at Emilia Lawson. Joan, seeing the two together, guessed that mischief was afoot.

"Tell you a secret," Emilia confided to Joan at last. "My father is going to send me a camp treat—a grand one, better than any father has sent yet to Loon Lake."

So that was what Dorothy had been angling for!

Presently the treat arrived: no mere box of candy or can of marshmallows or case of ginger ale, such as other fathers had sent, but an elaborate supper packed in an imposing pile of refrigerated hampers. There was fried chicken, barberry jelly, with "Made only for Lawson Hotels" on the labels, bottles of fat, juicy olives, dozens and dozens of tiny finger rolls, then a wonderful marron glacé, and rich, sticky chocolate cake to go with it. All very indigestible and out of place in camp, Joan thought, but the girls overate with enthusiasm and sang the camp thank-you song to Mr. Lawson and the radiant

Emilia, and then, with suspicious unanimity, Dorothy Hyde and her crowd were ready to "hit the hay."

Some time in the night a touch on her arm awakened Joan, and a frightened voice whispered, "Please get up. We can't find Emilia Lawson."

"What?" said Joan. "Oh!" Then she yawned, blinked her eyes open, discovered Dorothy Hyde standing beside

her in a pool of moonlight, and discovered that Emilia's cot was empty.

"We were having an initiation of Cute Campers," explained Dorothy. "We told Emilia that she could join if she'd walk down the spring path alone, get a white box, and bring it back to us."

"What was in the box?" interrupted Joan.

"Snakes," admitted Dorothy. "Three harmless little garter snakes. But the cover was on tight, so— Well, while she was doing it, we heard a noise up near Miss Tevis's cottage, so we beat it to bed. Then after a while Dixy Jones and I remembered Emilia and went back, and we can't find her."

"How long ago was this?" demanded Joan sternly.

"Half an hour maybe."

"Show me where she went," commanded Joan.

Dixy Jones had mysteriously appeared, and, clinging together and assured that Joan was close at their heels, with her flashlight picking out the way much more efficiently than did the waning moon, the two girls led the way down the path to the spring.

"Oh, you were cruel, cruel," she murmured, "to leave—"

The flashlight caught the bank of moss by the spring. There, a little white, and jumpy enough to scream when the light flashed at her, but neither faint, drowned, nor crazed, sat Emilia.

"Oh, but it's been ages! Why didn't you whistle for me to start?" she demanded eagerly of Dorothy. "I found the box. I did just as you said. Oh, Miss Jo, please don't scold me for sneaking out. I do so want to belong to Cute Campers, and they said it's the only way."

Joan looked at the Picked Chicken, somehow more absurd and forlorn than ever in her eagerness to belong. Then she reached out and grabbed the box—horrible thing, and Emilia might upset it at any moment! "I shall keep this, whatever it is," she announced with dignity. "Now, Dorothy, is she initiated? Is Emilia a member of your club?"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 355]

ADVISORY COUNCIL: E. K. Hall, Chairman Football Rules Committee; Julian W. Curtis, rowing authority and referee; Dr. James E. Naismith, inventor of basketball; Watson Washburn, former Davis Cup tennis player; Robert C. Zupple, football coach, Illinois; John T. Doyle, American Sports Publishing Co.

SPORT

EDITED, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE YOUTH'S COMPANION'S SPORT ADVISORY COUNCIL,

By Sol Metzger



Playing Second Base

PLAYING second base is one of the delights of baseball. So important is the assignment that the boy holding down the job is usually referred to as the keystone of the infield.

Not only must the fellow playing here be able to handle all sorts of hit balls and make put-outs on attempted steals and forced plays, but he must make his plays also so rapidly as to make sure completing a double by relaying the ball to first on the latter.

Every infielder should use both hands to catch or stop any throw or hit aside from those wide ones that cannot be reached except with one. The second baseman also has to handle throws on attempted steals in such a manner that the runner tags himself out.

There is no fixed rule for your place when fielding. If there are no runners on base and a left-handed batter is up, play as near halfway to first as you safely can, for such a batter usually pulls a ball toward right. Of course play as deep as possible. If he's a right-handed hitter, move over toward second and play deep, as such a batter tends to hit toward left field.

With a runner on base, either first or second, the keystone player has to watch both runner and hitter. The play he is always depended upon to excel in is the one illustrated—a double play. It occurs when the ball is grounded to the infield with a runner on first.

Here he is off for his base when the ball is hit otherwise than to him, with his eyes on the ball. He faces the infielder handling it as he reaches his base, takes the throw with a foot on the bag and then steps forward into the infield to prevent the runner coming down from first getting in the line of his throw. Immediately he turns and whips the ball with lightning-like speed to first. S. M.

This Game of Golf

No wonder it is more and more a game for youth

By Johnny Farrell

United States Open Golf Champion

GOLF is an odd game in that the harder you try the worse you become. In track, football and baseball it's usually a case of "digging with your toes" and going at it with all the strength and determination possible. Golf is different.

A year ago, by virtue of some good golf in the final rounds of the National Open, I gained a tie with Bobby Jones. Next day we battled thirty-six holes, as close a match as one wants to play. On the thirty-fourth I gained a stroke on Bobby, a lead I held to the end. That end was as testing as any I ever want to face.

The par 5, 490-yard eighteenth hole at Olympia Fields, with a cross ditch 100 yards from the flag and an upgrade from there to the green—is a tough hole. It was tougher that day, what with rainstorms to soften the fairways and stop the run of long shots. As we played it, with Jones grimly determined to wipe away my precious lead, it began to look as if he might succeed. His long second shot was hole high to the left of the green. Mine was fifty yards short in the rough.

I knew I'd have to hole out in two more shots to win, as Bobby is so deadly under pressure. He had just proven it on the preceding green when I was but two feet from the pin, and he was thirty. There I thought I was to gain another stroke. But Jones had the flag removed and calmly holed his long putt for a halved hole.

Some say such putts are all luck. That is wrong. Bobby was able to dismiss the idea that a miss here would defeat him. He compelled his mind to get down to the task of holing that putt, which is the big thing in golf. And hole it he did.

I was in much the same fix on the last hole. I had to concentrate on laying my fifty-yard pitch dead to the pin.

And when I almost accomplished that, my ball stopping seven feet short, I had to concentrate again on another all-important task, the holing of the putt, for Jones's chip shot had dropped right at the flag.

Golf Isn't Like Football

I've often been asked what I was thinking of here. You see, just as I settled to stroke that putt the clicking of movie cameras disconcerted me. I could easily have lost my opportunity of winning with this shot had I let my mind stray from the job ahead. So, I stepped back and said to myself, "You've got to make this one. Just loosen your grip and put it in."

That's just what I did, too; in it went. Right there is the difference between

golf and other sports. You must be enthusiastic about golf to play it, but you can't tackle a shot in the same way that you tackle the man with the ball in football. You must play each shot calmly and exactly right; time it properly, and try to visualize beforehand precisely how you are to make it. And you mustn't try too hard.

Caddying for a Champion

A long time ago I caddied a lot for Jerry Travers, a great champion in his day. He was about the best competition player I ever saw. One day it came to me that his success was due to his ability to relax when the going was hottest. Witness him against a long-driving opponent, when the desire to press, which is the golfing term for trying too hard, is greatest. Out would come Jerry's old driving-iron, and his tee shots would become shorter. Yet with that club, through his uncommon accuracy, he would win such matches. Length is a fine quality to possess in golf, but without accuracy it is a tremendous handicap.

Nor have I forgotten Jerry's—he was Mr. Travis to me—putting skill. I still believe he could have holed a twenty-footer in a pinch with cannons booming right back of him, so absolute was his concentration. As he actually tried for and did sink a surprisingly large number of long putts, I have him to thank for proving to me that they can be holed out instead of merely laid near the cup. When I played my record-breaking round of 63 in the La Gorce open tournament in March, 1928, a round that won me a first prize of \$5,000, I went for every long putt. And I got down my share of them.

In so brief an article I can't go into the details of shot-making, much as I'd like to. I'm leaving that to my good friend, Sol Metzger, who has so clearly sketched herewith the details of the drive. But I want to cover the important points every good golfer has to master before he becomes a star. The principal one concerns pressing. If you try to hit too hard, you can't play golf.

Most boys tackle a runner in football as though they intended breaking him in half. But you can't stroke a golf ball either far or true to line if you attempt to murder it. The drive, the longest shot, must be perfectly timed by a balanced body. If one had to be a Dempsey or Ruth in physique to golf well, I should not be going to the Winged Foot Club this month to defend the open title I won at Olympia Fields last June. But I do expect to drive about as far as the average. Still, you won't see me pressing.

Make Each Stroke Count

It's best to remember that a certain number of shots are stipulated as par to reach each green. So few take less than these figures that they are



Johnny Farrell, open golf champion of the United States, finishes one of his record-breaking swings. Note the perfect stance, and try to copy it next time you drive off

not worth considering. Those who do are the exceptions who prove the par rule. The point in golf is to make each stroke count. Place the drive near a certain previously selected spot on the fairway because it affords a better approach to the green. For example, if the green is trapped on the right front, drive to the left. Then you haven't a trap to carry to reach home. Neither will a topped shot roll into the hazard. It is necessary to think ahead in golf, and then concentrate upon playing the shot selected as the best for each condition met. At that you'll get into plenty of trouble. Any golfer is bound to miss a few each round.

That brings me to another point. Take the breaks as they come. They even up in the long run. If you lose your temper over the bad ones, and try to break your club, then you can't golf. Concentrate on your problems and don't let your mind be controlled by your temper.

My third bit of advice is to try to understand the cause of such things as hook, slice, backspin, overspin, etc. A little knowledge is dangerous, but a great deal is a tremendous advantage. Only a thorough understanding of the principles of golf can lead to a mastery of the game. Get it from watching others, from discussions with them, from reading sound instructive articles, and by intelligent practice and play.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 344]

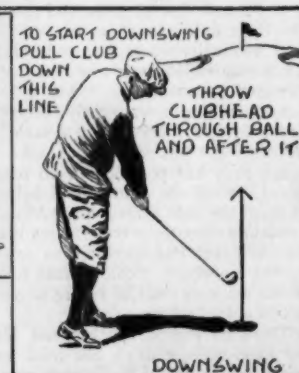
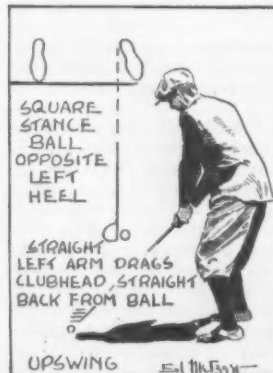




Photo by Wide World

Under full power: a photograph taken during an exciting speed-boat race in California waters. Note the angle at which the craft are traveling in the water. At its highest speed an outboard motor speed-boat will often leave the water altogether, and travel much like a stone skipped across the surface of a pond.

Speed and Thrills and a Great Reward

The Youth's Companion joins forces with the American Power Boat Association in offering you a great chance to prove your mettle in a splendid sport

If you're a normal American boy (or girl—we don't make the distinction we used to!) you are probably an outboard motor enthusiast. Here is your chance to convert that enthusiasm into glory and profit.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, with the enthusiastic coöperation of the Outboard Divisions of the American Power Boat Association and the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association and under their full sanction, will offer two magnificent cups to the winners in two outboard motor divisions this summer.

The American Power Boat Association has created a special class to be known as the Y. C. Class. Whatever the locality in which you live, you can, this summer, compete for the honor of being a junior winner in regattas to be held all over the country.

There are no strings to this offer. It is not even necessary that you be a subscriber to THE YOUTH'S COMPANION to make you eligible to compete. If you are a boy or a girl between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, inclusive, you have your chance at the distinction of being a successful racing skipper.

Outboard motor racing is one of the great new sports of our country. It is not so many years ago that an outboard motor was pretty much of a joke. It took you from ten minutes to half an hour to start one. You could never tell when it would decide not to run any more that day, and even if it did keep turning it was to the accompaniment of noise and smell and a speed of not much more than four miles an hour.

Register at Once!

But today! Outboard motors start with a turn of the flywheel. They are as silent and efficient as the motors that drive your automobile. And for every pound of their weight they can deliver as high as one-third horsepower. Properly installed in a hull of the correct design, they can attain speeds as high as fifty miles per hour.

No wonder that outboard motor racing is a sport that is sweeping the country. The first sanctioned regatta was held only nine years ago. Today it is estimated that fifty to seventy-five will be held, all over the country, between the first of June and the first of October. And the number of approved regattas cannot even be estimated.

Many of these regattas will be held near your home this summer, under the supervision of officials of Outboard Division of the American Power Boat Association or the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association. This gives you your chance. You can register, enter, and be immediately in competition for the splendid cups that THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will award later.

The Youth's Companion's Cups

In early October the great national regatta of the Outboard Divisions will be held in New

England—probably on the Charles River basin, in Boston. To compete in this regatta, outboard motor racers from all over the country will converge on Boston and battle for the supremacy of the country. It will be a great fight—blue water, flashing hulls, breath-taking speed, great crowds lining the banks, the imposing judges' barge at the end of the course, thrills of every sort.

And to one skilful boy or girl between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, racing in the designated class, THE YOUTH'S COMPANION will offer a magnificent silver cup, for the perpetual possession of the winner in THE YOUTH'S COMPANION class.

But THE COMPANION will do more than that. All over the country this summer sanctioned and approved regattas will be held. To the

be awarded, the special committee of award which will pass on all credentials, etc.

Meanwhile, do not delay. Clip the coupon at once and send to the Outboard Motor Editor of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION for racing rules and other necessary information.

But in that now far-off year, the automobile itself was more a curiosity than a machine, and the public in general knew nothing of how to handle a gasoline motor. That work was thought of, quite understandably, as a job for a skilled mechanic. And so it was not until the

year 1909 that the first really successful outboard motor was placed on the market, and the public, in any measure, began to appreciate the outboard idea. The term outboard was then not in use. Such motors were called "detachable rowboat motors."

The first motor was a single cylinder machine. It made 500 revolutions per minute, could reach a speed of about six miles per hour, developed 1½ horsepower and weighed 52 pounds. For 1909 this was phenomenal. Yet only twelve years later, a two-cylinder engine was developed that weighed 35 pounds and yet was capable of developing double the horsepower of the first early single cylinder

engine. And the weight of the single cylinder engine was slowly but surely lowered to less than half that of the 1909 machine.

More Speed, Less Weight

Amazing though these achievements are, they themselves become insignificant compared to the advances of the last two years. In 1928 a twin-cylinder motor was brought out which developed twenty-five horsepower—almost ten times as much as the first light twin could develop only seven years earlier. Meanwhile, engineering advances had permitted a great increase in engine speed. Speeds of 5000 revolutions per minute are commonplace today. No wonder that records are going to fall when the youthful racers of the country begin the 1929 season in earnest.



In the picture below the speed-boat is just leaving the water; the boat above has leaped clear of it, so tremendous is the speed at which it is traveling.

Triumphs of Design

If you have never used an outboard motor before you will be interested in the story of its development from its crude beginnings almost thirty years ago to the fast and efficient machine of today which makes great races and regattas possible.

It is possible to trace the present universal interest in outboard motor racing to the engineering and designing triumphs which have made speed, safety, and reliability so much a matter of course. The idea of an outboard motor, which might be attached to the stern of a rowboat to lessen the labor of plying oars on a fishing trip, dates back to about the year 1900.



Taking the air: a high-speed outboard motor speed-boat begins to leave the water as it reaches top speed. Fifty miles an hour is the goal set for this year's speed record.

boy or girl between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, who between June 15 and October 15, scores the greatest total number of individual points for placing in any number of regattas, THE COMPANION will offer another cup, identical with that awarded to the national regatta winner—it likewise to be the perpetual property of the winner.

The Newest of Major Sports

The prize won't be all. The national acclaim and recognition won't be all. Just as valuable as those two will be the knowledge of the winner that he has done his thrilling bit in the making of a new and splendid sport. For outboard motor racing is both. The enormous popularity of the sport this year will seem small indeed judged by the standards of 1934. THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is proud of the distinction of having been the first magazine for young people to give official recognition to the sport by standing sponsor to competition—not merely because it is the first in the field but because it knows that it is helping to further a movement which has enormous potentialities as a clean, vigorous, fast, healthful sport for young people everywhere. Outboard motor racing is not restricted as to sex, but is a young people's sport, particularly and uniquely.

Next month we shall have more to tell you about details of the competitions, the prizes to



OUTBOARD MOTOR EDITOR
The Youth's Companion,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

I intend to enter one or both of the competitions whereby I can win a Youth's Companion Outboard Racing Cup. Please send me without delay the official rule book of the American Power Boat Association, and other in-

CUT THIS COUPON OUT NOW!

It will bring you full information on how to compete in the great Outboard Motor Regattas

formation on entry, competition, etc., which I should have to compete to best advantage.

Name.....

Address.....

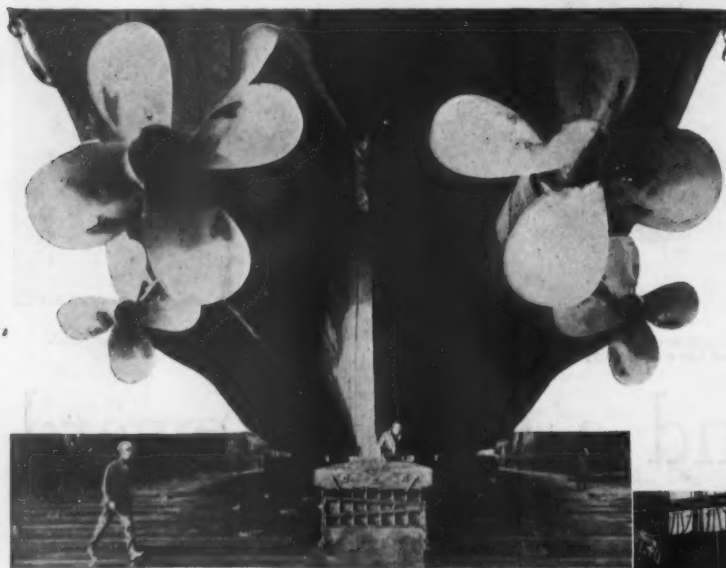
State.....

Age.....

[PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY]



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE



Engineers Make Speed and Safety Their Goal at Sea

Modern Apparatus and Methods of Construction All Benefit the Traveler

MODERN engineering, which has contributed so much to the speed and safety of travel by land and air, has not been idle on the sea. In the two pictures directly below, you see two of the recent aids which science has supplied to the navigator. At lower left is a scene in the Sperry factory in New York, where a gyrocompass is being tested on a special machine for pitch, roll and yaw. The gyrocompass, equipped with a rotor which revolves at high speed, always points to the true north, and not to the magnetic north. The machine in the picture simulates perfectly the motions of a ship at sea. The compass is so supported that it will remain perfectly upright no matter how heavily the ship may be tossed about by a storm. At lower right is a standard Sperry gyrocompass installed on the bridge of a ship, together with the Sperry gyro pilot, known to seamen as Mechanical Mike, a device which will steer a vessel automatically on any course set. Its construction is such that ordinary hand steering or hand-

electric steering is possible in case of emergency. The development of an automatic steering device remained an inventor's dream for many years, until the gyrocompass made it possible. The mechanical steersman holds a ship on a truer course than hand steering and in that way shows a saving in fuel on a long trip.

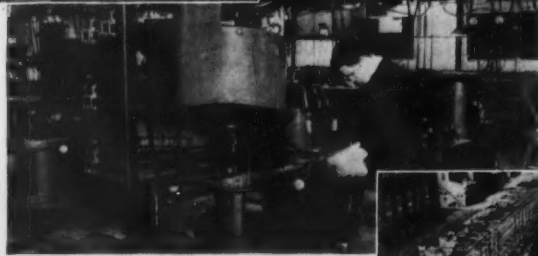
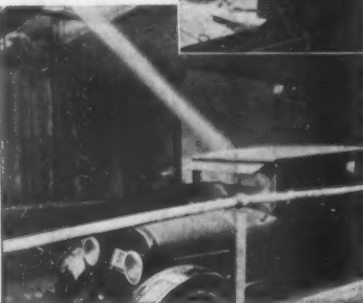
At the left is the stern of the great steamship *Majestic*, as she appeared in the Southampton dry dock. Her four enormous propellers are the last word in efficiency of design and skill in manufacturing. They are able to drive this ship weighing 56,621 tons through the water at an average speed greater than twenty knots.

In the picture inset below you see how a battleship looks in course of construction. This photograph was taken at the Puget Sound Navy Yard, Bremerton, Wash., near Seattle. Instead of being built on ways, the entire vessel is being constructed in a dry dock, and will not be launched until she is completely fitted. (Photos by *Wide World* and *Ewing Galloway*)

Counting Cars with Light ↓

Hudson Tunnel Uses an Electric Eye

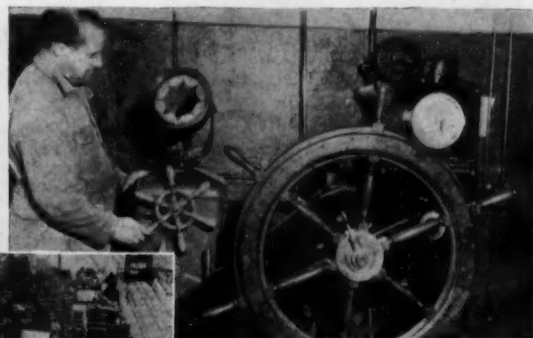
THE beam of light in the picture below is part of the ingenious apparatus which is used in the Holland Tunnel to record the number of cars passing through. The light falls on a small photoelectric cell, which is cut off each time a car passes. This causes an electrical impulse to actuate the numbering mechanism, which is located in the office of the Hudson Tunnel Commission in the Graybar Building, New York. This mechanism is the tiny apparatus standing at the edge of the desk at the right. (Photo by *International*)



A Chain for St. Paul's ↓

A Cathedral Calls on Engineering

WEATHER and time have so affected the vast dome of the Cathedral of St. Paul in London that experts some time ago predicted its collapse unless it were strengthened. Now engineers have made arrangements to circle the dome with an enormous chain made of stainless rust-proof steel, which will prevent any spreading of the dome's foundations. In the picture at the right you see some of the links of this huge and extraordinary chain. (Photo by *Wide World*)



Dredging With Electricity

This Machine Cleans a Mile a Day

ELECTRICITY is already replacing steam in ocean liners and locomotives. Now it has been adopted for a new use. The machine which you see above is a gas-electric dredge, in which the power plant, instead of being a steam engine, is an electric generator driven by an internal-combustion motor. It is being used in the Imperial Valley Irrigation District of California. It is claimed that this new dredge will do three times the work of other dredges of similar size, handling an area of a mile and a half every ten hours. (Photo by *Underwood & Underwood*)

Heat From Stars ↓

Scientists Can Measure It Now

MEASURING the heat of a planet many millions of miles away is a task of the utmost difficulty, but science has solved the problem through the use of extremely delicate thermocouples. A thermocouple consists simply of a junction of two different elements, which when heated generates an electric current. The current can be measured with an extremely sensitive ammeter known as a galvanometer. Thermocouples made of very minute wires are sensitive enough to measure the amount of



heat received from a star. The weight of a complete thermocouple for this purpose, including the connecting wires, is about 1/1000 that of a single drop of water. In the picture Dr. Seth B. Nicholson and Dr. Edison Pettit of the Mount Wilson Observatory, Calif., are shown with a portion of the thermocouple which is used to measure the heat of the moon. (Photo by *Wide World*)



A Garage Like a Snail Shell

This Model Is Designed in Spirals

MR. R. G. F. LIVINGSTONE of London and a model of the new spiral garage which he has invented are shown in the picture above. The floors are built with a mean gradient of one in twenty-five, with accommodation for cars all along the sides. It will probably be built in the shape of a circle, and should form an interesting contribution to modern architectural design. (Photo by *International*)

Communication Gains Another Link

These Strange Floats Help to Lay a Baltic Cable

THE objects below are not a shipment of watermelons, but a number of balloon buoys, which are used in cable-laying. The cable in this case is the new one connecting Sweden and Finland across the bed of the Baltic Sea. It represents the newest features of cable design, for nine conversations can be carried on through it at the same time. (Photo by *P. & A.*)





THE NEWS OF THE AIR



The Flying Cabinet

Here Are the Nation's Air Executives

IN the picture above are the three men who form what is known as "The Flying Cabinet." They are, beginning at the left, David S. Ingalls, the newly appointed Secretary of the Navy for Aeronautics, F. Trubee Davison, and William P. MacCracken, who hold similar positions in the War and Commerce departments respectively. (Photo by Underwood & Underwood)



Engines Like Torpedoes

This Plane Uses an Unusual Type

ONE of the unusual features of the great German plane, Kondor, is the powerful exterior torpedo-shaped motor used. There are four of them, two on each side of the fuselage. The propeller, instead of being close to the engine as in most planes, is several feet away. The plane's interior is one of the most luxurious yet built. (Photo by International)

Hot Wires to Measure Wind

A New Help in the Study of Aeronautics

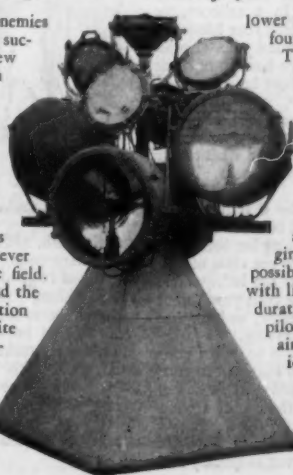
ARNOLD KUETHE, aerodynamical secretary at the Bureau of Standards, Washington, is shown in the picture below with a new apparatus for measuring wind velocity. The measurements are made with an electrically heated wire only a fifth as large in diameter as a human hair. (Photo by Wide World)



Fog Cannot Hide This Super-Beacon

The Cleveland Airport Adds a New Safety Device for Aviators

FOG, one of the deadliest enemies of aviation, is said to be successfully combated by a new type of airport beacon which has been recently installed at the Cleveland Municipal Airport at Cleveland, Ohio. The strange apparatus, with its battery of lights, is shown in the picture on the right. It provides a great fan of light which, when rotated, reaches the pilot of a plane at whatever angle he may approach the field. One-half of this fan is red and the other white. Automatic rotation produces alternate red and white flashes, which enable the aviator to distinguish the airport at once from such other brightly illuminated places as parks, railroad yards and streets. The high intensity beams are projected by the large



lower lights, of which there are four, two red and two white. The upper lights, designed to project a beam of light less intense but at a higher angle, are standard narrow-beam flood-light projectors. The lower lights are identical in design with those used to mark airways. If this beacon proves as successful in use as airport designers and engineers hope, it may make it possible to mark every airport with lights which vary in color or duration of flashes, enabling a pilot to identify them from the air just as a lighthouse is now identified from the sea.

The new beacon was developed by engineers of the General Electric Company, who are now working on further improvements for it.

Parachutes Large Enough to Support an Airplane

Planes as Well as Pilots May Some Day Float to Safety through Their Use

IF it were possible to discover a way to land a disabled airplane safely, many fatal accidents in the air could be avoided. Now Herd McClellan, a well-known West Coast parachute expert, has developed a parachute 85 feet in diameter, containing 4,455 square feet of fabric, which he believes is large enough to support an airplane. This enormous parachute is shown on the right beside one of regulation size. The pockets around the circumference are claimed by the inventor to give a greater lifting surface, while the cap-like top makes it possible to regulate the speed of the downward flight. Patent rights have been turned over to the United States government, whose aviation experts are expected to give the new design the most rigid tests. Just how a giant parachute would be attached to a plane and stored ready for use has not been divulged. Difficult problems are involved in loosening it at the proper time and supplying fastenings which would not tear loose when the parachute opened and took up the entire strain of supporting the plane, but their solution might prove a great help to

aviators. If it were possible for a pilot to open up such a parachute whenever an accident occurred to his motor or controls, many lives as well as great amounts of money might be saved. When an airplane crashes, the loss may run as high as \$40,000. It is possible that parachutes might save all this. (Photo by Wide World)



This Tiny Siren Floods a Field with Light

By Its Use Pilots High in the Air May Illumine a Field before They Land



sensitive apparatus, is part of the Televox, the Westinghouse mechanical man invented by Roy J. Wensley. The lower picture in this group shows a close-up of the ear. The device is expected to be of particular service to pilots of mail planes, who must do much of their flying and landing at night. The pilot, on approaching the airport, turns on his siren, whose note may be set for any determined frequency. The sound is picked up by the ear, and in the case of the Newark Airport turns on a 24,000,000-candle-power flood-lighting system. One of the essential parts of the sound-sensitive mechanism is a Knowles grid-glow tube which turns on the proper switches through a series of intermediate tubes and relays as soon as it has been activated by the sound of the siren. (Photos by Wide World and International)



An Automatic News Bureau

It Uses Telegraphy and Radio

THE gentleman in the picture above is operating one of a battery of telephone typewriters, machines which make it possible to transmit information directly to a number of different and widely separated points. The machines above are located at the U. S. Weather Bureau at Chicago, Ill. The Weather Bureau, National Air Transport, Boeing Air Transport, Universal Air Lines, City of Chicago Air-mail Post Office, are all connected with the Chicago Municipal Airport, through the U. S. Radio Station at Maywood, Ill. Weather reports, plane movements and other information are received from distant fields by radio. At the right is an example of how a message is received by the telephone typewriter. (Photos by Underwood & Underwood)



Shall We Have Aerial Trains in the Future?

Experiments in Europe and America Are Already Being Made with Them

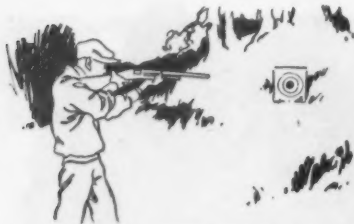
IN the picture above you see the end of the first flight in America of an aerial train—a glider towed behind an airplane. The Fokker monoplane took off with its glider in tow at the end of a 500-foot rope and flew for about 200 miles.

At Cassel, Germany, even



more extensive tests have been made. One of the "locomotive" planes and a glider are shown at the left. Several gliders, all of which may be landed independently, have been towed successfully by one plane. (Upper photo by Underwood & Underwood, lower by International)

THE OUT-OF-DOORS



Set your targets before a hill

Shooting Is Great Sport*

But Never Lose Sight of Precautions

EVERY boy likes target practice. Too few realize the range of even the .22 short and the danger in careless use of small rifles. Some believe that the .22 short is harmless beyond fifty yards, but this is not so. I have owned and used several rifles of .22 caliber, and have used shorts, long rifles and special rim-fire. I have found that my model could kill a large duck at 200 yards with the short cartridge.

Cattle, sheep, horses and men roam the forests and open spaces in all parts of our country. Law, custom and decency call for extreme precautions against injury to any of them. Therefore, when you indulge in target practice do as the Army does and set your targets before a steep hill, so that your lead will sink into the dirt and neither go ranging on into the distance, nor glance off a rock surface and depart at an unknown angle.

Domestic animals must be neither injured nor frightened by your acts. State and Federal laws insist upon this.

It is well to remember that there are few animals or birds you can shoot in summer, without injury to people. Red squirrels and woodchucks are both fair game, for they are enemies of man. The chuck destroys crops on farms, the red squirrel destroys nests, eggs and young birds.

Remember this rule: never shoot at anything until you know what it is. Scores of men are killed each year by hasty or reckless shooting. Never be a "shooting fool."



When lightning strikes, it seeks a tree

Outwitting Storms and Cold

Not as Difficult as It Might Seem

EVERY camper must expect storms and should understand how to weather them safely, no matter what form they may assume. If your tent is properly made of the right material it will provide good protection, but a tent is not perfect, and a wind squall or a twister may pull it free at one twisting jerk, as it might lift a thatch or unroof a house.

If you are caught in a rainstorm far from tent or lean-to and a great tree seems to offer shelter, better take a chance elsewhere. Lightning loves wet wood and delights in climbing down a tree and ripping the branches off on its way, then killing any living creature sheltered by the spreading top. A projecting rock flange, a hole under a great fallen tree, the lee side of a ledge, are all safer and almost as dry shelters, while a half-yard width of bark and a shoulder cape made of marsh grass are almost as good as an umbrella. A scrap of canvas over the shoulders turns rain very well, particularly if given a coating of waterproofing. In addition the same scrap can be used to keep the dust off supplies in dry weather.

If you have taken care to provide a windbreak, a sudden flurry of wind, unless it is a gale, is half spent before it reaches your tent or shelter. If you are a late camper and get a slight fall of snow and some sharp nights, remember that, if you dig a pit a foot deep and as large as a bed, heat five large flat stones—about fifteen pounds each is a good weight—and when they are hot

*See also the article on targets by Y. C. Lab Councillor Dale R. Van Horn on page 283 for May.

place them in the pit, one in the center, one not far from each corner, and replace the soil and wait until the steaming has almost ceased, you can roll in one blanket on the soft dirt and be warm all night. Or you can build a long fire at the base of a ledge, heat the ground and the rock well, build a grass, dead-leaf or pine-tip bed after the coals are removed, then lie with your back six or eight inches from the ledge, and keep perfectly warm and comfortable. A canvas tarpaulin over the blanket takes care of any snow that may fall at night.

What Bait for What Fish?

A Few Hints for the Angler

THERE is no more pleasurable occupation for the camper than spending a few hours in catching fish for his next meal. There are so many kinds of edible fish in our lakes and streams that this is usually a comparatively easy matter. What about bait?

For a hungry bass, no bait or lure is more attractive than a white grubworm. A slender little green frog is another almost irresistible lure. Small crawfish are usually successful, too.

A thin strip of bacon or salt pork, cut to a swallowtail at one end, has often filled a frying-pan with fish. Even a white rag has done the same, and once a white stone, thin and the size of a nickel, kept me from going hungry, for my hook went through the hole in the stone and a two-pound bass just had to learn what the thing was.



Letting bacon grease drip on cooking perch

Grasshoppers, white moths, little red butterflies with tan spots on their wings, a pale-green katydid, a bit of dried beef, are all worth a trial and have all served the purpose, but as a killing

bait in trout fishing a bit of fresh venison overtops all others. Many men in the woods of Maine, having a supply of deer meat, have added a course to dinner by taking fat trout with it as bait. Bass are full of curiosity and eagerness, when hungry. A little pebble snapped into the water will often bring them from right, left and front, to investigate. Then a hook, well covered by almost any sort of bait, if tossed before the advancing horde, gets you a fish. If you want to get a pickerel, troll past rushes or lily pads and be ready for quick action. Pickerel like to lurk among the stems and do a sprint to get anything edible that is passing. Bass, on the other hand, prefer the shade of a rock or sunken log and plenty of open water at their fins.

Sunfish and yellow perch care nothing about shade. No finer table fish can be found in our lakes than the slim little perch, toothsome and sweet flavored as a trout. The illustration shows a method by which perch can be cooked.

Sunfish and yellow perch care nothing about shade. No finer table fish can be found in our lakes than the slim little perch, toothsome and sweet flavored as a trout. The illustration shows a method by which perch can be cooked.

Climbing Trees and Rocks

Good Outdoor Shoes Are Essential

THERE old-time sailor had one rule that he never broke—never to let go a good hold until he had another. A second rule, when he was aloft, was that his hand must grip the shrouds and not the ratlines, as the ratlines, which are steps in the rope ladder, are small and the shrouds (the side ropes of the ladder) large, and a sudden heeling over of the ship might jerk his weight down on a ratline and break it. The big shroud lines would carry almost any strain. I have

known a sailor to go aloft in a storm off Hatteras and have five ratlines break under his feet, but his grip on the shrouds supported him so well that he reached the masthead in safety. The two rules go well together, and if you like to climb trees remember both and apply them by taking hold of small limbs close to the bole, or trunk. Often a branch will peel out a long oval with stringy ends and go crashing down if weight is applied well out on it.

It is well to know your tree. Some varieties have very brittle branches; others are tough, elastic and strong. A little study of trees in a heavy wind will teach you much, for there is a springy action to the tough-fibered trees, and a more jerky, shorter sweep to the brittle. If twigs snap easily in your fingers, larger branches too will break easily.

If you wish to climb rock formations, two things are absolutely essential to safety: strong, heavy soles and an instinctive sense of poise or balance. Often in such climbing it becomes necessary to depend on the edge of a sole to hook a single inch of projection and hold you in safety. A thin sole would bend upward, slip and let you down, perhaps a thousand feet. Your foot must be well-shod and in shoes with soles that not only protect your feet against sharp rocks but give you a level, solid footing if only an edge rests on a rock projection.

Often a rock climber reaches a point where one instant of shaky nerves, a single hesitant moment, destroys his confident balance. When that happens the chances are good that he must be rescued by some more experienced and cooler-headed person. Look out for rocks that have begun to disintegrate. An inch-thick layer may offer toehold and then without warning crumble into cubes.

If You Are a Seaman

Practice and Enforce These Rules

THERE are certain rules for handling any type of water-craft that must always be observed. These have been formed as the result of many years of experience,

by men who have witnessed the results of carelessness or panic. They are not surmises or guesswork, but cautions as vital as those of scouts in hostile Indian country. They are as essential as holding your breath when diving or stepping carefully among rattlesnakes.

The first and most generally emphasized is that no person in a boat should ever stand up without warning others of what he is going to do.

Another imperative rule is that one competent person must be the skipper and all others must obey his every command. In a sailboat, be careful to keep your hands off all ropes unless the skipper orders you to haul in or slack off. If the boat heels over and ships water, never scramble for the high side; at most merely lean, and do it deliberately, with no violent motion. Avoid panic. If you are in the water and wish to get into a boat, always go to bow or stern. Never board from the side.

In steering a boat, remember that it requires little rudder to hold her head on the course, although it calls for much to bring her back to it after she has yawed widely or got clear off the course. Dragging a rudder is the indisputable proof of a greenhorn. If the craft yaws, meet her instantly, firmly, yet gently, and set her straight. Do not send her weaving.

In a sailboat you must learn to judge your perfection of run by the feel of the sheet in your hand. An expert can always tell whether he can sail half a point closer into the eye of a wind or must yield half a point. The real sailor knows instantly when his sail is pulling to the limit and detects the least loss of power as quickly as a



Handholds and footholds

jockey notes the slackening of speed in a runout colt. A sail should hold a smooth, taut surface, with no quivering of the leech. Any shiver or ripple of canvas at the corner or leech means that you are spilling wind and losing speed.

Your Shelter

An Axe Is Enough to Make One

IF you are out in the wilds without a tent you need not fear cold, rain, or winds that are less than a gale, or tornado, if you know how to utilize natural resources. Suppose you are out in a forest and see a storm brewing. Your only equipment is a belt-axe or some similar instrument.

Look about for two trees, close together, with low branches. Then find or cut a pole long enough to reach past both trees and lay it on low branches against the boles or trunks of the trees on the side toward the wind. Now secure a number of slim poles and lay them on this pole, with their lower ends on the ground and on the windward side. Lay branches or brush flat across these for the entire length. The poles are rafters, the layer of brush is sheathing; and a thick layer of marsh grass, in overlapping layers, shingles the roof and windbreak combination. A few saplings over the grass holds it down, just as the Swiss peasants weight their roofs down with stones.

A pair of forked stakes will serve if the trees are not the kind with low branches. This is the lean-to of the pioneer, easy to construct, excellent in service, and can be built in all sizes, from the width and length of a bed up. The smallest size, suitable for one person, with a fire burning before the open end, has protected a man without even a blanket, the sloping roof reflecting the heat upon him while he slept. This kind is usually somewhat inclosed by a thick wall of leafy branches at each side; the smallest size is rarely above four feet high at the ridgepole, while the large one is usually six feet high. Peeled bark is often used instead of grass.

There are many forms of shelters: lean-to, hogan, teepee, wigwam, jacal, dugout, Osage, Piute and Hopi huts, and others. The Navaho hogan is a semi-permanent abode requiring hard labor and a good deal of wood. It starts with a circular trench in which are set closely fitted posts, coming four feet above ground. A second tier is placed on top of this, held together by interlaced withes or branches and leaning slightly toward the center. On these a third lot meets in the center to form a roof, the whole well plastered with clay.

The teepee of the plains Indians is the acme of camp comfort, but few white men know how to build one and control the smoke vent. The dugout is simple if you have a steep knoll. Cut a channel through the upper part of it, and then lay a cross-stick at each end, a ridgepole on them, and proceed to rafter up from each side. Sheath



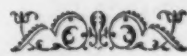
A shelter for emergencies

it with brush, add an overlay of grass and sand-clay waterproofing on top. What some call a wattle hut is good. Stakes are set in a double line in oblong shape, and are tied at the top with withes to leave them three inches apart. Willows laid between the rows and rammed down tightly make good walls, which may be made tight with mud thrown on by hand, trowel or a piece of board whittled into a paddle. Use the pole and grass construction for the roof. In making walls alternate willows to even up the butts half each way.

E. E. HARRIMAN



MISCELLANY



In the Sky This Month



Here, enlarged about ten times, are three star spectra, which, after computing and measuring, reveal the composition, temperature, speed and direction of the stars. The heavy black bands shown each side of the star images are comparison spectra flashed in at the camera.

Star Messages to Decode

STARS are over us in the daytime. The planet Venus can even be seen with the eye and can be photographed in broad daylight. And of course the sun is a star. Daylight is really starlight, of a kind, blazing from our own great near-by star, the sun. This special starlight of our own, which we call sunshine, is different from the shine of many other stars. Even with our own unaided eyes we can attest the fact that the stars differ, for Betelgeuse looks red and Sirius shines a brilliant blue-white, while others appear yellow. But quite exact differences and measures can be made by letting these different lights pass through a prism. We then not only see a spread-out ray separated into the colors we call the rainbow or spectrum, but see also bright and dark lines that differ with the materials, speed and temperature of each star.

In 1842 a man named Doppler discovered that when the light causing a spectrum was at a varying distance the lines in that spectrum would be shifted to the right or the left. By this great discovery men have been able to tell the speed and direction of stars that look to us to be motionless, just as a distant airplane may look like a motionless speck, though coming toward us at breakneck speed.

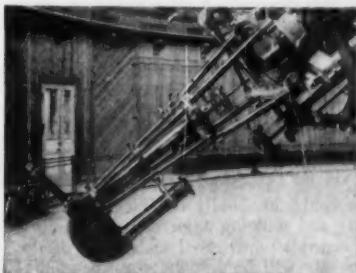
This study of rainbows, the analysis of light, is called spectroscopy, a whole science in itself. The brighter stars have all been classified and catalogued by their spectra, and from the bulk results a value has been deduced for the motion in space of our own star, the sun. The specialists tell us our sun is going at a speed of 19.6 kilometers per second toward the space in our sky on which the constellation Hercules is projected (18 hours 2.4 minutes \pm 29° 2').

Wild stories and schemes are continually getting into the newspapers about the possibilities of signaling some near-by planet in the sky by wireless, mirrors, and what not. As fantastic and impractical as all these have so far been, it is true that real and accurate messages are daily being received from not only the near-by bodies but the most

By D. H. and J. F. Chappell
Lick Observatory, University of California

For example, work has been done at Mount Wilson and at the Lick Observatory to lead the delicate light of the faint

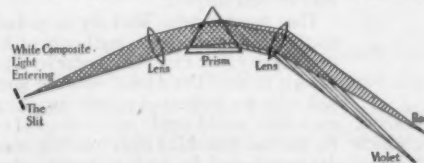
companion of Sirius (now in the extreme west at sunset) through the spectroscope. The slightest fault of guiding the telescope will be lost the plate with light from the major star. Spectral photographs already obtained, after various measuring and computations, are read thus: Here, revolving with the great Sirius in an ellipse about a common center once every fifty years, is a strange companion, only one ten-thou-



A three-prism spectroscope attached to the great telescope at the Lick Observatory. Some of the electric wires seen in this print to the right are for flashing in at two or three different moments during the star exposure an artificial spectrum. In this way a near-by, motionless and known set of lines can be compared with the speeding, unknown star. A covering is used over this instrument to insure thermal control, as even a slight change in temperature will spoil the focus. The telescope is guided by clockwork which eliminates the motion of the earth.

sand as bright as Sirius but having a mass two-fifths as great. The amazingly high density of this little companion is 50,000 times the density of water. It is of Class A4 or A5, a class later than that of Sirius, so that, if their history began at one time, this little star has matured faster. This star sends us also its approval of Einstein, for measures show a shift of spectral lines toward the red in agreement with the theory held for light waves originating in a strong gravitational field, a shift of $+0.29$ Angstroms.

Today the forefront of the astronomy battle is said to be in the atomic sector, with cameras and spectroscopes as the chief guns. That is, beliefs are changing faster and science progressing most impressively in atomic theory. This theory is closest linked with spectroscopy. The study of the lines in the prismatic light from the stars, including our own sun, gives us today one of the chief sources of knowledge of the differing atomic states. These lines may some of them be artificially produced in great furnaces and electric devices such as are being used in the laboratory of King and others at Pasadena (the Mount Wilson offices). Doctor Russell of Princeton has this spring brought out measures and estimates of the total amount and relative quantities of the various elements in our sun, even allowing for regions of spectral activity, beyond wavelengths of human apprehension.



The effect of a prism on composite white light. Its various wavelengths travel through the wedge of glass at different speeds and cannot keep together, coming out on the other side arranged in the order of the rainbow: red, yellow, green, through blue to violet. This spectrum has lines of different intensities across it, according to the composition and temperature of the material producing the light.

remote stars that we can see or photograph with a huge telescope. These messages are of course physical, like the reaction of a thermometer, not messages compiled by finite intellects, but messages none the less, and the excitement of astronomy is the daily progress of men in learning better and better to read them—as puzzling a study as the deciphering of such a code as that in Poe's story "The Gold Bug."

The Housetop Fence

The Companion's Religious Article

ONE of the first things to attract the attention of the visitor to the quaint Island of Nantucket is the number of fences to be seen on the tops of the houses. It looks as if a small dooryard had been lifted bodily to the roof and rebuilt around the big red brick chimney. But when you are invited to ascend to the housetop to enjoy the view of the moors and ocean which makes Nantucket so fascinating, you learn the meaning of the strangely located fence.

It is not a real fence at all, but a rail that surrounds a wooden platform. This platform is called sometimes a "roof walk," sometimes more tragically a "widow's walk." The explanation of this curious bit of architecture furnishes an interesting study in psychology. When an old ship captain retired after half a century of service on the deck of a vessel and built a home for his declining days, he was still a creature of habit. He must have the feel of a wooden deck under his shoes. He must have a high place like a ship's bridge whence he can look off. Accordingly, he constructed a roof walk on his housetop; and several hours each day he would pace to and fro, smoking his pipe, watching the shipping in the harbor, and dreaming of the times when he and a hundred other shipmasters used to sail out from Nantucket on whaling cruises in the Pacific. If after a house had been thus equipped with a roof walk the master of the house again set sail on a voyage, the walk would be used by his wife as she climbed up where she could watch and wait for his returning vessel. Often, alas! he never returned, so the roof walk came to be known as the widow's walk.

Much as the whaling captain, when a resident on land at last, used to hark back thus to his days on the water, so the soul of man living his life amid the things of time and space ever feels the tug of the unseen spiritual world to which he ultimately belongs. We came from God; we never can be utterly oblivious of God. Our citizenship is in heaven; heaven never can be entirely left out of the reckoning. So when Sunday comes around the wise person is he who uses the church as a roof walk whither he resorts to scan again the broad horizon of the spiritual universe. Church-going is not a waste of time. It is rather a reminder that time is not everything. Beyond our little Nantucket of time stretches the open Atlantic of eternity. Some day we shall again set sail on that mystic, shoreless and yet benignant ocean.

More About Teeth

The Companion's Medical Article

LAST month we learned how vitally important sound teeth and a clean, healthy mouth are to general health. We also learned one of the few correct ways of brushing the teeth.

No matter how much you brush your teeth, however, they must not be otherwise neglected. They should be cleansed and examined by a competent dentist at least twice a year. You should frequently permit him to remove the bacteria-breeding film and the tiny particles of tartar that irritate and inflame the gums. He will also be able to discover all the small cavities and fill them before they have done much harm.

All teeth must be carefully watched, the temporary teeth as well as the permanent ones. As a rule, all the temporary teeth are in place by the end of the second year, usually remaining until about the age of twelve. It is important that each one of these temporary teeth stays in place until its permanent successor is ready to appear. If any are lost before that time, the jaw does not develop properly, and crooked permanent teeth are the eventual result. For this reason the temporary teeth should be carefully cared for and filled when needed.

The first permanent teeth, the so-called six-year molars, begin to appear about the end of the sixth year. These come just behind all the temporary teeth, for which reason they are sometimes mistaken for temporary ones. From six to twelve the permanent teeth gradually replace the temporary ones. Later on, in back of the six-year molars, come the twelve-year molars, and finally, after seventeen, the third molars, or wisdom teeth.

By the very nature of their formation, half or more of the teeth in the mouth at any one time after seven are liable to have small imperfections. Only one six-year molar in every 25,000 fails to require filling before its owner is twenty-five.

Only a few of us can be said to have really good teeth. With our soft modern foods, cavities and decay attack us all. Neglected cavities lead to unnecessary pain and possibly to abscesses and loss of teeth.

How are we to protect our teeth, besides brushing them carefully and going regularly to a dentist? Perhaps the single most important way is to choose food wisely. We eat for two reasons: to grow and to repair damaged and worn-out tissues, and to supply the energy to play and work and think. To grow up with strong bones and good teeth you must have the proteins, minerals and vitamins such as are found in milk, eggs, meat, most grains, leafy vegetables and fruits. To supply energy you must have the starches, sugars and fats found in bread, vegetables, like potatoes, peas, beans and corn, fat meat; cake and candy are to be used moderately.

The vital need of the teeth is the mineral calcium. To supply it you must eat not only foods which contain it, but also the foods with vitamins. The vitamins perform a very curious and still little-understood function. They do not help build up the teeth by themselves, but they aid the body in taking the calcium from food and building it into teeth and bones. Eat plenty of whole-wheat bread, milk, lettuce, cabbage, spinach, meat and eggs, potatoes, all the green vegetables, and such fruits as oranges, apples, figs and prunes. Eat sparingly of cake and pastries. And finally and most important of all, brush your teeth and gums at least twice a day, and preferably after every meal.

Don't forget that chewing is one of the most important parts of eating—important not only to digestion but to the teeth themselves, for it helps to keep them clean and to strengthen and develop the jaw.

W. VERNON RYDER, D.M.D.

The Dry Hand

The Best Trick of the Month

A BOWL of water is required for this exhibition. First, you show your hand on both sides; then you dip it slowly into the bowl of water until it is entirely immersed.

Naturally everyone expects to see your hand withdrawn dripping wet; instead, you defy a natural law and bring forth the hand absolutely dry!

This is accomplished by a bit of preparation. The hand must be covered with a substance that will shed the water. Some brands of talcum powder may be used; lycopodium powder is passable; but the best preparation is stearate of zinc, which is a powder obtainable at all drugstores.

The powder should be sprinkled over the hand and rubbed in. It will be invisible, and the hand will appear quite normal. But when the hand is put into the water and removed the liquid will have no effect. The hand will be quite dry, and the reason will not be detectable.



About Presidents

Have We Had Thirty or Thirty-One?

IN the April issue of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Paul R. Leach, the well-known political writer, made the statement in the course of his article on President Hoover that the latter was the thirtieth President of the United States. No sooner had the issue left the presses than letters began to arrive asking if Mr. Leach had not made a mistake, and if President Hoover were not the thirty-first President. But Mr. Leach was right.

There have been only thirty Presidents in the history of our country, and it was to this that Mr. Leach referred. There have, however, been thirty-one different *Presidencies*, counting consecutive terms as one *Presidency*. There has been only one President serving more than one term who did not serve continuously. This was President Cleveland, who was first elected in 1884. He was succeeded by President Harrison, and was then reelected in 1892. It is from this that the popular delusion that we have had thirty-one different Presidents has arisen. The office has been held thirty-one different times, but by only thirty different men.



FACT and COMMENT



You Don't Know Your Luck

WHEN Andrew Carnegie was laying the foundations of his steel business he built a small summer bungalow at Cresson Springs, Penn. Here there was a livery stable run by a man named Schwab, from whom Carnegie was in the habit of hiring horses.

Schwab had a son named Charley, a merry, good-natured youngster whom everyone liked. The boy had a good voice and interested Carnegie, who was very fond of music. "When that boy of yours is ready for a job, send him to me," said Carnegie to the father one day.

And so, in 1880, at the age of eighteen, Charles M. Schwab entered the employment of Andrew Carnegie. He made good and became president of the Carnegie Steel Company, and later of the Bethlehem Steel Company. When Lord Kitchener became Secretary of State for War in Great Britain, at the beginning of the World War, one of his first acts was to cable Mr. Schwab, asking him to take the first boat for England. How many shells could Mr. Schwab supply? "A million." In what time? "Ten months."

England understood, even better than America, the proportions of the Bethlehem Steel Company, and of the manufacturing genius at its head.

WE have quoted this story from "The Masters of Capital," by John Moody, a book of financial history, published by the Yale University Press. It is not a book of "success stories." Success stories are a little bit out of date. We do not gape open-mouthed at powerful men any longer, merely because of the fact that they were born poor.

But neither Mr. Moody nor any other serious writer can write the history of finance without feeling impressed by the small beginnings of our greatest business men. If you turn back a few pages in Mr. Moody's book you discover that Andrew Carnegie, at thirteen, was bobbin boy in a cotton mill at \$1.20 a week. Two years later, he was a telegraph messenger boy at \$3 a week. Writes Mr. Moody:

He soon learned how to send and receive messages; and he displayed the quality which so characterized him in later life—audacity. One day an important message came over the wire when the operator was out. Andy jumped to the instrument and took the message. For this breakage of orders he was not only forgiven but promoted to be an operator at \$6 a week.

His industrious efforts came to the notice of Col. Thomas A. Scott, general superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Pittsburgh, and he became a railway telegraph operator at nineteen. One day, during the absence of Colonel Scott, an accident tied up the traffic. Immediately Carnegie wrote a dozen telegrams containing orders for setting the trains in motion. This saved the day, and Colonel Scott, who recognized the great qualities in the boy, made him his private secretary. At twenty-eight, Carnegie succeeded Scott as superintendent of the railroad. But he never planned to remain an employee of a railroad or any other company. He meant to have a business of his own.

READABLE biographies of great men are becoming more and more common. People who say that our national interest in good reading is becoming weak have only to go to the library and discover that new, thrilling books are available about such different people as Stonewall Jackson, Ulysses S. Grant, Dr. William Osler, John Jacob Astor and so many others that their names alone would more than fill this column.

To grown-up people these books are interesting. To boys and girls they are more than interesting—they are as necessary as charts are to a navigator. No

matter what you intend to do, you can find a clear, interesting book about somebody who has been over the same road before you. And if the biographer knows his business, you will find it clearly stated how that boy got his start.

Truth is stranger than fiction. No writer of novels about successful men could possibly imagine such astonishing things about their beginnings as you will find in the true stories about them.

John Pierpont Morgan, very probably the most powerful banker who ever lived, was the son of a dry-goods merchant in Hartford, Conn. The man who gave Morgan's father his start as a banker was George Peabody, who had been a dry-goods clerk in Newburyport, Mass., until his uncle's store burned down.

Dr. William Osler, greatest of physicians born in the western world, was the youngest of nine children whose father was the minister at Bondhead, a tiny settlement in the wilderness north of Toronto.

Cecil Rhodes was one of twelve children whose father was the minister at Bishop Stortford, a little village in England. His lung trouble was so bad, when he was sixteen, that doctors said he could live only a few years. With a little money borrowed from his aunt he went to South Africa to work on a farm. "The wish came to me," he wrote, "to render myself useful to my country."

Before he came to the end of his life, Rhodes had added more than eight hundred thousand square miles to his country's territory, and he established the wonderful Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford University, in the belief that young Americans and Englishmen should know each other better, so that the two countries could with a united front prevent any war and spread the highest forms of civilization through the world.

YOU will find these stories, and a thousand others still more interesting, in the pages of modern biographies. You may be reading about a multi-millionaire, a physician, an artist or an engineer. Notice one thing, in that all-important section near the front of the book which tells how he got his start. He was not a genius as a boy—but he had some quality which interested an important man.

Be sure that Charles M. Schwab, when he was a boy, thought that his home town of Cresson Springs was a small and unprogressive place, where "nothing ever happened," and a boy had no real "advantages." Perhaps he longed to live in the city, where he could meet important men. And all the time, the most important man in the steel industry was hiring horses from Schwab's father and becoming interested in the boy who smiled so cheerfully and sang so pleasantly while he rubbed the horses down!

No town is so small or so remote that it cannot be visited by a man as big and influential as Carnegie. He may come over the road. He may come down from the sky in an airplane. He may send a scout to your town, looking for the right kind of young men. Unless you have cultivated the talent you have, he will surely overlook you. But if you stand out from among the other boys and girls where you live, you can be certain that your chance will come.

Don't pity yourself because you live in a small town. It is easier for you to make a reputation for yourself there than it would be in New York. Good-nature, willingness and the right kind of audacity will bring you to the top, wherever you are. You don't know your luck!

"Let Us Now Praise Famous Men"

TWO remarkable men died in Paris this spring within a few days of each other—in fact one of them is said to have contracted his fatal illness in attending the funeral of the other. One was Marshal Foch, commander-in-chief of the allied armies when the World War was won. The other was an American, Myron T. Herrick, long our Ambassador to France. There were naturally differences in the careers and the characteristics of the two men. One was a professional soldier, the other a successful business man, who became a politician and then a diplomat. One was quiet, retiring, rarely seen outside of his home or his place of duty. The other was fond of seeing and mingling with people, a man who enjoyed the social side of his office quite as much as the professional.

But they had some qualities in common—two at least that were conspicuous in both. They were men of high courage, moral as well as physical; and they were both admired by all who knew them for the singular sweetness and geniality of their natures. It was the union of these two qualities—which do not always go together by any means—that made the people of France love these men as well as respect them. Rarely have two public men gone to their graves with such evidences of popular affection as were given at the funerals of Foch and Herrick in Paris.

When we think of Foch at the battle of the Marne, his right in difficulty and his left forced back, boldly attacking with his center and winning a victory, or telling the generals who served under him that "the war will be won by the side that maintains its morale, its will to win," we recognize the unshakable moral courage that in the face of discouragements and defeats carried him through to victory. We remember too how Herrick refused to leave Paris with the other diplomats in those first days of the war, when the capital seemed likely to fall; and his cool reply to a protesting French official, "These are circumstances under which a dead American Ambassador might be of more service to you than a live one." The business man turned diplomat had no more fear than the soldier.

Two unusual men, indeed. The fame of Foch will no doubt outlast that of Herrick, for the task laid on him was a heavier and more glorious one. But Americans have a right to be proud of Herrick. The world is poorer in that he, as well as the great Marshal, is gone from it.

National Origins

WE hear a great deal nowadays about the National Origins Law, which is to go into effect on July 1, unless Congress in the meantime shall repeal it. What does the phrase mean?

The National Origins Law is part of the new policy concerning immigration that has been adopted since the war. We used to let into the country nearly all those who would come, and they used to come at the rate of a million a year. The idea grew up in the United States that immigrants were coming in too fast; so fast that they were underbidding native workmen for jobs and throwing many of them out of work.

So Congress voted to restrict all immigration to 150,000 a year and to distribute that number in some way among the nations of Europe. There was of course

much discussion about how that distribution should be arranged. Finally it was agreed to take the census of 1890 as a basis.

For a while that plan was tried, but then it was said that what we really ought to have is division of the immigration according to the national origin of all the people, natives as well as foreign born, who were here in 1920. It would be only fair to perpetuate as far as we could, the kind of nation we had when the new policy went into effect. There were no exact figures about that. The statisticians had to go back to the first census in 1790 and to all the subsequent censuses, and compute as well as they could how many people at each census down to the final one in 1920 could trace their descent back to this, that or the other European country.

They did it, and they think they did it with fair accuracy. Congress passed the law and arranged new quotas in accordance with their figures. At once protests arose. The Irish, German and Scandinavian quotas were cut down, and that from Great Britain was increased. People whose ancestors came from the first three countries did not like that. They argued that the whole thing was mere guesswork; that nobody really knew what the ancestry of all the people in the country really was.

Still there are many who believe that the national-origins plan is the only fair one, and that the statisticians' figures are close enough to go on. Congress is debating the matter as we write. One way or another, it ought to be settled speedily.



The Lure of Danger

DO you remember reading in the newspapers last spring about a ship named the "I'm Alone" that was chased and sunk by the Coast Guard, because it was trying to run a big cargo of liquor into the United States? And did you read also that the captain of the "I'm Alone" had an honorable, even a distinguished, record in the war, and had won two or three medals and crosses, for his services as commander of an auxiliary naval vessel?

Why, one wonders, did this brave and skilful officer turn up as a liquor smuggler on our southern coast? How must it have seemed to him, who had once had a French Croix de Guerre pinned to his uniform, to come into New Orleans with an iron on his leg? Well, there are men like that who are never happy in a peaceful, humdrum life. They want a strong dash of danger in their living. War is the state of things for which they are best adapted.

Then peace comes. They try to go back to the quiet, respectable, well-ordered life of every day; but they chafe under it. This captain of the "I'm Alone" was not satisfied with the dangers of an ordinary life at sea which would amply satisfy most of us. He wanted something more exciting, more dangerous—and he took to rum-running.

There are many men whose qualities win them reputation in war, but too often drag them downward in peace. Yet it need not be so. There are careers that ought to give the most restless lover of peril plenty of what he likes. No doubt Commander Byrd has his share of the love of danger. So have hundreds of men who as pioneers in aviation, as explorers of the waste places of the earth, as soldiers enlisted in the continual war of society against crime and violence, have plenty of opportunity to taste danger and still retain respect and admiration.

One needn't be a rum-runner to live dangerously. There are noble as well as ignoble ways of getting a thrill out of life.



Your athletic future may depend on the footwear you wear now!

How can Firestone Athletes' Shoes increase your athletic success? Check over these facts and you will see. The famous athlete, the winner, is the man who makes every ounce of his muscle count. He can focus all of his strength on a supreme moment. It's not so much a matter of how much muscle he has—but how he uses his strength and skill.

And that's why you need Firestone Athletes' Shoes now—when you're training your muscles. So your feet will move when your head says "Go." So you can stop, start, leap, dodge, race in a way that will teach your muscles to "do their stuff" at the right moment, to a split second.

You need Firestone Athletes' Shoes, because they have soles that will grip on any kind of surface. They have correctly designed, ankle-supporting uppers that give



The Commander has a heavy self-cleaning sole with sharp-edged cleats, and the upper is made of moleskin—the material used in high-grade football suits.

you confidence. They are built to fit your feet accurately, snugly—so you move like a flash—get the most out of the energy you use.

Three favorite models are shown here. *The Camper* is a quality shoe at a moderate price—with crepe-molded soles of grey rubber—double-stitched reinforcements—and sturdy duck uppers. *The Tiredred* has an extra tough sole with the non-skid tread design of world record making Firestone Tire.

Look up the shoe dealer or department store that sells Firestone Athletes' Shoes—it's worth while to get the genuine, with "The Mark of Quality" on the ankle patch.

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The Camper

Firestone

ATHLETES' SHOES ~



The Tiredred



there was no other ornament; only the austere appointments of a naval living-room.

The Captain came to the point at once: "Lieutenant Armstrong, this court has two functions, as I see it. Our official one is simple. We have only to present the facts of the case in documentary form to the Secretary of the Navy. You can give them to us. Indeed you are the only one who can, for you were apparently the only eye-witness of the accident. Were you not?"

"Yes, sir, I— No, sir; the Quartermaster was on the bridge of the R-5 when she started to make her forced dive."

"But the commanding officer of the submarine base says in his report that the Quartermaster went below before the boat was submerged."

"He did."

"Therefore you were the last person to see Lieutenant Crandall alive."

Dick nodded. "Apparently I was, sir."

"All right. Then I will simply have our recorder read the facts in the case as we have them from the report, and you can officially O. K. them: I mean the time, date, and so forth."

This was quickly done. Captain Black waved his hand in a gesture of finality.

"That is that," he declared crisply. "Now for our other duty."

"You must understand," he went on, "that what I am about to say is not for repetition. All of us are officers of the naval service. It is our duty to uphold the honor and prestige of that service."

He glanced severely around. Involuntarily Dick found himself nodding agreement. Leveling his eyes on Dick, the Captain went on: "Mr. Armstrong, you are in a difficult position. And in so being you have placed the fleet in one, too. Your friend Lieutenant Crandall was the son of Senator Crandall of this state, as you no doubt know. The Senator was the leader of the 'small navy' group in Congress. We are all afraid his adherents will use the death of Crandall as a wedge to attack the Navy. If they want to, they can stir up a lot of sensational reports about the unsafe condition of our submarines."

"Your case is simple enough. You invited a friend aboard the R-5 for a short trip. That was against Fleet Regulations, and there may be some slight trouble for you on that score. But that is a matter for your commanding officer at the base to settle. What we are concerned with is the chance that local political factions may try to use this accident to further their own ends. They can capture public attention because the name of Crandall is well known."

"I've been approached by one of the reporters already," said Dick.

"We knew you would be. And while the Admiral does not wish to be quoted, he feels that you should let yourself be interviewed."

"What—sir?" exclaimed Dick, his surprise almost overcoming his naval etiquette.

CAPTAIN BLACK bowed without lowering his eyes. "I admit it is almost without precedent."

"But isn't it the place of the Admiral himself or the Navy Department to give out information?"

"It is. But all they can do is to supply the bare facts, which are already out."

"But what can I do more than that?"

"Have you no feelings in the matter?" Captain Black suddenly shot at him.

"Why—of course I have, sir!"

"That will be what the papers want."

"But what business is it of theirs, sir?" cried Dick in dismay. "Crandall was my friend!"

"If you keep yourself from the press, the public may think that the Navy is muzzling you. There has been much criticism of the Secretary of the Navy because he is supposed to keep officers from expressing their views."

"But my view is only one of grief, sir!" protested Dick.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH ISLAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 305]

"Of course. Of course. That is as far as your feeling about Crandall's death goes. However, it may be presumed that you feel he is the victim of an unsafe submarine. How about that?"

"Oh-h," gasped Dick, suddenly relieved. "I didn't think of that."

"Is there any reason why you should think about—about, let us say, the personal side of Crandall's death?" asked Captain Black sternly.

"Absolutely not, sir!" retorted Dick with heat. "We were the best of friends. Have been ever since we were classmates in Annapolis. There wasn't the slightest reason why—" He broke off, his face flushing.

"Go on," commanded Captain Black sharply.

But Dick's face only got redder than ever. Why should he feel guilty when there was no reason in the world for it? Why should he let himself be influenced by a man like Meisner?

"Well, Mr. Armstrong," began the Captain coldly, "this may put a wholly new light on the case. I take it that there was something personal between you and the dead man that, let us say, bore on his death. I won't say, of course, there was anything premeditated—"

"You bet you won't say, sir!" burst out Dick, his voice quivering with emotion. Captain Black leaned forward with greater interest than ever, and the members of the court lost their look of official boredom.

"I'm sorry, sir, to seem such an idiot and not help out. I think this whole thing has begun to get on my nerves."

The Captain nodded understandingly. "And just now on deck I had the rottenest experience I ever had with a newspaper man."

"They can be very trying at times," agreed the senior member.

"This one insulted me. Tried to blackmail me into giving him a lot of stuff that wasn't true! Said if I didn't that he would put his own version in the papers!"

"Just what we are afraid of," put in the Captain.

"He said that he was going to print a story to the effect that the accident came about on purpose—that it was my fault, and that Crandall and I had had a fight beforehand!"

"Had you?" The question was flashed like the crackle of machine-gun fire.

But Dick had gone too far to be disturbed by any fine issues.

"I am willing to go to a General Court on this, sir!" he declared loudly. "And if you think best I am willing to let myself be taken over by the journalists. I don't think that is a good thing to do; but I'm willing to take a chance if the Admiral is!"

Captain Black pushed his chair back and smiled slightly.

"I agree, Armstrong," he said in a more friendly tone than he had used yet, "that this business has probably been pretty hard for you. But you will feel better, I am sure, when the full story is out."

"Probably will, sir."

"All right. Now I am going to help you. We have a newspaper man coming here who knows all the ropes. He has been in this part of the country for years. By pulling political wires he has secured the Admiral's indorsement. So apparently he is a man we must trust, although I haven't seen him yet. I have asked this man to come here this afternoon and meet you in my cabin. He will tell you what he wants. He represents a whole string of papers throughout the country. What he says goes to millions of readers."

A flash of suspicion shot across Dick's mind. But, no, it couldn't be Meisner. The Admiral could never have indorsed a man like him!

The Captain rose. "The court is adjourned

for today," he announced. Turning to Dick, he added: "This newspaper man's name is Meisner. Ever hear of him?"

Dick's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. His impulse was to refuse to see the man. He could explain to Captain Black how disagreeable Meisner was; how he had threatened to put out an untrue story.

But while he was considering this, Captain Black said just the thing that made the explanation impossible: "You mustn't mind if he seems to be hard-boiled, Armstrong. Most of these reporters are like that. But they tell me he's a clever journalist."

There was nothing to do at the moment. Already Captain Black and the other members of the court had shown that they were disposed to side against him. They seemed to feel that he had put the Navy in a bad light and that they would all have to suffer in some way or other for it.

When Captain Black introduced them Meisner bowed and took Dick's hand with all the cordiality that a stranger can feel for a new friend brought to him under the most powerful chaperonage.

"How do you do, Lieutenant!" exclaimed Meisner. If there was a vicious twinkle in his eyes Dick was the only one who noticed it.

"Now I've explained things to Armstrong," Captain Black told his civilian friend. "He is quite willing for you to sit down with him and get whatever information you want."

Dick took the man's clammy hand with a feeling of renewed loathing. Of course Captain Black was a man of the highest integrity, so there could be no collusion between him and Meisner. But the fact that he insisted on putting Dick at the mercy of such a man made it more certain than ever that there would be trouble. Meisner now had the power he wanted. And, Dick felt, he was the kind of snake that would exploit it to the utmost.

CHAPTER THREE

"Safe I Am"

DICK glumly crossed the cabin and selected a comfortable leather chair before he paid the slightest attention to Meisner. The latter stood in the center of the room, still slightly bowed, rubbing his hands and smiling at the broad back of the young officer.

"Too bad, that some people let themselves get excited and then have to be ashamed of it," he observed.

"If you mean me, I'm not excited about anything. And if I was, I am certainly not ashamed of it now!"

Meisner tactfully did not pursue the subject. Instead, he pulled a chair up beside Dick's and leaned over. The latter caught a faint and slightly sickening perfume when the journalist pulled forth his colored handkerchief and blew loudly into it.

"Now look here, Lieutenant," said Meisner. "We simply got to get together. If you play ball with me I'll help you."

"I don't need help!" snapped Dick. "Get that out of your mind right now."

"I don't know about that, Lieutenant," said Meisner. "This is a funny world. People think queer thoughts."

"They surely do," Dick broke in meaningly.

"I've got an idea. Let's just keep the story sort of quiet for a day or two. Let the public know that we have some doubt about what might have happened to your friend, Lieutenant Crandall."

"Why?"

Meisner lowered his voice to a whisper.

"Because there might have been some dirty work that you don't know anything about."

Dick sat up. Was it possible that there had been a plot after all?

"Will you join forces with me and investigate this thing?" asked Meisner.

Dick tried to penetrate the man's curious expression of hope and cajolery. But he might as well have studied a fence-post for all the honesty he saw there.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Get a few days' leave. Come on ashore with me and help inquire around about Crandall. Maybe you don't know as much about him as you ought to."

"I know enough to be sure that he was one of the finest men who ever lived!" exclaimed Dick.

"Now, now, Lieutenant—just keep your shirt on. Just don't be insulted when I ain't insulting you. I'll do plenty of the other from time to time, so don't hunt 'em up when they don't exist."

Dick shut his eyes. Gosh, how he'd like to get rid of this man!



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The Long Story in the June Companion

"Will you do it?" Meisner was saying now. "You want me to follow you around and be a sort of private detective?"

"Sure. Lots of fun. Ever tried it?"

Dick rose. "I'm going," he announced. "You're a half-wit. I thought so in the beginning. Now I'm going to tell Captain Black about it."

Meisner laughed unpleasantly. "Tell him," he urged. "Yes, Lieutenant, go right along and tell him. Only, don't forget."

Dick paused at the door. "Don't forget what?"

"Don't forget that my pass came from the flagship. According to what Captain Black said today, he never even set eyes on you before." Meisner peered into a mirror on the bulkhead and smoothed his oily hair.

Meisner's apparent indifference had its effect. Dick felt that Captain Black would side with Meisner if they didn't make a go of the latter's plan. After all, there was no sure proof that Crandall did drown. In fact there was every reason—except his mysterious disappearance—to believe that he hadn't. His body had never been found. And his own ship's doctor had testified that he was in good shape on the very morning the accident had happened.

"Shucks, what's the use!" was the way Dick felt when he came back into the cabin and seated himself again on the chair. "I'll do it," he told Meisner dully. "Might as well."

But his depression was only momentary. For Dick Armstrong was a man of action. He might not trust Meisner. He might get the bad breaks all along the line. But he was the kind who do not give up easily.

He would join Meisner, but he would watch his step. If Meisner was only trying to trap him, he must meet the rogue on his own ground. It would no doubt mean some ugly tilts. It might mean disgrace—or worse; but there was no use doing the thing halfway.

The next afternoon they approached the little white house in which Mrs. Crandall lived. It was a low bungalow, with rose vines climbing over the fence and a wall of eucalyptus trees in the rear. Music of the surf could be heard on the sand of Long Beach only a block away.

"He bought it for her," said Dick.

"No, he didn't," contradicted Meisner. "He took the mortgage, but the purchase was never completed."

"How do you know?"

"I made it my business to look into the details. That is why we must be careful now to cover all the ground."

But Dick shrank from the errand Meisner had set. He had dropped in and visited the bereaved mother the day of the accident. The picture of her grief had kept him sleepless for two nights. But she had been very kind with him. Not by the slightest word or tone or gesture had she indicated that he was in any way to blame.

And now he must enter her house with a man whom he despised and pry into her innermost secrets.

Mrs. Crandall herself let them in. "I've had to give up my maid," she said with what seemed an effort. "Although I'm not good at figures, it looks as if I'd have to go very slowly from now on."

SHE took them into the small parlor. Sadly Dick noted the change in her appearance. Despite her slender figure and snow-white hair, she had been a sprightly old lady before the accident. Now she was bent and feeble. Her eyes were swollen with crying, and her hand trembled when she motioned the two men to chairs.

"I am glad you came," she said to Dick. There was not the faintest trace of repugnance in her gentle voice. Indeed, she spoke more as if Dick, like herself, had lost someone he loved.

"Yes, Mrs. Crandall, we thought we ought to get some information," spoke up Meisner brusquely.

Dick could have throttled Meisner. He did his best to gloss over the other's lack of manners. "I'm sorry we have to bother you, Mrs. Crandall," he said. "But I have been advised to help Mr. Meisner get what information he can for his newspaper association."

A look of curious anxiety flitted across Mrs. Crandall's unhappy face.

"He's a— a newspaper man?" she faltered.

"Certainly am," said Meisner, rising promptly to the occasion. "Probably one of the best in Los Angeles County. Our organization supplies—"

"Please, Meisner," broke in Dick, his wrath rising, "let's go at this business a little slowly. Mrs. Crandall has suffered a terrible blow. Then, turning to her, he said: "Could you tell us more about the— the purchase of the house?"

He was so enraged at Meisner that he could

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 332]

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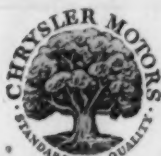
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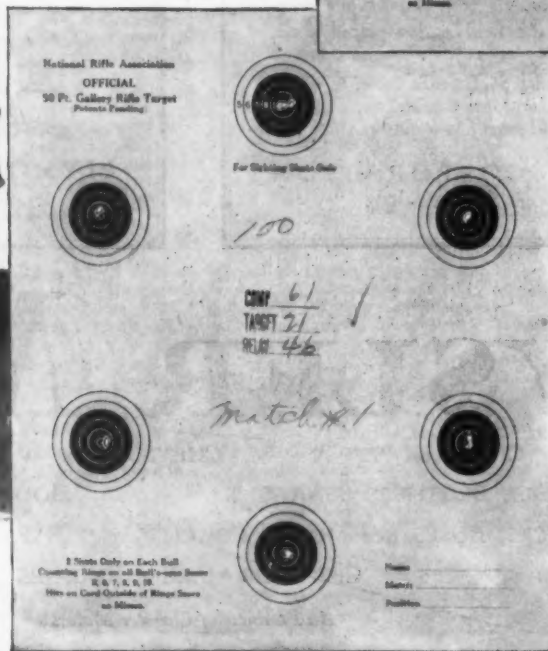
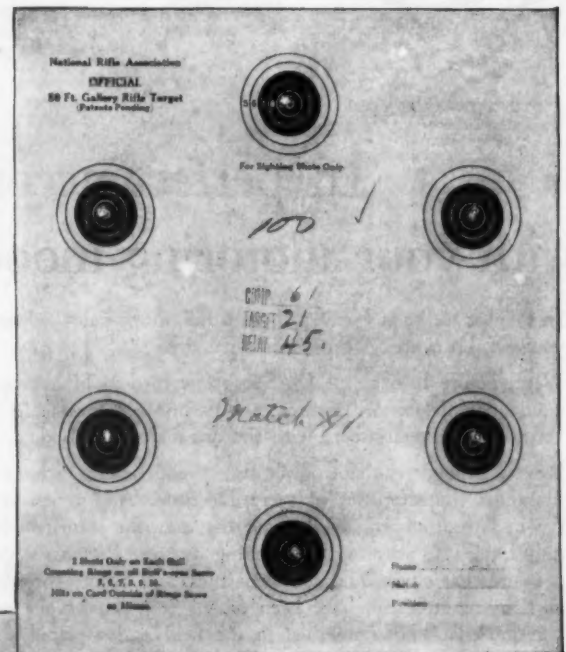
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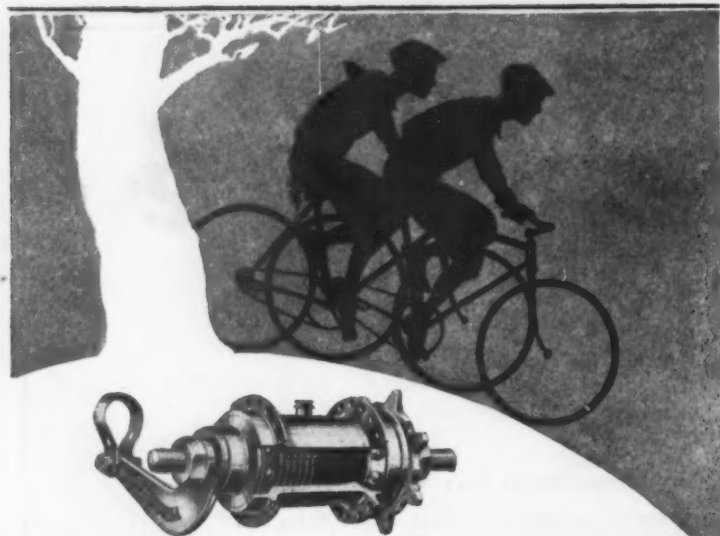
Ammunition	No. of Shooters	No. of 1sts
Remington	378	23
First Competitive Ammunition	175	5
Second " "	154	4
Third " "	83	1
Fourth " "	78	2
Totals	868	35

In many of these matches most of the first five places were won with Kleanbore. In some of them shooters using Remington took the first three places. But when we see that Remington took 23 of the 33 firsts and that the nearest competitor only won five firsts, it is hardly necessary to produce more evidence to prove that Kleanbore Cartridges are far more accurate than any others.

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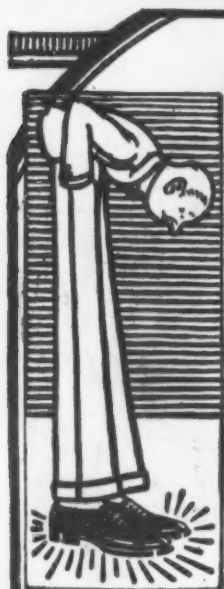
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THE MYSTERY OF DEATH ISLAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 328]

not think clearly. Luckily Meisner had just discovered that he could see himself in a mirror on the opposite wall and was enjoying the view of his new polka-dot tie—pink dots on light-blue ground!

Suddenly Mrs. Crandall rose. "Please forgive me!" she cried, her voice breaking. "But I can't—talk about it—now. It's—too soon!" She buried her face in her hands, her shoulders twitching.

The sight moved Dick deeply. But he was affected by more than just the mother's grief. Her nervousness, her inquiry about Meisner's being a reporter, her extreme inability to talk about her son, gave him a feeling that she knew more than she was willing to tell. If she did, it might mean that Meisner was right: there had been a definite plot against Hank from the beginning. The perplexing thing was this: how could an enemy know that Hank was going to be washed overboard from the R-5? Was it possible that the enemy lay aboard the submarine? Dick felt that his task was getting deeper and more sinister with every new development.

He stepped to Mrs. Crandall's side in an instant and put his arm around her. Meisner stood up, looking thoroughly ill at ease.

"Of course we won't," Dick comforted her. "Tomorrow will do as well."

"Not quite," said Meisner.

Dick turned on the man and made a face intended to convey the message that, if Meisner spoke again about the business in hand, he, Dick, would knock his block off the minute they got outside. Apparently the message got across, for Meisner shrugged and went into the hall after his hat. Mrs. Crandall looked up quickly. Dick started to withdraw his arm.

"No, keep it there!" she commanded in a whisper. "Has he gone?"

Dick glanced to the front door through which Meisner had just passed into the yard.

"Yes."

Mrs. Crandall wiped her eyes and drew a small piece of paper from the pocket of her dress. "Read it," she said. "See if it means anything to you."

Dick took the paper, which was crumpled and soiled, and read:

"Mother: Safe I am. Death has not come. Island warm. Don't worry. Tell no one. Press a rose for me. Harry"

It was Hank's handwriting. But it certainly did not sound like Hank—or anyone else he knew, for that matter.

"It came through the mail," whispered Mrs. Crandall. "I am sure it is Harry's handwriting. He wouldn't write anything like this beforehand. He must be alive!"

"He must be! But what does it mean?" Mrs. Crandall shook her head. "I've read it a thousand times already," she half-sobbed, "and I can't get a ray of sense out of it. The only thing that it suggests is that Harry is half-delirious."

"May I make a copy of it?"

"Take it with you if you wish, Dick," Mrs. Crandall glanced suddenly through the window. "Only don't show it to the reporters. I have a horrible feeling that they will only make a sensational story out of it. That may even make it harder for Harry to escape—if he's any sort of prisoner."

"Have you any reason to believe that he is a prisoner?"

"Not the slightest. Harry didn't have an enemy in the world, so far as I know."

There was no time to talk, or even to think. Meisner was just outside and no doubt impatient to follow up some of his other imaginary clues.

"I'll come back," Dick whispered to Mrs. Crandall.

Then, so that Meisner would hear, Dick ostentatiously bade the unhappy lady good-bye and went out. There was no longer any doubt in his mind that Hank was a victim of some devilish plot. Certainly it looked as if he had been alive after having been washed from the R-5. Mention of an island implied that he might be on one of the several islands along the lower California coast. There were the Santa Barbara group north of San Pedro; there was Catalina; San Clemente was farther south.

Of course these islands should be searched at once. It was conceivable that there might be some reason for holding a naval officer on one of them. The police of Los Angeles could do the job through their connections with the harbor police at San Pedro. But the Navy was the proper force to handle it, especially as Hank was an officer in the fleet.

But should he tell Meisner anything about the message from Hank? The fellow was as offensive as ever. And yet it was Meisner who had

first suggested that there had been a plot. It almost began to look as if Captain Black were right: that Meisner, despite his uncouth personality, was a clever newspaper man who was just the kind needed in such circumstances.

"Pss—s—t!" It was Meisner.

"Don't look around," he cautioned. "There's a suspicious character been walking by the house."

"Why is he suspicious?" grinned Dick. "Because he walked up and down four times while I was in the yard. I saw him reflected in the glass of the window."

"Of course, you would be looking into the glass," Dick couldn't help saying.

But Meisner was too hot on the new scent to resent that. When Dick had followed him around the block they ran almost head first into a man who had apparently just walked by the Crandall cottage in the opposite direction. But just at that moment a lady came out on the stoop of her house and asked the stranger if he were the gas-man; to which he replied that he was. And within plain sight of Dick and Meisner he took his meter-book out of his pocket, sadly blasting Meisner's suspicions.

ON the way back to town Dick's mind struggled anxiously with the problem, which seemed to grow more obscure at every step. Now that Mrs. Crandall had shown him the note he realized that time was definitely an element in the situation. Before this afternoon he had been chasing a will-o'-the-wisp. In spite of Meisner's theories, he had doubted whether there was much sense in what they were doing. Now that there was evidence that Hank might be alive the chance he might also be in danger was real.

"If only I had one man I could trust—and had something to trust him with!" was the thought that crossed Dick's harassed mind.

Yes, that was it: Hank alive and in danger—perhaps; Meisner on the trail of a real plot—perhaps; yet Meisner a suspicious character—perhaps. It was all perhaps, and time was flying. Meisner insisted on returning to the submarine base with him.

"You can't tell, Armstrong, what might turn up in a case like this. Let's just get the latest dope and then we can lay out a plan of action."

Dick didn't reply; but he thought with some heat how much he should prefer that Meisner would leave him to his own reflections for a while. Little did he know how soon this wish was to be realized.

Arriving at the submarine base, he was at once accosted by a man whom the duty officer introduced merely as someone who had been waiting for a word with the commanding officer of the R-5.

"Gosh, more suspicious characters!" thought Dick. In a glance he saw that the stranger was an amiable-looking, plumpish man of about thirty with pink cheeks and spectacles. His smile and bow to Dick were pleasant.

"You also interested in the Crandall case?" asked Meisner discourteously before Dick could even say a word of greeting.

The man glanced from Dick to Meisner and back at Dick. After a moment he said smilingly to Dick, "Will you kindly introduce me to your friend so that I may reply to his implications?"

The twinkle in the man's eyes and the look of appraisal he gave Meisner at once made Dick feel that the stranger had sized up the journalist with great accuracy.

"Why, yes," said Dick, grinning. "Mr.—"

"Josiah Stanley," supplied the stranger.

"This is my friend Mr. Meisner of the Pacific Press Association."

In a sort of prideful gesture Meisner pulled down his cuffs, revealing two large imitation pearls in his cuff-links that did not escape Josiah Stanley's sharp eye.

Dick felt a little embarrassed; but, as Stanley seemed inclined to be amused at Meisner, he did not yield to his impulse to apologize and disperse with Meisner altogether.

Then suddenly Meisner seemed to become nervous. He behaved a good deal as if he had forgotten something important. "I'm going," he told Dick. "Call you up later." With that and only the slightest nod to Mr. Stanley he disappeared.

"Special friend of yours?" asked Stanley.

"Who—no," confessed Dick, still surprised at Meisner's sudden decision to leave, especially when the latter was so anxious to come all the way to the submarine base with him. "Do you know him? He seems crazy as a coot!"

Stanley smiled broadly. "Thought he might hop it," he said calmly.

Pulling back his coat, Stanley revealed to

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 334]



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This handsome shoe puts lightning in your feet and protects you against slipping! Note the special safety-sole. Keeps your feet cool and gives them protection whether you're playing baseball or taking the jolts of the trail.



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A medium price, sturdy shoe for all-round use. Patented "Feltex" insole keeps the foot cool and comfortable. Reinforced toe gives extra protection at point of hardest service. Special anti-skid sole, and Keds' cool canvas upper.



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THE MYSTERY OF DEATH ISLAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 332]

Dick's astonished eyes the shining silver star of a plain-clothes man.

"A bad egg, that Meisner is," he went on. "A newspaper man, just as he told you. And a member of the staff of the Pacific Press Association. But he's likely to pull anything at any time."

"But why should he pull anything on me?" "You're the commanding officer of the R-5, aren't you?"

"Yes." "Well, Meisner happens to have a secret tie-up with one of the sensational tabloids. If he can get you in his power he can probably turn the situation to his financial advantage."

"Would he go so far as blackmail?" Stanley chuckled. "A man as hard-boiled as Meisner would go farther than that. How about the missing man?"

"You mean you've got some information about the death of Crandall?" asked Dick hurriedly.

"Only what your own Navy people have given out. But the very fact that Meisner is so hot on the trail makes me think that he may know more than he will admit. I think he must have guessed that I belong to Headquarters, and hopped out of here to warn his friends."

Suddenly Dick remembered the note. He reached into his pocket. Stanley ought to see it. Then he remembered that Hank had said, "Tell no one." He decided to wait. But when the thought that Hank might be in peril crossed his mind, he felt it best to take the detective into his confidence, at least to some extent.

"Look here," he told Stanley. "Meisner said a lot of things that I didn't understand. But I have got the idea that Crandall may still be alive, and that he may be held a prisoner on one of the islands outside San Pedro."

Stanley nodded. "Any reason why Crandall should be held prisoner by anybody?"

"Absolutely none that I know of."

"What do you propose to do about it?"

"Ask the naval authorities to give me a boat and some men and make a search of the islands in this vicinity."

"Good. I'll take you over to the docks."

It was Dick's suggestion that they stop at the fleet landing on the way. There was a chance that he might see someone he knew and pick up a bit of gossip. In his present state of mind he felt that even the slightest word that would bear on the whole mystery would help. He knew he was floundering. And now that Meisner had unaccountably stepped out of the picture he was more at sea than ever.

When Stanley's car drew up near the dock that the battleships used, the late afternoon boats were just getting in with their parties of liberty men from the fleet. The men-of-war were out of sight behind a pall of fog that hung over the harbor. A shrieking din of fog whistles from scores of launches came in from the gray wall of vapor.

"You'd have a tough time hunting islands in this kind of weather," muttered Stanley as Dick got out and stepped toward the dock.

"I certainly would. And fog season is here to make it harder."

He threaded his way through hundreds of happy bluejackets off their ships for the night. The men were laughing and talking. Many were buying papers. Dick bought one. His eye caught the headlines of the latest murder. He could almost see the way it would look when Hank turned up—or his body was found:

"Missing Naval Officer Kidnapped!"

What a sensation it would cause!

"Missing Officer's Body—"

"Hello, Armstrong," came a familiar voice over Dick's shoulder.

HE turned to find himself face to face with Captain Black.

"Good afternoon, sir," Dick's face must have reflected some of the imaginary scare headlines that his mind had been picturing, for the Captain said in a kind voice:

"Well, you don't have to worry any longer." It was all Dick could do to ask, "Why not?"

"Because I have just come from the flagship, where I got news that the body of your friend has been found. All that was left of Crandall was washed up on the beach near Point Fermin early this morning."

So there would be headlines after all, beginning: "Body Found!"

"Are they sure?"

"Absolutely. He had on his uniform. Of course there will be special identification later when the court's surgeon goes in with Crandall's medical record. But there seems to be no doubt of it. In fact we plan to dispose of the case tonight."

With a hand that trembled Dick reached into his pocket and pulled out the note that Mrs. Crandall had received.

"Look at this, sir."

Captain Black read the note and grinned wryly. "A crank, that's all, Armstrong."

"But it's his handwriting!"

"Of course. Handwriting is the easiest thing in the world to imitate. It would take an expert to tell me whether a forged signature were my own or not."

Dick felt his knees weaken—so Hank was dead after all. A wave of misery swept over him.

"The papers are always reporting messages being found from missing aviators, and that sort of thing," the Captain was saying. "Don't you remember when the collier Cyclops went down how we used to hear from alleged survivors?"

But Dick's mind was on another train of thought.

"Just the same," he broke in, "I think we ought to take a look around the islands. Don't you agree, sir?"

Captain Black waved his hand. "A wild-goose chase!" he exclaimed.

"Meisner said—"

"Never mind what he said. He is a newspaper man. He is paid to have stunning ideas and startling theories. He's a bright chap, and I'm glad you met him. But now we have the facts."

"But have we all of them?"

Captain Black shrugged. "All of them, Armstrong, unless you have some you didn't give us the other day." He shot the same sharp look at Dick that he had used in the court room.

"Won't you recommend that the Admiral let me take my own boat, the R-5, out for a look around the islands? I could land a party at each one."

"Certainly not. My court ends tonight, and I'm being detached tomorrow. Besides you're due to go to San Francisco with your division."

"What!" cried Dick.

"Yes, I just got the word on the flagship. If I were you, I'd get back to the base and start putting your boat into shape for the voyage."

When the Captain had gone Dick stood motionless. The tide of bluejackets and officers flooded past him toward the trolley lines and buses that led away from the docks.

Once more the props had been knocked out from under him. Captain Black was too intelligent an officer to make any rash statements. If Hank's body was found, there was no use trying to save him. On the other hand, if there had been any sort of foul play, the criminals should be apprehended.

But what could he do? The only reason he was allowed to go as far as he had gone was that he was under the jurisdiction of the Court of Inquiry while it lasted. Now it was finishing its duties. Moreover, he was ordered away from the port altogether.

What should he advise Mrs. Crandall to do? Did Meisner have any information that he ought to have? Was Mrs. Crandall herself in danger?

A desperate resolve not to give up came to Dick. He'd make an effort even if he didn't have anything to go on. He'd go to the submarine base and demand leave. If they refused to give it to him, he would wire Washington the circumstances. It might mean court-martial for insubordination, but if he succeeded it was worth the risk. Of course, if he failed he would have given proof of an unsound mind in addition to having it said that he had drowned his friend!

He decided to take Stanley fully into his confidence. Going back to where the latter was quietly reading the evening paper, he told his story briefly.

"Now I want you to look at the message Mrs. Crandall received." He handed out the bit of soiled paper.

"Doesn't make much sense, does it?" said Stanley after studying the message. "And what your Captain said is correct. It is easy enough to imitate another's handwriting so that a mother won't know whether her own son's signature is genuine or not."

Dick was leaning over the detective's shoulder. For the twentieth time at least he was reading the words that Mrs. Crandall said her missing son must have written. Suddenly to Dick's excited gaze certain of those words seemed to stand out. He seized the paper from Stanley's hand. Drawing out his pencil, he underlined the first word of each sentence.

"How does that look?" he cried triumphantly. Stanley nodded. The message now looked like this:

"Safe I am. Death has not come. Island warm. Don't worry. Tell no one. Press a rose for me. Harry"

Stanley gave vent to a long whistle of surprise.

"You mean you think he meant to send the message: 'I'm safe on Death Island. Don't tell press!'"

"Sure. Not very ingenious; but it might be the case."

"But where is Death Island?"

"Search me. You ought to know. You live here."

"I never heard of it."

Dick leaned over and laid a hand on Stanley's arm. "I think, old man, that we'd better step on it. What do you say?"

At a forty-mile clip they raced for the submarine base.

"What are you going to do?" asked Stanley.

"A lot of things," shouted Dick, holding tight to his cap. "First, I'm going to check up on that body. Then I'm going to get ten days' leave."

"But your submarine is ordered to seal!"

"Makes no difference. I'm going to see this thing through. I'll probably land in jail. But if Hank is still alive—"

"I'll help you get him!" cried Stanley.

CHAPTER FOUR

Death Island

FOR a brief space fortune favored Dick. When he and Stanley reached the submarine base they found that the body of the dead officer had been brought to submarine medical quarters for trans-shipment to the fleet hospital ship.

"The features are no help in identification," the submarine base surgeon told them. "The body had been in the water so long that crabs and other sea animals had disfigured it."

"May we see the uniform?" asked Dick.

Both he and Stanley examined the striped blue coat and trousers very carefully. No name was legible anywhere on the garments. Suddenly Stanley gave an exclamation.

"Look!" He turned the lining of the coat to the light. "See those initials?"

A faint yellowish "HC" showed on the black cloth, as if they had been stenciled on with yellow paint.

"The owner's initials, we took them to be," said the surgeon. "It was chiefly on them that we decided the body must be that of Henry Crandall."

"I doubt it!" exclaimed Stanley. "I doubt it a lot. In fact I'm sure I know who it is now. And it isn't Crandall!"

Both Dick and the surgeon stared open-mouthed at the detective.

"The body you have is that of Maurice Storm, a film actor who was drowned about a month ago when his company was making a picture that involved the loss of a small boat in a gale. He was working for the 'Higrade Company,' makers of what are commercially known as 'Higrade films.' That 'HC' is simply the film property man's identification in case some of his costumes are used by another company."

At this moment Dick had an inspiration: "By the way, Hank Crandall had an anchor tattooed on the inside of his right wrist while he was at Annapolis."

They then viewed the body. There was no anchor.

"Hank is alive!" declared Dick again. "And it's up to us to get him!"

Five minutes later he laid the whole case before the commanding officer of the base.

"You can take leave, Armstrong," said that officer finally. "But if you are on the wrong track I cannot promise that there will not be some criticism of your insisting on leaving your ship just when she is supposed to go to sea. I will have to make a report of your action to the commander-in-chief."

But Dick had already crossed this bridge in his own mind. He knew all the professional chances he was taking. He could ruin his career in half a dozen different ways now. But if he could save Hank Crandall's life nothing else would matter.

Time was the big element. He pictured Hank bound hand and foot, tortured with hunger and thirst. Maybe his captors had lost their nerve and were going to murder him because they were afraid to ask for ransom.

But why should they ask for ransom? Why should they want to capture and hold a poverty-stricken naval officer? It was all too preposterous, too melodramatic, to be possible. Dick could easily see to what ridicule he would be subjected if he were engaged on a fool's errand. He could see how unfair it was to raise Mrs. Crandall's hopes. But he had set his course, and he was not going to change without reason.

It took two days to arrange for the expedition to the islands. Stanley got some help from the Police Department. The Navy would do nothing. The few efforts Dick made along that line were met with mirth, tempered by the fact that nearly everyone felt sorry for him because of the accident.

Dick had a few hundred dollars in the bank. This he expended in chartering a shore boat for a week, and in provisions for a party of four who would go aboard her. There were only himself and Stanley, the Italian owner of the boat, and another plain-clothes man whom Stanley had dug up.

Both Dick and Stanley agreed that there was only about a chance in a million of their being successful. Neither one of them had been able to find out anything about "Death Island." Even the oldest fishermen had never heard of it. Meisner had been missing now for three days. His office said that they thought he might be off on another story. Sometimes he disappeared for a long time when he thought he had found something interesting.

Mrs. Crandall had received no more notes. A handwriting expert had reported that he was uncertain whether the note was really in Hank's own hand or not.

The plan was simple enough! With Dick in command the party were going to cruise through the various islands that skirted the lower coast of California in hopes of getting some clue that might justify their hunting further for the missing man. Dick felt it was a long and discouraging way to go about the problem, especially when every minute might mean just so much more danger and suffering to Hank, but neither he nor Stanley had been able to think of a better one.

ON the morning of the third day after the discovery and identification of the movie actor's body they were ready to shove off. Their craft was a little fishing sloop, decked over to her cockpit, and equipped with a two-cylinder heavy-oil engine. She could make only about six knots under her own power; but she had beam and depth, with a good flare near her bows that made her a sturdy craft in a seaway.

She carried a load of fuel, canned goods and bacon. Tony, her owner, was oiling his machinery, ready for the start. O'Brien, the happy-go-lucky red-haired Irishman Stanley had added to the party, sat up in the bow, caring little where or how they went so long as there was plenty of action when they got there.

"I'm going to give headquarters a ring before we pull out," said Stanley.

"Righto," agreed Dick without spirit. He was anything but sanguine about the results of the expedition. The more he looked at the chart the more he realized how large an area they had to cover. "It was clear that they might work for a year and still not thoroughly search the islands which they would visit."

A few minutes later Stanley came running from the dock telephone.

"Meisner's back!" he shouted.

"Back where?"

"They've got him in the hospital. He's all bunged up. We can't go until we've had a word with him. Maybe he's got the answer to the whole mystery!"

Again Dick had a breakneck drive in Stanley's car. There was no need to tell the detective to hurry. He felt as strongly as Dick the necessity of saving every second of time they could.

They were at first denied admittance to the room where Meisner lay.

"He's asked us to keep visitors away," explained the doctor.

Stanley showed his badge.

"Couldn't you wait until tomorrow?"

"It may be a case of life and death!" exclaimed Dick, irritatedly. "This man Meisner—"

"Who's talking about this man Meisner?" came from a doorway down the hall.

The doctor shrugged. "There he is, gentlemen. Suit yourselves. After all, he's a private patient and entitled to see visitors if he wishes."

Dick was startled at the change that had come over the journalist. Instead of his usual snappy costume, Meisner was garbed in an old brown wool dressing-gown. His hair was no longer oily and smooth, but dry and matted. A white powder was visible through what at first sight looked like dandruff, but to Dick's practiced eye was clearly the dried salt of evaporated sea water.

"Well, I guessed you fellows would be around," said Meisner mournfully. His cocky manner had all disappeared. One eye was distinctly discolored as if he had been in a fight.

"Yes," said Dick hurriedly, "and we want to know where Crandall is."

"What makes you think I know?" whined Meisner.

"Don't you?" put in Stanley pleasantly.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 336]

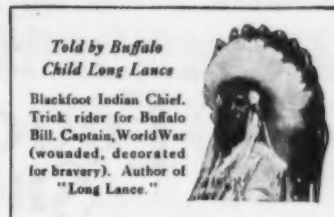


"How Rock Thunder died in flames to save his tribe"

"AS I have often said, we Indians were utterly dependent on our feet for our very lives. In all my boyhood experience no incident illustrates this so well as the death of Rock Thunder—one of our greatest Blackfoot warriors."

"He was wounded in a battle with the Crees—only a severed sinew in his foot, but it might as well have been more serious because he slowed down our whole party—and our food was running low. Not only that but we had to get out of the mountains before the Crees attacked again."

"He begged us to build him a pyre and finally our warriors consented. They gathered logs and brush and he took his seat in the middle of the pile. With his own flints he lighted the brush beneath him. Thus he perished as a true stoic, chanting his death song—and the only movement he made was to run his hand once over his forehead—to keep the



Told by Buffalo
Chief Long Lance

Blackfoot Indian Chief.
Trick rider for Buffalo
Bill, Captain, World War
(wounded, decorated
for bravery). Author of
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sweat from running into his eyes.

"The Americans of today live far different lives than we did—the earlier Americans. Yet I believe that sturdiness of foot and leg, developed in childhood, is as important to your general health as it was to our very lives."

"This object I believe is best attained by the wearing of canvas rubber-soled shoes—whenever and wherever possible."

By Pineau

LAST MARCH, Chief Long Lance, wearing a pair of Goodrich Sport Shoes, beat a seven-dog team of huskies by two miles in a fourteen-mile run through the ice and snow-crust of Northern Canada. Then he left them by the stove to dry and found them "good as ever" in the morning!

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KIT CARSON! The Santa Fe Trail—alluring names that call up thrilling pictures.

Kit Carson—hunter, trapper, Indian fighter! What wonderful adventures he had, roaming the plains and mountain trails of the old west. Far out ahead of the wagon trains, for which he was scout and guide—his life was constantly dependent upon his knowledge of the trail, his coolness and skill with the rifle.

That Kit could shoot is shown by an incident that occurred on one of his trapping expeditions with some companions. C. A. Vandiveer, in his biographies of Men of the old Frontier, tells of it thus: "... an Indian stole six of the trappers' horses and, of course, it was Kit who undertook to recover them. It was a long chase, but he finally overtook the thief, who abandoned the horses and attempted to escape into the forest. Without checking the speed of his horse, Kit threw up his rifle and fired. The distance was about three hundred yards, but the bullet went true and the savage toppled over dead."

That was the kind of shooting they had to do—those men and boys of the old frontier days, when hostile Indians and outlaws, wolves, grizzlies, panthers and buffalo abounded. But you boys, with your modern rifles and ammunition, should shoot even straighter today.

In the matter of ammunition alone, just think of the advantage you have. Bullets, scientifically accurate in weight, balance and shape—better powder to carry them faster, farther, truer than Kit Carson ever dreamed possible. All you need is experience and practice—then you can shoot straighter than Kit Carson.

Peters developments in the amazing process of Spark photography have been a marvel even in this day and age. With an exposure of but one millionth of a second, true pictures are taken of actual bullets speeding through space. Studying these pictures—knowing every detail of a bullet's progress in flight—has enabled Peters to make improvements in ammunition such as have never before been possible by anyone.

In Kit Carson's day, the mere process of shooting was very involved. The charge of black powder—the bullet—the wad—all had to be rammed home by hand. Shooting was slower. And that black powder was so dirty! Kit's rifle barrel had to be constantly cleaned to keep it from clogging. Yet you never need bother about cleaning your gun—if you use Peters Rustless, as directed.

Just be sure the barrel is clean to start with and then do not switch ammunition. Peters Rustless positively will not rust, pit or corrode a barrel—yet costs no more than ordinary ammunition.

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THE MYSTERY OF DEATH ISLAND

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 335]

Meisner shook his head. "I don't know anything."

Stanley shot an inquiring glance at Dick. Was it worth while fooling with the fellow at all?

But Dick seemed to have a different notion. He stepped quickly to the door and closed it. Then he walked up to Meisner and laid hold of him, gently but with great firmness.

"What are you going to do?" wailed Meisner, shrinking away.

"First, I'm going to see how ill you are. And then—"

"The doctor'll tell you."

But Dick had the cowering man by the window and was eyeing him carefully. Suddenly he jammed him flat against the adjoining wall.

"There's nothing wrong with you, Meisner!" He gave the smaller man a shake. "Somebody's just given you a thrashing. No doubt you deserved it. But that's all. Only now I'm going to give you another, unless—"

"I'll yell for the doctor!" broke in Meisner.

"Don't worry; you'll yell all right! But we're going to lock the door. And by the time they break in I'll be through with you—that is, unless you tell me all you know about Hank Crandall."

For a few moments Meisner hung back, scowling and muttering. But Dick's stern face must suddenly have convinced him that the young officer meant business. All at once he collapsed.

"Go on, let me be," he said. "I'll spill it."

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down near San Clemente. No one lives on them. Crandall is very angry. He threatens me if I don't take him back he'll knock my block off and steal the boat and go back to his ship. I see he means business and finally agree. I ask him only to wait for Tony.

"But Tony has disappeared. Pretty soon he comes back. Good heavens, he's got about ten other Wops with him! Great big ugly-looking brutes. I know then they're Mexicans. And I figure they're smugglers who hide here while Tony and others bring their stuff into Los Angeles.

"Right then and there I remember I've heard the Wop fishermen talk now and then about a place called Death Island, and I've never known where it was. So this is Death Island!"

"We all make da mon!" grins Tony. "We keepa da man here. You go back to da Los and fixa da biz."

"It's a swell idea, and I see it all at once: Tony has heard me tell Crandall how we make ten thousand dollars, and now lets all these Mexican cutthroats come in on the game! The tough part about it is I know I can't get ten thousand dollars!"

"It's a joke," I tell Tony. "Just a little joke. Maybe I can get a thousand. Maybe not so much."

"When I say this Crandall gets angrier than ever at me. Tony tells his dirty friends, and they get angry, too! Pretty soon they grab Crandall and take him off around the other side of the island. Two stay with Tony and me. They jabber a lot and pull out their knives."

"They're going to cut my gizzard out!" I ask Tony.

"He shrugs as if he doesn't care if they do. 'We go back to da dock,' he says. 'And you fixa da biz. Ten thous' dey want. Queeck!'

"Queeck!" yell the Mexicans both at once.

"So we come back. I know I have to make good in a hurry or those assassins will have their knives in me. Then I find this dick on the job, Mr. Stanley. I think maybe that will let me out. I call Tony and tell him the police are about to get wise. If he doesn't quit his foolishness and leave me be he'll have his whole gang captured. He talks to his friends, and they suggest I run out quick and have a word with the boss smuggler. That's why I disappear."

"Tony runs me out to Death Island with the other two guys. I see Crandall on the island. He's tied up, but he looks pretty good."

"The boss comes down and looks me over. He's a big dark giant with a long black moustache. Honest, I think he's going to knife me then and there. But I guess he figures he'll lose all chance of his money if he loses me."

"Tony tells him what I say. Gee, how sore that boss gets! He lets out a lot of Spig language and waves his knife under my nose."

"What's eating him now?" I ask Tony.

"Tony's pretty scared too. 'He say he make da corpse outa you,' pipes Tony. 'He make da corpse outa Crandall, too! He say geta da mon' queeck!'

"Queeck!" howls the boss, and gives me a crack on the jaw with his fist. As I go down he lefts another one and gives me this shiner in the left lamp."

"Queeck!" yells Tony and starts for the boat, dragging me after him. I guess he's just in time, because when we fall aboard and shove off the boss is coming straight after us. He yells and waves his knife in the air, and I know he's sorry he didn't make a corpse of me, while he had the chance."

"Well, Tony and I come back to port, and Tony says: 'You better geta da mon' queeck. You know what happen if you don't!'

"But, gentlemen, I'm sick when I get here, sick all over. That Mexican has knocked me up, and I feel very bad. I think you better find Tony and tell him I'm out of the picture. I got to go East anyway, pretty soon."

Meisner ceased talking. With his shoulders hunched he wrung his hands nervously and sniffled. There came a knock at the door. Dick opened it, admitting the doctor.

"Can I do anything for you, Lieutenant?" he asked.

For a moment Dick looked him in the eye. Like a halfback waiting for his signal, he poised slightly forward on the balls of his feet. Then suddenly he snapped into action.

"Yes, Doctor, you can let us take your patient with us."

The doctor bowed. "He is a private patient. He can do as he pleases."

Dick turned quickly to Meisner. "You're coming with us."

Meisner turned paler than he was already and put a trembling hand to his mouth. But Dick felt the time for action had come. Without ceremony he yanked Meisner's dressing-gown

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from his shoulders, forced him into his coat and had him out in the corridor. Meisner sat between Dick and Stanley in the car. Again at top speed they raced for the San Pedro docks.

Dick knew now that the way was clear. Hank was still alive and unharmed, or had been but a few hours before. He was in dangerous hands. Dick knew the Mexican smugglers by reputation. More than once they had defied even armed naval vessels. They were a cruel, ruthless lot of villains. If they found they had been tricked they would wreak their vengeance on Hank Crandall.

Dick knew his little party would be outnumbered. Stanley and O'Brien brought the total to three men. Meisner was about a third of a man, provided he did not go into a complete funk—which he threatened frequently to do. Tony would have to be counted on the side of the enemy.

With the knowledge now at his command Dick thought he might be able to enlist Navy aid. But he dared not take the time. From Meisner's account it was clear the smugglers were close to losing their patience. So long as Hank was with them they were in danger of being caught as kidnappers. They would not take a risk a moment longer than they thought there was a chance of getting the money Tony had told them the American could get.

There was not a moment to be lost. Hank's life was definitely in danger. The odds were great, the risk was deadly; but there was only one course Dick knew: to reach Death Island with all speed and rescue Hank.

CHAPTER FIVE

Rescue!

AS on the day when the R-5 made her unfortunate dive with jammed rudders, this afternoon was also blue and bright, with little wind. The Pacific Ocean and the cloudless sky seemed to vie with each other to see which could be the deeper blue. Gulls floated gracefully over an outgoing liner bound for Hawaii. Tiny fishing craft rolled lazily over the reefs in the groundswell or puffed toward the San Pedro market. Up and down the coast for fifty miles a filmy gray haze hung over the brown land, giving it a softness of color and contour that belied the long stretches of arid desert that lay behind the breakers.

Some twenty miles south of Catalina Island, and isolated by the long and billowing swells that ran in out of the North Pacific, a small uneven mass of reddish rock rose above the ocean's level. No tree or house softened the grim outline of this tiny islet. It was called Death Island by those who chose to use a more romantic name than "rocks," as the Navy's official Hydrographic Office chart designated it. What particular tragedy had given the islet its forbidding title was lost in the shadows of a local history charged with murder, smuggling and piracy over a period of three hundred years.

Toward Death Island moved a small white boat, steered by Tony Brezelli, and carrying three other men and what appeared to be a boy. Tony was grinning broadly as he twirled his wheel. For he had been told that these three men Meisner had brought to the boat were men who might be willing to pay \$10,000 for a story of a missing naval officer. What Tony did not know was that each of the three men carried a loaded automatic in his back pocket.

As the boat approached the island Dick Armstrong leveled his glasses on the rocky ledge that Meisner said marked the tiny harbor they would use. He thought he saw a wisp of gray smoke rise in the still air near the summit of the island. And once, for an instant, he marked a round nubble on the sharp edge of a rock—was it the top of a man's head?

Tony neatly rounded a hidden reef and took his boat through a short but twisting channel that brought it to a completely rock-bound harbor not a hundred feet in diameter. As he

let the anchor go with a run he gave an exclamation and pointed to the shore.

"Da biga boss!" he whispered.

Dick saw for the first time a huge man standing motionless on the narrow beach. The man's visage, fiercely dark, his bronzed arms and tattered clothing blended so perfectly into the red-brown rocks behind him that he had been until that minute quite invisible. Tony hurled a long stream of language at the pirate. When he paused a couple of deep grunts came in reply.

"He say he will talka da biz," interpreted Tony.

When the party landed Dick motioned the others to stay behind him. To Tony he commanded: "Tell him I do not believe he has a naval officer here. And I certainly won't put up any money unless I have a look at the captive."

Tony transmitted this to the villainous-looking giant, who scowled and retorted briefly to Tony. Tony took a few steps up the rocks and pulled a dark bundle from a cranny. Shaking out the bundle, he exhibited Hank Crandall's wrinkled uniform coat with its two gold stripes on the sleeves.

"Thisa da proof," he announced.

The boss nodded slightly and struck a majestic attitude with folded arms, his heavy jaw lifted high.

"Shucks," laughed Dick. "I can buy a coat like that in Los Angeles for five dollars! How do you think the movie people get their uniforms?"

Tony came down from the rocks, talking volubly at the boss and gesticulating with both hands. The boss listened with a growing look of fury on his brutal face. His scowl deepened, and his hand went instinctively to the knife that hung at his side. Before Tony finished his nostrils distended, and the whistle of his breath through them was like the blow of a deep-sea whale. Then, as if his patience had reached an abrupt end, he threw out both hands wide and emitted a roar at the terrified Tony. On the end of the command he added: "Queeck!" And, taking another deep breath, he bellowed again: "Queeck!"

Stumbling and falling in his fright, Tony galloped up over the rocks toward the summit, where still rose a wisp of smoke. The boss did not deign to look around, but stood like a statue glaring with narrowed eyes out toward the little white boat.

Dick also stood unmoving. But his brain was working swiftly. He knew he must not start any sort of action until Hank was there: ready to escape with them in case the fight got too hot. On the other hand, waiting for Hank certainly meant waiting until the boss smuggler had reinforcements.

Against them would be pitted anywhere from three to fifteen of the smugglers, depending on how many happened to be on the island. No doubt they would be well armed, and, since their security lay in letting none escape, there would no doubt be a massacre if trouble started.

Tony suddenly reappeared over the brow of the island, followed by a knot of rough-looking men. As the party came closer Dick saw that in the center of the ruffians walked a familiar figure wearing a dirty white shirt and dark-blue trousers. To his huge delight, he recognized Hank Crandall. Hank was haggard and dirty, and a heavy stubble of beard covered his face. Dick saw that his hands were tied behind him.

The instant Hank caught Dick's eye he started slightly. But he did not lose his presence of mind by betraying his acquaintanceship with the visitor. Instead, he quickly let his eyes fall again and stood between two captors just in rear of the boss, his shoulders drooping dejectedly.

"May I talk to your man to be sure he has a good story?" asked Dick of Tony.

But when Tony put the question to the boss the latter only burst into a torrent of oburgation and clenched his fist.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 338]

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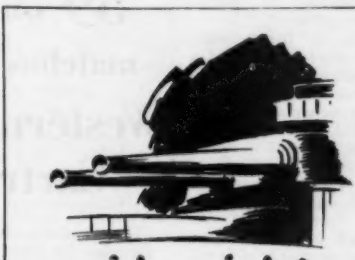
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THE MYSTERY OF DEATH ISLAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 337)

Dick made a quick calculation. He saw that the moment for a final desperate effort could be postponed no longer. There were now six men on the enemy's side—at hand; how many more there were at the summit of the island could only be guessed.

The six men were divided at the moment. The boss stood just in front of Dick and about five feet distant; two men stood on either side of Hank, apparently his captors; two stragglers loitered a dozen feet up among the rocks; and Tony, who might or might not have to be reckoned with, was close by them. Against these six were Dick, Stanley and O'Brien. Meisner, Dick noted out of the corner of his eye, was trembling so that he would be perfectly useless, no matter what happened.

The boss spoke again, harshly and with unmistakable menace in his tone. "He say you maka da biz," began Tony.

DICK met the moment with action. From his pocket he drew a piece of paper. It happened to be a receipted laundry bill. But to the smugglers he knew it would appear as an official document.

"Untie his hands," commanded Dick, nodding in the direction of Hank Crandall. "He must sign my contract."

There was a moment of tense silence. Then, as if understanding, the boss said something in his own tongue. In a few seconds Hank's hands were untied.

Dick stepped forward, holding out the paper with his left hand. The boss reached greedily for the document with both his great brown paws. Instantly Dick moved sideways and swung forward with the whole upper half of his body. His right fist flashed up, catching the boss squarely on the point of his jaw just behind and below the black plume of his bristling moustache. Down went the boss with a thump like that of a sack of potatoes.

Hank had apparently been expecting action. Before the man nearest him could reach for his knife Hank sent him reeling with a blow on his chin. As he did so the other captor came for him, flashing knife upraised and aimed for the middle of Hank's back. Dick's automatic spit fire, and the smuggler's knife fell clattering from a hand that dripped blood. By this time Stanley and O'Brien had the two other men and Tony covered with their guns.

"Get aboard!" yelled Dick and kicked backward at Meisner's shins. The report of a rifle rang out, and a shot ricocheted shrilly from a rock at Dick's feet. But Dick seemed as cool as if laying the course of the R-5.

"Stand 'em up!" he barked at Stanley and suited his action to the command by yanking the groggy boss to a standing position and having the wounded smuggler hold him there. The other smugglers, hands aloft, were lined up alongside, forming a human barrier between Dick's little army and the sharpshooters on the ridge higher up.

"Shoot if they try to rush us!" he ordered Stanley and O'Brien. To Tony he said savagely: "Now get that boat under way. Any funny business and I maka da corpse outa you!"

The embarkation was done quickly and neatly. Hank followed Tony and Meisner aboard the boat. In the space of five minutes the anchor was up and the engine running smoothly. Dick had Stanley and O'Brien hop aboard as she rounded near the beach. When he saw that they were safely on the deck, he followed at a run through the shallow water.

The moment Dick left the beach a fusillade clattered out from the smugglers on top of the island. Small geysers of water danced all around the boat.

"Shoot over their heads!" ordered Dick as he and his two men opened fire in reply. Hank, crouching aft, opened the throttle wide, and the engine's roar drowned out the rattle of firing.

CHAPTER SIX

The New Command

IT was long after dark when a small San Pedro fishing sloop made the flagship's gangway. Tony Brezelli led the way up the ladder, followed by Meisner, Stanley, Hank Crandall and Dick Armstrong.

A marine orderly escorted Dick to the Admiral's cabin. There he found Captain Black in conference with the commander-in-chief.

"Good evening, Armstrong," said the Captain, eyeing Dick's untidy uniform with a disapproving glance. "I'm making an informal report to the Admiral with regard to the action of the court of which I am senior member."

"Yes, sir, I—" began Dick eagerly.

Captain Black held up his hand. "Never mind an explanation, Armstrong. I have made it clear to the Admiral that you were carried away by your desire to make amends for the death of your friend Crandall."

"But I—" Dick broke out again.

"I understand perfectly, Armstrong," said the Admiral crisply, yet not without sympathy. "I once had such an experience myself."

"Now, what we want to do," went on the Captain, "is to let the whole unfortunate incident be forgotten. I have had a talk with the commanding officer of the submarine base. He feels that you should be relieved of the R-5, because you insisted on leave just when she was ordered to sea. I am afraid that is unavoidable."

Dick's face crimsoned, and he bit his lip.

"However, I think we can find a job for you here in the fleet. If the death of Crandall makes continuing hard, perhaps you had better ask for transfer East. Would you like to do that, Armstrong?"

"No, sir!"

At the sharp vehemence with which Dick spoke both older officers started slightly.

"Why?" asked the Admiral quietly.

"Because it's a rank injustice, sir. If you'll only give me a chance to explain, I—"

Captain Black's eyes flashed. In some heat he broke in with: "Never mind that now, Armstrong. Remember, you are on the flagship. You and I can have a talk tonight."

The Admiral suddenly seemed to think that there was something that really ought to be said. "Let's hear what he wants to tell us, Black," he suggested. It was Captain Black's turn to bite his lip. But he only shrugged slightly and bowed obediently to the wishes of his senior.

Then, before Dick could open his mouth to release the torrent of information that he was bursting to give, there came a sharp knock at the door, followed by the marine orderly.

"Lieutenant Crandall, sir!" he announced.

"What?" cried Captain Black.

Dick grinned joyfully.

At that moment a living scarecrow stepped into the cabin. He was bearded and dirty, his uniform a disgrace. But it was Hank Crandall, alive and in his right mind.

A dramatic silence settled upon the little group. Dick, almost unable to control his joy, could hear both the Captain and the Admiral breathing loudly.

"Are you the drowned man?" asked the Admiral at last. His voice was sepulchral.

"I guess I am, sir," said the scarecrow.

The Admiral turned to Dick. "So this is what you've been trying to tell us?" Dick nodded. "Well, it looks to me as if it might be a good yarn. Be seated, gentlemen."

Two hours later the meeting broke up, but not until the Admiral had sent a number of dispatches. One was to the Los Angeles chief of police, offering to lend naval assistance to clear up the smuggling situation. One was in code to the Navy Department, requesting permission to visit a small rocky islet known as Death Island. A final one was to the commanding officer of the submarine base, asking him to come aboard in the morning regarding the detail of an officer to command the new submarine V-6.

"You'd like that boat, wouldn't you, Armstrong?" the Admiral asked Dick with a smile. "I should say so, sir!" exclaimed Dick.

Walking on air, Dick made his way to the top side. He found Tony Brezelli hunched against a ventilator, moaning and muttering. "He will maka da corpse outa me!" over and over again. Meisner, on the other hand, was perfectly happy. He had discovered a bit of polished brass under a standing light and was painstakingly combing his black locks.

Arm in arm Dick Armstrong and Hank Crandall strode down the deck. "Don't worry about Tony," said Hank. "He butters his bread on both sides. I gave him twenty dollars to take that note in for me, you know, the one you got from Mother. And that's about twenty dollars more than he ever got from Meisner!"

"But—" Dick hesitated.

Hank caught his meaning at once. "You're wondering if I weren't missing the cash that scoundrel suggested I might get?"

Dick nodded. "I'd like to see that house belong to your mother, Hank."

"It will! I've had a word with Stanley. He has already telephoned a friend who is president of the news service that rivals Meisner's. This fellow says they will pay five thousand for the American news rights to my experience. And I don't even have to sign the story!"

"Gosh, that's great!" exploded Dick, joyfully. "It's some life, what?"

"I'll tell the world!" said Hank.

[THE END]



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Texas Steer: "No dude movie actor is going to ride herd on this ranch"

A Tip

TEACHER: "Johnny, your conduct is outrageous. I am going to consult your father."
Johnny: "Better not; it will cost you \$3. He's a doctor."
—Eloise Yountz

Most Obedient

MAMMA: "And were you a nice boy at the party?"
Bobby: "Yes, mamma."
Mamma: "You didn't ask twice for anything at the table, did you?"
Bobby: "No, I didn't. I asked once, and they didn't hear me, so I just helped myself."
—Helen Eberhardt

Painless or Painful?

LITTLE Jack had been to the dentist to have a troublesome tooth removed.
On the way home his mother casually remarked: "I think that dentist was a very nice gentleman. He took a great deal of pains."
"Took!" repeated Jack, scornfully. "You mean gived!"
—Henry Smith

Sticky Business

GROCER (after filling molasses jug): "Here's your molasses, sonny; where's your dime?"
Boy: "I left it in the jug."
—John Estha

An Up-Town Position

I HEAR that you have a new job."
"Yes, I'm a manicurist in a bakery."
"Manicurist in a bakery?"
"Yes, I have charge of the lady-fingers."
—Leroy Shuster

Proper Training

I HEREBY sentence you to twenty years at hard labor in the state penitentiary," said the stern old judge. "And what request have you to make?"
"Just one, Your Honor," said the prisoner. "Please call my wife and tell her I won't be home for dinner."
—Mac Grici

NUTS TO CRACK

A CORNER FOR BUSY MINDS

1. MISSING LETTERS

T C N T T B
R C D B R C T
S S C H R M

If the proper letter be inserted in the proper places among these letters, the result will be a sensible sentence.

2. CONUNDRUM

There is something in life which not every famous person has. Washington did not possess it; Lee had it once; Lincoln had it twice; Lowell and Longfellow had it three times. What is it?

3. WORD-SQUARE

1. Brilliant particles. 2. An ancestor. 3. A yeoman. 4. To make a new space in. 5. Funeral chimes. 6. Emphasis.

4. MISSING WORDS

When the sun is sinking ****
Back to the yard the horses go;
The old cow ****, the night **** fly;
Dusk tells us night is drawing nigh.

The three missing words are each spelled with the same four letters, differently arranged.

5. WORD-DIAMOND

1. A letter. 2. A bone. 3. A famous Roman. 4. Confined within certain points. 5. A Western city. 6. To observe. 7. A letter.

6. REVERSED WORDS

Each of the following sentences has two missing words. The words in each sentence are the reverses of each other.

Example: A gentle PAT is not a TAP.

1. One thousand pounds is **** a ****.
2. His angry **** caused his ****.
3. A long leather **** may come in two ****.
4. One should not **** an **** life.
5. Good friends do not **** their ****.

7. CHARADE

My first, a part of "to be" is reckoned;
A letter from the Greek my second.
Since I have double quality,
The prefix "two" my third must be.
Still I am one; my fourth quite fitly
Stands for one, indefinitely.
The whole makes me, like Neptune's daughter,
One who dwells in land or water.

8. FOUR-WAY WORD-SQUARE

This is an example of a rare kind of word-square. Each word appears in all four directions, left to right, right to left, up, and down.

1. Before. 2. Orderly. 3. Seized (a contraction). 4. The name of a famous mountain.

9. CHARADE

My first, upon my second's deck
Departing, waved his hand.
I cried, "My first, avoiding wreck,
Will let my second land.
Where'er your future lot is cast,
Remember that my whole shall last!"

10. CONCEALED COLLEGES

No sense can be made of the wandering remarks that appear in the following paragraph, but you can find the names of eight Eastern colleges hidden there.
"Why is an acorn elliptical? Because a gale, high above the trees may blow down canvas, sardines and leaves. When I am her step-brother, winds will blow ill. I am sure, for many a lesson may then be learned. What does the rainbow do in winter? It hides in the hubarb row near the end of the garden!"

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES

1. Rasp-Put-In. Rasputin. 2. Together. To Get Her. 3. Pal-Ind-Rome. Palindrome. 4. Insert the letter E. "Revere well these embers grey; evergreen trees serene were they." 5. Circle. Inures, Rulst, Crease, Lessee, Esteem. 6. Skye, the island. 7. Pa-Ra-Sol. 8. 86432, 17500, 104022. 9. Nut. Ton. Not. Tun. 10. La-Re-Do. Thebes (THE BEST description).



From
water up to his armpits
he emerged with a
great black bass

DEEP into the water the father waded—lured by the tug at his line. A tussle, and he emerged with a great black bass. In the next half hour, this was repeated five times, till his catch was six fish and his clothing so soaked it was ruined. Weeks later he wrote us: "It was then I remembered my watch. Underwater for thirty minutes, my Ingersoll ticked regularly, unflatteringly! Now on sports excursions it continues to serve us dependably, forgetting it ever caught fish!"

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Member Dow Tinker's outboard motorboat Sloppy, ready to be taken from his home to the water

THE Lab recognizes this month, with three special \$10 awards, exceptional ability and workmanship of Members in marine construction. These members are Dow Tinker (17) of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Russell Aitken (19) of Wickliffe, Ohio, and Glenn Rickert (15) of Huntington, Indiana. Their work includes two admirably designed boats for outboard motors, and a fast inboard motor launch.

For everyone who lives within walking or riding distance of a lake or stream, a boat—almost any sort of boat—is a necessity for a satisfactory summer vacation. With sail or motor, for racing or cruising, it will give you long hours in the open air, and all the excitement



Aquaplaning at twelve miles an hour. In the extreme foreground can be seen the stern of Member Tinker's boat

you could desire. If you are interested in sailing, the Lab's own Buccaneer, which you will find described elsewhere on this page, can be built easily and economically. Outboard-motor-boating, the newest of water sports, is possible with many kinds of hulls, but you will find half your fun in building one yourself. If you are planning to construct one, turn to page 321, and read the details of THE COMPANION'S Outboard Racing Cups, to be awarded this summer.

In the picture at the top of this page you see the first of the boats to be given a special award, Member Dow Tinker's 16½-foot outboard motorboat Sloppy, ready to be transported to the Chippewa River, where it was launched.

"Last spring," writes Member Tinker, "I became possessed with the idea that I wanted to build an outboard motorboat myself. So I went to work, with the help of a friend who is a boat-builder, to lay out the boat full-size; this I did on a strip of white building paper about eighteen feet long, tacked on the flat wall of the garage. Nearly all the work was done by hand, although I had to get help to lay on the planking. I have found the boat very seaworthy—on one trip on Lake Pepin five of us were out in her in heavy weather, and in traveling eighteen miles through



This is how Member Russell Aitken's Baby Viking looked before the frame had been planked in



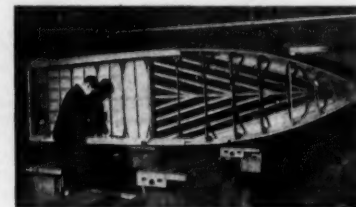
The Baby Viking with engine installed and hull ready for the finishing touches

white-caps all the way we shipped nothing but spray."

Member Tinker has sent the Director, in addition to photographs, a set of blue-prints and complete specifications for construction. His work has been very competently done and is a fine example of the ability of Lab Members to design and build a difficult project.

Member Russell Aitken's 20-foot inboard speedboat Baby Viking is a different type of construction, including an engine and rudder installation. The hull was purchased in knocked-down form, and assembled keel upward. As

the work was being done in a small building the completed hull had to be taken out on iron rollers turned right side up, and run back in. The power plant, a 4-cylinder 42-horsepower engine weighing 625 pounds, was another problem in handling, finally solved by the use of chain tackle. Deck planking was finished after the engine had been set in place. The best launching-place was fifteen miles distant, and for transportation a truck had to be called in. Once the boat was in the water, the engine was found to be so far forward that the bow would not rise properly. This meant a long and tedious change in installation, but the final result—a craft that would do twenty-eight miles an hour—was well worth the time and labor expended. Member



Member Glenn Rickert at work on his one-step V-bottom hydroplane Bluebird

Aitken's well-written report of his work on the Baby Viking is omitted only because of lack of space.

The third marine project to receive a special award is Member Glenn Rickert's 14-foot V-type one-step hydroplane, designed for use with an outboard motor. This type of hull is one of the best for speed work, and in spite of its unusual shape can be built by anyone with experience in using tools, plus the patience and care necessary to complete accurately a complicated piece of construction. Member Rickert possesses all these qualifications, and well deserves the award which his work brings him.

These three boats were built by Members who had no special training for marine construction. You yourself can do as well this summer. Start now!



The Bluebird under way. Boats of this design are capable of unusual speed

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Buccaneer rigged for sail; Member William Buby, the builder, is standing by the mast

satile of small boats. It can be used as a sailboat, rowboat or with an outboard motor, and is equally safe and reliable in all these forms. Our Lab associates, the Brooks Boat Company, supply the parts in knockdown form, or, if you prefer, blueprints from which you may cut your own parts. Whether you are interested in sailing or outboard motor-boating, write now for catalogue of parts and equipment. Address the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.



Buccaneer with an outboard motor; built by Member Robert K. Service at Tsingtao, China, and launched in Kiaochow Bay



Building a Buccaneer; Schenectady Boy Scouts at work on the hull under the direction of their Scout Master

ONLY TEN MORE WEEKS TO COMPLETE YOUR PROJECTS

The Lab's great scholarship contest closes on August 15

IF you are one of the hundreds of boys already entered in the Lab's great contest for a four-year scholarship at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, beginning in September, 1929, you should now have begun work on the three projects which must be submitted on or before August 15. Registration, including the submission of a 200-word letter on the subject "Why I Should Like a Technical Education," closed on May 1. Before August 1 registrants must satisfy us that they are qualified to enter the Institute as freshman students in September, 1929. One of the best ways to accomplish this is to submit College Entrance Examination Board certificates. By August 15, the three original projects in some field of science, engineering or construction must be in the hands of the judges. The ability, ingenuity and originality of the candidates will be determined by these projects. It is important that you spend as much time and thought as possible on their development.

There is no restriction on the kind or type of

project. Entrants in last year's contest submitted almost every imaginable kind. One of the two scholarship winners submitted projects in the highly technical field of electrical communication—"A Hum Test Set," "An Amplification Constant and Internal Plate Impedance Test Set," and "Design of a Tube Rating Laboratory." The second scholarship last year was won by one mechanical and two electrical projects—"Short-Wave Layout to Eliminate Body Capacity Effect," "An Auxiliary Foot Throttle for Automobiles," and "A Portable Buzzer Set for Code Practice."

In all of these six projects, originality and the highest grade of ingenuity were evidenced. Perhaps you have ideas already for some new and unique construction projects in the field of aeronautics, electricity, automotive design or any other of the many available fields. If you have not, begin now to devise them. The successful candidate may take his choice of any of the courses offered by the Institute:

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Architecture
Biology
Chemical Engineering
Chemistry
Civil Engineering
Engineering Administration
Electrical Engineering
Geology
Mathematics
Mechanical Engineering
Metallurgy
Mining
Naval Architecture
Physics
Sanitary Engineering

Candidates who are Members of the Lab will find their Lab training of great advantage. Members have been quick to realize this, and readers of the Lab pages would find many familiar names in the list of entrants. Ingenious boys whose skill and industry have won recognition in the Honors List or elsewhere have been among the first to avail themselves of the Lab's greatest benefit—the opportunity for a life career.

If you are not already a Lab Member, fill out now the coupon on the left and mail at once to the Director, Y. C. Lab, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. It will bring you immediately full details and the opportunity of immediate participation in the advantages of this unique Society.

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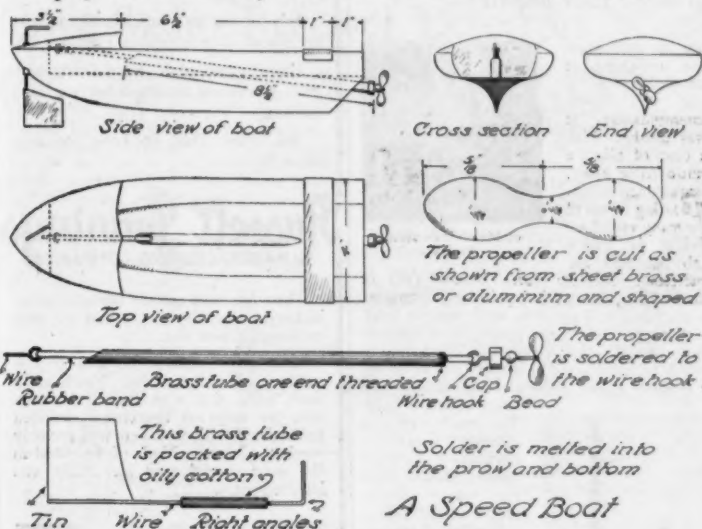
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THE Y. C. LAB

Junior Engineering

A new feature for Lab Members who are interested in construction projects, conducted by COUNCILOR DALE R. VAN HORN



How to Build a Model Speed Boat

THIS all-metal boat is unusually fast and will, with one winding, travel a considerable distance. It is seaworthy, too. With a good solder ballast in the keel and a cowl in front, small waves which might swamp an ordinary metal boat will have no effect on it. This is largely due to the widely flaring sides, which, save for the extending keel below, give it the stability of a flat-bottomed craft. The rudder is set in front in order not to interfere with the power installation.

An unusual feature of the boat is that no water-tight joints are necessary. The rubber band fits loosely inside a brass tube that is partly full of water. The absence of the tight joint at the bottom or between the power and the propeller reduces friction almost to a minimum. Should a rubber band break, another can be put in very easily, since both ends merely go over wire hooks. A glass bead between the propeller and the cap over the lower end of the brass tube makes the shaft turn easily.

The sheet metal to be used may be tin or copper, either of which may be found at any hardware store. Copper is best, however, since with it the sides of the hull can be easily shaped with a peen hammer and a block of wood. Each side will require a piece 12 inches long and 2 1/4 inches wide. The depth dimension is not shown because of the curved surface. Cut out one side as shown, then cut another to an exact duplicate and begin to shape them according to the drawing. Most of the hammering will come near the front, as the rest of the shaping can be done by straight bending.

Clip off the lower corners at the rear at an angle of 45 degrees, and fit the sides of the hull together, soldering the seam from front to back. Solder a piece of tin at the angle at the extreme rear; then cut away the surplus with tin snips and file down so that the edges are flush with the sides of the hull. Solder on another strip at the stern above the water line, then trim off, and make all joints water-tight with solder.

Fitting the Propeller

Cut a small hole in the stern about 1/4 inch below the water-line for the brass tube, which should be 1/4 inch in diameter and about 8 1/2 inches long. Thread one end and provide a cap which will screw down snugly. Drill a small hole through this for the wire propeller shaft. If no cap can be obtained, an ordinary connection will do, as you can solder a round piece of tin over the outer end and drill the wire hole through the center of this. The cap, however, is necessary to replace the rubber if it should break.

Now set the tube through the hole in the stern, point it toward the top of the prow and run melted solder around it to hold it in place. Continue filling with solder until the space indicated by the dotted lines in the side-view

drawing has been reached. Have the solder continue into the prow up to the top, to hold the front end down and also to anchor the wire-hook fastening for the front end of the rubber band. Then the cowl is cut, fashioned and soldered in place, as shown.

The propeller can be made from aluminum, but brass is much better, as it can be far more readily soldered. The detail drawing above shows the proper dimensions. Cut this from sheet metal stiff enough to hold its shape well. Be sure the blades are both of the same size and proportions, as they should balance when in motion to prevent vibration. Make the wire shaft; form the hook in the front end, then drill a hole for it in the exact center of the propeller and solder it in place, with the brass tube cap and the glass bead between the ends, as shown. The hook should be small enough to turn easily inside the tube without rubbing.

Try a number of rubber bands until you find one of the right tension and length to send the boat the farthest. Use a small stiff wire to push one end of it through the tube to the front hook. When this has been done, make sure that the brass tube is in line with the band, and that there is no noticeable rubbing of the band inside. Cut and solder a strip of tin or copper across the boat near the stern. This becomes a seat, and also helps to make the hull more rigid.

Making the Rudder

Now for the rudder. Drill a small, exactly centered hole through the solder in the prow. Get a small brass tube and fit it in this hole, then solder it in place. Cut a rudder from tin or copper and solder one edge to one end of a straight wire. Run this wire up through the tube and bend it over at right angles. Then pack the tube tightly with oil-soaked cotton batting.

Place the boat carefully in the water and note whether it rides on an even keel. If it lists to starboard or port, add solder slowly by dripping it melted on the light side until the boat has righted itself.

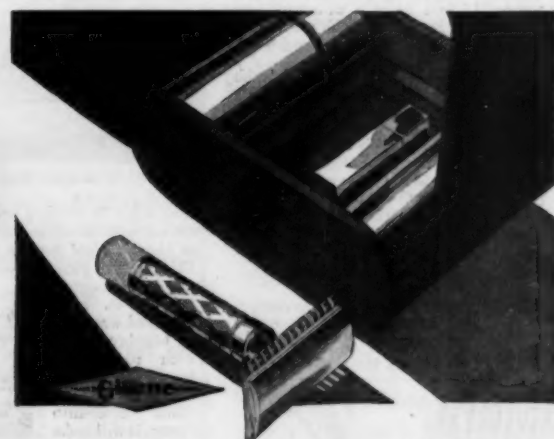
Bright colors will make the speed boat look better. After making sure the boat is balanced, remove the water and dip in a lye-water solution to remove all traces of grease or film. Then rinse, dry and paint. Black will be best for the inside and gray with red letters for the name for the outside.

You can adjust the blades of the propeller by bending more or less, to get the maximum distance and speed. Wind up the rubber by holding the boat in the left hand and turning the propeller with one finger in the opposite direction until the band is tightly twisted. A portion of it will show at the front end of the brass tube.

You can also experiment with a larger propeller. To do this, however, make the boat hull somewhat deeper in order to keep all of the propeller below the surface.

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THE Y. C. LAB



The Honors List for June

Ten ingenious Members of the Y. C. Lab receive cash awards and international recognition for their projects



1: Member Wood's project

SUMMER is the time for boating, and, as many of our projects this month show, Lab Members have been quick to realize the possibilities of this sport. Our first project is the 8-foot double-ended boat made by Member DAVID M. WOOD (16) of Springfield, Mass., which you see in Illustration 1. Although Member Wood has had no training in naval architecture, he drew the plans and cut and put together the entire boat without assistance. The ribs are pine, and the planking cedar. A double-ended paddle is used for propulsion. Member Wood may well be proud of his finished craft. Member THOMAS WESTERMAYER (15), Sheboygan, Wis., is more interested in model ships than in those of full size. His project, shown in Illustration 2, is a 36-inch model yacht. Member Westermayer is one of the many Lab Members who find their



2: Member Westermayer's project



3: Member Winter's project

chief hobby in building model ships. A boat for use with an outboard motor is the project of Member JOHN WINTER (19) of Perry, Ohio. This excellent piece of work, shown in Illustration 3, was designed for use on Lake Erie, and was built by Member Winter with some help from his father. With a 7-horsepower Super-Elto motor, it will make about 15 miles an hour. The international scope of the Lab is well illustrated by our next project, which you see in Illustration 4. It is the work of Member WILLIAM VISSER (16) of Ryscoyk, Holland. Member Visser writes: "It is a handy little sailing boat. The sail is rather large compared with the boat, so there is some danger of capsizing, but this only adds to the fun."



4: Member Visser's project

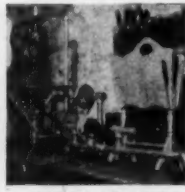


5: Member Ranney's project

A full-size canoe, Illustration 5, has been built by Member NEIL J. RANNEY (18) of Lakewood, Ohio. Member Ranney purchased a second-hand craft in very bad condition for \$10.00, stripped it of gunwales, keel and canvas, and practically rebuilt it. The new covering required a strip of No. 8 canvas, 19 feet long and 56 inches wide. Stretch-

ing it into place and attaching it smoothly was a feat well worth commendation. It was finished with a coat of filler, a smoothing coat, lacquer and varnish.

Boating is one of the many varied activities in which Lab Members are interested. Member GUY BENSON (16) of Heron Lake, Minn., is particularly interested in machines, and has done much notable work with them. His latest project is a machine shop, part of which is shown in Illustration 6, which he constructed at a total cost of \$6.95. It is made almost entirely of pipe fittings and other odds and ends. The power plant is a discarded quarter-horsepower Century motor. Member Benson, besides submitting a number of excellent photographs, supplied the Director with a detailed explanation of just how the shop was constructed. The first piece of work turned out from it, a magazine rack, appears in the illustration at the right. A code instruction set is the unusual project of Member HAROLD C. MAXFIELD (17) of Gloucester, Mass. Learning the Morse code is slow work as a rule, and Member Maxfield devised his apparatus to make it quicker and easier. The upright post in Illustration 7 carries eight colored electric bulbs, four red and four white, ranged in alternate colors. These are connected with eight push buttons at the

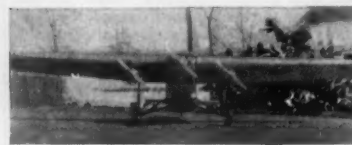


6: Member Benson's project



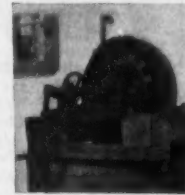
7: Member Maxfield's project

right. A code instruction set is the unusual project of Member HAROLD C. MAXFIELD (17) of Gloucester, Mass. Learning the Morse code is slow work as a rule, and Member Maxfield devised his apparatus to make it quicker and easier. The upright post in Illustration 7 carries eight colored electric bulbs, four red and four white, ranged in alternate colors. These are connected with eight push buttons at the



8: Member Schairer's project

base. Each red light stands for a dash, and each white light for a dot. The letter C, for instance, would be shown by pushing each of the first four buttons, giving first a red light, then white, red and white, standing for dash, dot, dash, dot. One of the best model airplane projects the Director has seen in a long while is the one shown in Illustration 8. It is the work of Member GEORGE SCHAIRER (16) of Oakmont, Pa., who spent over 150 hours in building it. Member DANIEL W. INGERSOLL, Jr. (16), of Chestertown, Md., has made a small alternator from an old Ford magneto, which is turned by hand. The magneto, with its mounting, is shown in Illustration 9. The construc-



9: Member Ingersoll's project



10: Member Anderson's project

tion of projects is difficult, as a rule, without an adequate workbench. The one in Illustration 10 is the work of Member ROBERT W. ANDERSON (14) of Falconer, N. Y. Member Anderson should find it invaluable in working on future projects.



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Editor's Note: Conductor Clapp or one of his associates will be glad to answer any of your radio questions. Address him at The Youth's Companion, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. It will be necessary to disregard inquiries unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope

How Radio Receiver Detectors Work

ONE of the most vital and important parts of a radio receiver is the so-called detector, which converts the electrical impulses of inaudible frequency into impulses of such frequency that they are able to operate telephone receivers or loud speakers and thus become audible. Detectors are highly complicated affairs, and explaining their operation is

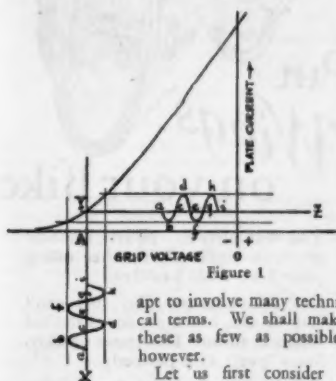


Figure 1

apt to involve many technical terms. We shall make these as few as possible, however.

Let us first consider a three-element vacuum tube operated as a plate, or C-bias, detector, since this type follows most naturally our two recent articles on the use of the vacuum tube as an amplifier. Plate detectors are not in very general use as yet, since they are somewhat less sensitive than other types, but they have a decided advantage in giving a more faithful reproduction, and for this reason are finding a constantly wider use.

In the articles on vacuum-tube amplifiers it was assumed that the grid-voltage plate-current characteristic was almost a straight line. In practice it is never straight, so that the output voltage of the amplifier is never an exact reproduction of the input voltage. This discrepancy is called distortion in amplifiers and detection when the tube is used as a detector. Thus something which is a fault when the tube is used in one way becomes a desirable factor when it is used in another. If we operate the tube so that the grid-voltage plate-current characteristic is as curved as possible, the distortion is accentuated to such a point that the tube can no longer be called an amplifier; it then becomes a detector.

Compare Fig. 2 on page 285 of the May Youth's Companion with Fig. 1 on this page. Fig. 1 shows that the grid-battery voltage has been increased in the negative sense; that is, a larger value of grid-bias voltage is employed, so that the steady plate current, AY , occurs on a point of the characteristic which is decidedly curved, in contrast to the almost straight line in Fig. 2 on page 285. Fig. 2 on this page shows just what part of the radio receiver circuit we are discussing.

Along the line XY in Fig. 1 we will draw a curve representing the radio-frequency alternating-current voltage applied to the grid and filament (input) terminals of the vacuum tube. Starting at a point a , the voltage increases in a negative direction to the point b , then increases in the positive direction through zero at point c to a maximum at point d . The voltage then reverses, increasing in the negative direction, through zero at point e to a maximum at point f . Reversal again takes place, the voltage increasing in the positive direction through point g to point h , thence back to point i . This curve would be extended along the time line XY as long as the radio-frequency voltage might be applied to the tube; here we have shown only two cycles of this long series. To obtain some idea of how long it takes for these events to take place, bear in mind that for a broadcasting station operating in the middle of the band, say at 1,000 kilocycles, the times represented by the distances $a-b$, $c-d$, etc., would be each one millionth of a second.

Let us now see what occurs in the plate circuit of the vacuum tube. The steady plate current, corresponding to the grid voltage OA , is AY when no radio-frequency voltage is applied to the tube. The plate current varies periodically

in accordance with the radio-frequency grid voltage, when applied, as shown by the curve a, b, c, \dots drawn along the line YZ ; the points a, b, c, \dots occur in accordance with the points of the same letter on the grid-voltage curve along XY . The plate current is no longer steady, but is alternately raised and lowered from the steady value AY , which it has when no radio-frequency voltage is applied.

Note that, because of the curvature of the tube characteristic, the amount that the plate current is decreased from its steady value is less than the amount that it is increased. The average value of the plate current, when the radio-frequency voltage is applied, will then be higher than when no voltage is applied by an amount dependent on the difference of the areas of the upper and lower loops of the current curve. That is, in Fig. 3 the difference of the average plate currents, with and without signal applied to the tube, depends upon the difference of area A and area B . Summing up, we find that the effect of applying a radio-frequency voltage to the grid of the detector tube is to increase the average plate current.

This increase in average plate current, as so far described, would permit us to signal over a distance, provided that we connected to the output terminals of the tube a sensitive meter or sensitive relay. Every time the transmitting station was turned on, the reading of the meter would increase, or the relay would operate; when the station was turned off, the meter reading would go back to its steady value, or the relay would return to its original position. By starting and stopping the transmitter by means of a telegraph key, and varying the length of time that the station was on and off in accordance with the on and off periods (dots and dashes) of the telegraphic code, messages could be sent and received by watching the motion of the meter pointer or by listening to the clicks of the relay.

This very limited description of the operation of the detector is based upon the idea that the strength of the received signal waves is unvarying—that is, the heights of the peaks in Fig. 1 of the curve along XY do not change as time goes on. With this limitation, there are up-to-the-minute applications of the detector, which are based upon such changes in the average plate current of the tube as occur when the strength of the signal is changed. One of these is the automatic "volume control," which reduces the sensitivity of the radio receiver when the signals are loud and increases the sensitivity when the signals are weak. Also, the little story on the possible telegraph system, employing a sensitive relay for reception as mentioned above, is a perfectly good beginning for a radio control receiver. The relay is operated by the incoming signals and acts as a switch, by means of its contacts, to turn on almost any kind of electrical device which is desired, such as lamps, buzzers, bells, motors and what not.

In a later article we shall consider the operation of the detector when voice or music is to be reproduced and also speak of the action of the familiar crystal detector, as well as the vacuum-tube detector operated with grid condenser and grid leak.

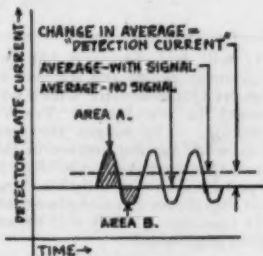
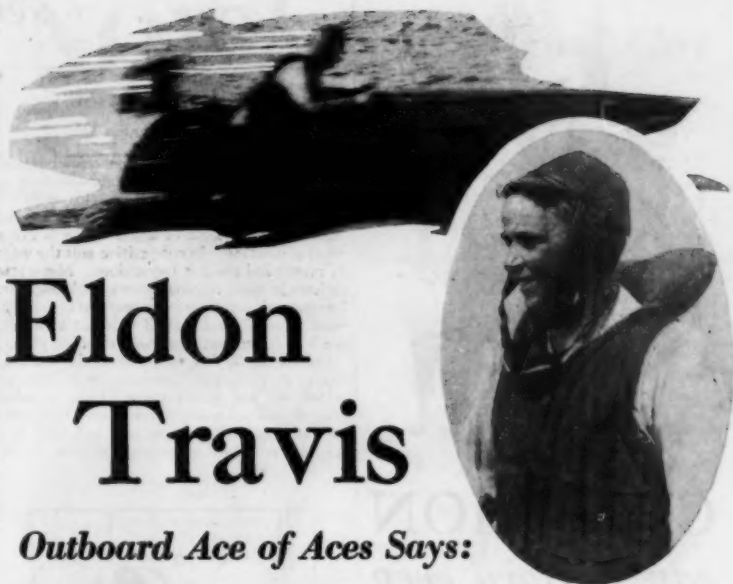


Figure 3

When writing to advertisers, please mention THE YOUTH'S COMPANION



Eldon Travis

Outboard Ace of Aces Says:

"Only an Elto Quad can beat an Elto Quad"

56 foaming, careening hulls tearing across a starting line at Peoria, Illinois. 56 of America's fastest outboard motors, mercilessly driven, roar lusty defiance to all competition. 56 expert drivers point their leaping thoroughbreds to St. Louis, over 200 miles away. Crouched in a little hull labeled "Spirit of Peoria" a young lad, tingling with the excitement of his first big battle, slashes past boat after boat, wrests the lead from amazed veterans. 6 hours later a tearing tornado of boy, boat and motor, 20 miles ahead of all competition, flashes past St. Louis wharves black with cheering people.

Thus, with a Super Elto Quad, Eldon Travis gloriously won his spurs. And, with his Quad, gloriously he defended them. Weeks later he zoomed six times across a 1-mile, electrically timed course to lift outboard time-trial speed past the 40 mile goal. Still later, at Mus-

catine, he set 1928's highest speed in competition at 39.48 miles per hour. Eldon Travis knows outboard motors—here is what he says:

"No other motor has either its speed or its stamina. The Quad might be compared with a runner who could beat 10 seconds in a hundred yard dash, then hold such a terrific pace for mile after mile. And smooth—nobody will believe how velvety it runs until I actually get them in the boat. Only a Quad can beat a Quad."

"I've looked over the new 1929 Elto line—Oh Boy! I never dreamed of motors like those new Quads. The new Speedster should satisfy anybody who wants a snappy B class outfit. For those who want a light handy motor, I can see only one now—and that's the new folding Lightweight. That motor is a marvel!"

Eldon Travis

When you read the new Elto catalog, you'll agree with every word that Eldon Travis says. Write for the catalog today—it's free.

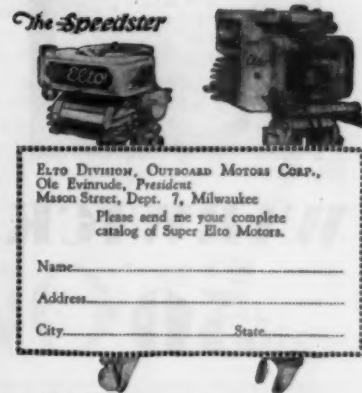
The Super Elto

The Quad

The Speedster



The New Lightweight "folds like a jackknife" for easy carrying and compact storage. Weighs only 38 lbs. develops liberal power for average outboard use.



Elto Division, Outboard Motors Corp., Ole Evinrude, President, Mason Street, Dept. 7, Milwaukee. Please send me your complete catalog of Super Elto Motors.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



A CHAMPION can't afford even one poor game

Why the Warwick has to be the best 50c golf-ball

If you are a champion at anything . . . from golf to pitching horse-shoes . . . you know you can't afford even one poor game. Everyone expects too much of you.

When Dunlop decided to make the 50c Warwick, Dunlop was already a champion at making golf-balls.

So Dunlop built into the Warwick qualities no 50c ball had ever had before. Longer distance . . . more ability to stand punishment without getting "egg-shaped" . . . greater accuracy in flight and putting.

As you use the Warwick, you will see what Dunlop can do. Then as your game improves and you want the world's best, you will turn naturally to the Imported Black Dunlop at \$1 . . . the champion of them all.



WARWICK

50¢

MADE BY DUNLOP

SPORT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 320]

This Game of Golf

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 320]

The last point I'm making concerns physical condition. I train for golf as conscientiously as a football or track star trains for his sport. I won't be put to the same physical strain, but there is another kind of strain which is every bit as exhausting. In competitive golf the wear on nerves and mind is tremendous. Many star athletes in more vigorous sports crack under it. To master this strain it is necessary to keep in the finest physical condition; if it is not mastered, one will fail to reach and hold the high places.

I advise careful diet, plenty of regular rest and, strange as it may seem, other exercises. They've helped me and others to stand the wearing grind of golf's exacting competition. That's the road to success in golf, which, as I said, is a very different sort of game from most of the others you play.



Driving

LACKING the ability to get long distance with the wood will prevent any golfer from gaining his fair share of honors on the links. And yet, as Johnny Farrell says in his fine article on page 320, distance is of little value unless the golfer can place his wood shots. He also points out that it is not to be obtained by mere strength.

Just how is the drive made? There is a good deal of confusion existing as to how one must swing the club and properly pivot the hips to gain both distance and accuracy. Methods differ among the star golfers. As none hits the ball farther than Abe Mitchell, the British professional who has several times visited the United States and Canada, and as his system is quite easily understood, let us analyze it.

Mitchell believes in a square stance with his right foot at right angles to the line of flight. He plays the ball off his left heel and slightly bends his right knee forward and in toward the left. His grip is the orthodox overlap pictured at the bottom of this column. This places the handle pretty much in his fingers and enables him, at the top of his swing, to cock his hands as shown in the illustration.

All golfers know that the head should not sway during the swing and that the left arm should be held straight. They are aware that one must pivot. They should know that the face of the club should be at right angles to the imaginary line the ball is to carry when the club-head goes through the ball on the downswing.



Now let us see how Mitchell sees that these things are done.

To start the backswing, and this is the most important part of the stroke, Mitchell slides his hips a bit to the right along a line parallel to the one on which he wishes to hit the ball. When the hips get under way he begins dragging the clubhead straight back from the ball. This move makes his hands lead the clubhead. This dragging back of the clubhead is done entirely with the straight left arm. The left wrist bends so that the hand points toward the ball. (See Fig. 2 in the picture at the bottom of page 320.) Practically all long drivers take the club back in this way.

Take the club back as far as you can in this way. As you do so the left hip will gradually



turn forward toward the ball. Thus the left shoulder is brought down and around under the body as in the accompanying sketch.

When the clubhead is back as far as you can take it with the straight left arm (Fig. 3), swing the head up and over the shoulder in as wide an arc as possible. This will cock the wrists in the desired way. The entire backswing is done slowly. It will throw the weight on the right leg. See that it is carried by the ball of the right foot. Don't let it go back to the heel, as there is no muscular reaction in the heel. Keep the right arm out of the backswing entirely. But make certain that the right elbow stays tucked in to the right side. And don't over-swing. You do so if you bend the left elbow. At the top the club parallels the ground and points in the direction you wish to hit the ball.

The downswing is the reverse of the upswing, first a slight slide forward of the hips parallel to the line of flight, then a straight pull down of the club toward the ground along the right side, a slow pull at first. This start of the club is made solely with the left hand.

The idea in the mind of the driver is to throw the clubhead straight through the ball and on out after it in the direction the ball is intended to go. As the downswing gets under way the left leg must brace to prevent body sway. You hit or swing through against this brace.

As you bring the club on down, gradually increase its speed until it reaches its maximum at the time the ball is struck. Do this with the straight left arm. Then, just before the ball is met, get the right hand and arm into the effort for the first time. Hit through with this right with the idea in mind that you are going to snap the clubhead through the ball and on out after it.

All golf shots can be mastered and made simple affairs by intelligent practice. Get most of the details straightened out as you address the ball. Practice until the movements are second nature and can be accomplished without thought of detail. The good golfer has one idea in mind in driving. It is to whip the clubhead straight through the ball with as much acceleration as possible. He never hurries the backswing or the start of the downswing. All his power is concentrated in the sweep through at contact. Applied earlier it is wasted. Golf is a left-handed game to a very great extent, and the premature use of the right hand in a long shot is one of the prime causes for its going wrong. —S. M.

YOU will find on page 358 the announcement of the winners in the Sports Questionnaire which was published in the January Youth's Companion. The judges are now hard at work on the entries in the Baseball Questionnaire published in the April issue of The Youth's Companion, and if they can complete their task in time the winners will be announced next month.



Put Wings on your Bike

You will fairly fly—swiftly, smoothly—with little effort—after oiling your bike with 3-in-One.

Old caked, greasy dirt just can't stay in the bearings, for 3-in-One works it all out. Penetrates quickly. Stays "put". Oils perfectly.

3-in-One was first made for bicycles 35 years ago, and it's still the best known, most widely used bicycle oil today. It's different—and better. Try 3-in-One.

Sold everywhere by good hardware, drug, grocery and general stores. Ask for 3-in-One by name and look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 William St., New York City

.. FREE ..

Sample with novel floating label and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.



NOW, the high staccato tone of last year's quiet Evinrude Speeditwin and Fastwin is transformed into a low, pleasing drone. Burned gases are not only water-muffled, but also atomized, completely eliminating exhaust fumes.

The turning propeller, and the water friction at the underwater outlet literally suck gases out of the motor, giving as much speed as if no muffling were used.

Four twin cylinder models, 2 1/2 to 20 H. P., from canoe to cruiser sizes. Easy time payments as low as \$37.50 down.

Write for new free Evinrude Year Book. EVINRUDE DIVISION, Outboard Motors Corp., 4605-27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

EVINRUDE
3 to 45 Miles Per Hour

AUDITORY NERVES

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 313]

He felt more than ever that he himself was lucky, having no family and no support except his scholarship and leave-of-absence pay from the Old Stony Railroad System, to have escaped tight places of this kind. True, Witter was only a weakling. And yet, with illness at home—

"I'll see what I can do," he said, after a long time. Witter seemed too miserable to reply.

NEXT day, after debating with himself whether to tell Big Jake or Les Moore, or even Billy, who was on the committee with him, and deciding not to tell them, Byers cornered Doane, the assistant steward, already elected to succeed Witter.

"You know about this \$300 shortage?" he demanded.

"Yeah, that's what it is," Doane agreed. "Didn't I go over the books with you? Sure, I know about it."

"What can be done, then?" asked Jimmy.

"Nothing needs to be done," retorted Doane.

"Just let it ride, and I'll make it up next year. It won't be much of a trick. No use ruining old Witt, and getting him kicked out."

"Kicked out?" echoed Jim.

"Of school, and the fraternity, too," said Doane. "That's what would happen—over a measly \$300. It's not worth it—the disgrace, I mean."

"The disgrace would be awful," said Jimmy, thoughtfully. Suppose he himself had to find some money quickly—where would he look? If he had people at home depending on him for help, what would he do? He could not help feeling more and more sorry for the hapless Witter, and less and less a prosecutor of guilt.

"And I'm telling you I'll make it all back, next year," urged Doane. "Not only that, but Witt will kick in out of his wages as soon as he can get a job."

"Would he do that?" asked Jim.

"Sure, he will," exclaimed Doane, pretending indignation. "Think I'd let him walk out owing us \$300 unless he promised to pay it back? Suppose I'd shoulder his shortage—all by myself? Well, you are a dumb-bell!"

He was so positive and so much in earnest that Byers could only take him at his word. And yet, all day Sunday he worried over his course of action. If he told of the shortage, and Witter should be dropped from the fraternity, denied his diploma by the University, and, in short, forever disgraced, he would never cease to reproach himself. Doane swore he could make up the loss. Doane said Witter would repay it, as soon as he could. And just before supper, Sunday evening, Witter came to his room. Hilligoss was out.

"Byers, I got to know about this thing," pleaded the steward. "I can't have it hanging over me—drive me crazy. If this comes out, I'll be ruined. My mother will be just naturally killed over it, and—"

"It's late to be worrying about your mother, Al," said Jimmy, who had no mother. "You should have thought about her before."

"But now it's done—listen, Byers, please. Please just tell 'em everything's O. K. Nobody wants to see the old books," begged Witter. "They'll take your word for it that everything's O. K. And Doane will make it all back next year."

"And he says you'll pay it back, too."

"Why, of course I will," exclaimed Witter, indignantly. "You didn't think I was trying to get out of it, did you?"

"First time you've mentioned it," Jimmy retorted.

"Certainly I'll pay, soon as I get a job and begin making some dough," Witter insisted. "But, Byers, you tell me you'll just let 'er ride, now, won't you? Please? You can't throw me out of the bunch here, and out of school, and make everybody think I'm a thief!"

The steward had seized one of his hands with both of his own, and Jim Byers was sorely tried. Witter's hands were wet and clammy.

"Think of my folks," he begged.

"Well, I'll see what I can do," was all Byers could bring himself to promise. Finally, Witter, in tears, left the room. Jimmy was glad to see him go, although he hated to wrestle with his problem alone.

Later he sought Witter and Doane again, but the door to Witter's office and room was locked, and Doane could not be found. Back again at Witter's door, Byers found it still locked. Could the wretched fellow be planning violence to himself—surely he had heard some noise as he came up the corridor?

For the next twenty-four hours Byers was miserable. He probably was more wretched than Witter himself. Certainly, he could not have suffered more if he had committed the crime

himself. And when he rose in meeting Monday night, he still was at a loss as to what he should do, what he should say.

"Report of the auditing committee. Byers?" called President Knowland, when he reached committee reports in the business program.

"Mr. President," said Jimmy, miserably, rising to his feet. "Mr. President," and he looked around him. Les and Big Jake, seated together, were whispering to each other. Billy Armstrong was laughing, and both Witter and Doane stared at the floor. All right, if they would not let him lean on them when he needed support, he might as well—"Mr. President," he began a third time.

"That's me," grinned Knowland. "Go ahead, you're recognized."

"The auditing committee has been through the books and statements," said Jimmy, wishing he had gotten hold of himself long enough to write down his report on paper. "We checked the collections, and they are in good shape. The deposits, and bills paid, and—He hesitated. What should he say?

"Hey, Mr. President," exclaimed Billy, with a queer grin. Jim Byers was relieved at the interruption. Maybe he would have time to think himself clear, now. "We audited the books," said Billy. "They're O. K., now. Witter made a surplus of \$518, not counting some bum debts still owing the house. That's all. It's \$518. I've reported for the committee."

"So, Byers?" And Knowland looked at Jim. "Then, those in favor of accepting the report and thanking Witter, say so."

ALMOST before Jimmy knew what had happened, the next order of business was called. He sat in a daze until the meeting was ended, wondering blankly whether he had been a party to crime, or whether Billy Armstrong had promoted some new wrong-doing. As the meeting ended, he saw Big Jake motioning to him, and left the meeting-room, to follow his roommate. Close behind him, as he followed lake to their quarters, were Les Moore and Billy, the tall millionaire's son laughing as if he enjoyed a good joke. Big Jake shut the door behind them all.

"Well, what's the joke?" demanded Jimmy, aggressively. It was time he found out what was going on.

"You, as an auditor," said Jake.

"And that report—what were you going to do, whitewash those crooks?" asked Billy, still grinning.

"Never mind what I was going to do—what did you do?" Jimmy demanded. "Taking the report right out of my mouth, the way you did. You know what happened? Well, Witter stole that \$300—"

"Yeah, and gave you a swell song and dance to work on your sympathy," proclaimed Billy. "And you fell for it! Listen, Witter's a crook, and he had Doane bluffed. But we're safe."

"Got some real auditors, now," added Les Moore.

"We fixed it—to keep our lily-white boy from being party to a crooked game," said Billy. "Listen, Jim; don't get sore. Can't blame you for not knowing Witter, or his line. He could make a sucker out of you."

"How?" Jim demanded, angrily.

"Listen, Witter never sent a dime home—his folks are rich," said Billy. "I know him. He's spent twice as much money as I have, this year. Dances, clothes— But, we've got him hog-tied, now—him, and Doane, too, because Doane was in on it. And don't think we won't watch Doane next year."

"How?" asked Byers. "I don't see—"

"We cleaned 'em of their cash and added enough to it to make the \$300," said Billy.

"We made 'em sign a note, Witter and Doane both, for what we put in, and we made 'em get two men downtown who know their fathers to indorse that note. I guess we'll get our money back, O. K."

"But what were you going to report, Jim? Tell 'em Witt and Doane were shy, and—"

"Gosh, I don't know," muttered Jimmy, relaxing suddenly and sitting down on the bed. He was so relieved to find the nervous strain lifted that he began laughing. "I guess you were right, Jake; I'm a hot auditor; and I thought I had a big bum," glancing significantly at Armstrong, "loafing on me instead of helping. Say, I never had anything get on my nerves so hard in all my life. Whew, it's a relief. Good thing I've got some good big smart guys to pick me up when I fall down. This thing had me whipped—"

"What you need," grinned Les Moore, "is nerve, not nerves."

"Auditory," laughed Big Jake Hilligoss, the medical student.

NOW! every Boy and Girl can be popular



FEW boys and girls know the thrills that come with being able to entertain others. Of course, there is great satisfaction in being the strongest hitter on the school nine or the best tennis player among the girls. But there is far greater joy—many more moments of real happiness in being able to play a musical instrument. The fact that you cannot entertain does not mean that you lack the talent. It means that you either have never tried or never had the opportunity to learn.

THE PIANO INSURES POPULARITY

Those who can play the piano—play the popular melodies of today—occupy an enviable position. They are invited everywhere. Popularity is theirs. No party or gathering is complete without them. And most important of all they have friends—lots of them. The joys which they derive from playing the piano for others are greater than those that may come with a homerun or a service ace—and far more lasting.

EASY TO LEARN TODAY

Today it is so easy to learn how to entertain—to learn to play the piano. Years ago, piano study was difficult. But today new methods of study make it easy and interesting. Certainly, when boys and girls of your age the country over are studying the piano—when the public schools of over 400 cities are making piano study an important part of education—when thousands of adults are learning to play—it must be easy. So much enthusiasm could not exist were piano study as hard as it was twenty years ago.

FIND A TEACHER — START TODAY

Think of enjoying the thrills that piano-playing can bring to you—of being the center of every gathering—of knowing what it means to be popular and then, that all this can be yours with so little real effort. Ask your mother today if you can take piano lessons. Modern methods make it so easy, so simple, that almost before you know it your dream will come true—the dream of being popular. There is a music teacher in your city who knows how to make piano study easy and interesting. Find that teacher and start as soon as possible. It pays to play the piano.

The **PIANO** THE BASIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT



He serves BULLETS!

Point! Game! Set! Tournament! That sums up Bob's game! When he sends 'em across the net all you see is—nothing! That boy makes a wet rag out of an expert! And yet, he always comes out of the game as fresh as a daisy!

A miracle? Gosh, no! "I just keep in condition," he says. That means keeping healthy... and nothing helps health like cleanliness.

Cleanliness starts with the teeth, says Bob, so he cleans his teeth as his coach advises—with Colgate's. Delicious and peppery, Colgate's bursts into a racing foam the moment it's brushed on teeth. This active foam rushes through the mouth, sweeping away all impurities—sweetening all surfaces—brightening, whitening the teeth... peppering up the gums... making the mouth feel healthy—and zowie! How clean!

Take a tip from Bob... use Colgate's.... you'll say it's great! Try a tube on our say-so. We'll pay for it. Just mail the coupon.



Try Colgate's one week—FREE

COLGATE, Dept. B-1825, 595 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me, Free, a generous trial tube of Colgate's—the dentifrice coaches advise.

Name.....

Address.....

EDSEL FORD SPEAKS OUT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 307]

it was possible for it to do any damage. "We did not have the time actively to go back to aeronautics until after the war—although we built Liberty engines during the war. Then we became interested in the work of William B. Stout, who had developed an all-metal plane and was organizing a small company. My father and I took stock in this company and gave it quarters on the flying field that we had built at Dearborn. Finally we bought the company and made it the airplane division of the Ford Company. In the meantime we had established some flying lines of our own, and only for company purposes—just to get some figures on costs and performance.

"We are now producing planes in a commercial manner and looking into the production of motors for them. We make big monoplanes, for we have found those to be safest. We have, of course, turned out smaller planes, and we are constantly experimenting with new ideas. We made one very small plane, and that gave rise to the rumor that we had started into the production of cheap planes on a quantity basis in the same way that we make automobiles.

What of the Air-flivver?

"We may or may not go into the quantity production of airplanes at some time in the future, but we have no present intention of so doing, for we have not, as yet, a plane which could be put into production. The little plane was only an experiment, and it merely demonstrated that it could be useful to an experienced pilot. That is not the basis of quantity production.

"We believe in the Stout model, which is made entirely of metal and is a thick-wing monoplane. This type has many advantages in

commercial service. It is without wires or struts and hence offers less wind resistance than the biplane, and, being all metal, it does not require a hangar, as does the fabric plane.

"For the present, the air passenger line rather than the individual plane seems to offer the field of greatest development, and this is because the skill of the pilot is still very important. And in addition the big plane with multiple engines seems the safest. We refuse to make a plane which is not safe. We did not go into the business until we learned by our own experience that flying could be safe. We shall make a small plane only when we can get one that we believe in.

"The development should be rapid. We are still only in a stage of development. But now the public is interested in flying, and that will hasten the progress. Our experience in automobile motors has cut many years from the experimenting with airplane motors, for in the automobile we had to start with a slight knowledge of internal-combustion engines. Now we have a large knowledge that is being drawn on to meet the different conditions of the airplane.

"But no one is in a position to prophesy whether or not the airplane will come into as general use as the automobile. That really is not a point of importance. Each form of transportation has its particular sphere. The automobile did not and never will displace the railroad. The airplane will not displace the automobile. The exact place and function of the plane will largely depend on its ability to take off and to land in a more moderate space than is now required. That distance is being gradually shortened. In every direction we are making faster progress with the airplane than we did with the automobile. That may lead to almost anything."

THE 100% ADVERTISEMENT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 317]

There was much more hilarity during the day. The men all liked Speed when he was in his regular mood, getting something done. They seemed to be relieved, as he was, that the stigma of suspicion was about to be lifted. And, though they didn't tell him so, they were all pulling for him to put it over with his mysterious advertisement.

And Speed, outwardly cheerful and enthusiastic about what he was doing, nevertheless had many difficult moments. Now and then a cold sweat would begin to creep over upon him as he found himself wondering what would happen if his idea failed. He would be in a much worse position than he had been the day before. And, too, people would probably say that he was trying to cover up something.

But no! Lindbergh didn't turn back! Babe Ruth runs out every slam at the ball! Gene Tunney didn't give up! Speed Kane was going through with his plan!

The advertisement appeared in the morning newspaper as planned. It brought some very quick results. One was a visit from the chief. Hardly had Speed settled himself down at his desk, shaking nervously, as he wondered what this momentous day would bring to pass, when the chief walked in. He held in front of Speed the morning paper, opened at the page where the advertisement was printed. Speed had not expected any such reaction as this, and he sat helplessly waiting for what Mr. Hannibal might be in a mood to say. It was quite a plenty.

"Say," the chief barked, "what's the idea of running such a thing as this? I thought you were old enough to know that—"

Ting-a-ling-ling. Somebody calling for Mr. Hannibal.

"Yes, yes.—Yes.—Oh, is that so?—Yes, that's good.—Yes.—A young man here in my office had something to do with it.—Yes.—Good-by."

THE chief turned again to Speed. His face was brighter, and he seemed to have lost much of the vigor with which he had begun to speak when he first came in. "That was the chief of detectives on the phone," he now said. "He says that there has been a telephone call; a man said that this fellow Shaky Winters who is in jail is the crook who robbed our safe."

"Hurray!" exclaimed Speed. "And did they get the bird who called?"

"Well, not yet, but he thinks they will. They're tracing the call, and they think they

know who the fellow was. Strange thing, this chap who telephoned was so positive that Winters was guilty, and the chief asked him how he knew, and he said he was with him that night. And the chief asked him why he was telephoning, and the man said that he wanted to get even with the double-crossing something or other. Good, wasn't it?"

Speed jumped up, pointing to the advertisement. "Don't you see, now? That's why I said—"

But the chief merely laughed, and turned away. "I'll not say anything more now, son. But, remember, we don't as a rule stand for untruthful advertising. That is, not for our clients, at any rate."

An hour later, the chief of detectives telephoned to say that the second robber had been arrested, and had confessed. Never had any advertisement brought forth such immediate and such satisfying results.

Of course, the news spread all over the office. The copy men, contact men, clerks—all of them—crowded about Speed to congratulate him on his accomplishment.

Everybody made the same comment about Speed's wonderful advertisement. "Where did you get your facts, kid?" they would ask. "Those bandits got only a hundred dollars."

"Sure," Speed would laugh. "Of course, I know that. But I had to put in something to bring results. Don't you get the idea? I wasn't dealing with honest customers, but with crooks."

Here's what the advertisement said:

WANTED!

Information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the two robbers who broke into our safe on the night of May 6th and stole \$100,000.

The Hannibal Advertising Agency.

"Don't you see," concluded Speed, "that when the fellow who had not been arrested saw this ad he believed he had been double-crossed by his pal, because he knew he hadn't got any of the \$100,000? I had to make the figure big enough so he would be so mad he simply couldn't help trying to get revenge. You copy birds are always talking about writing to your customers. I reckon that's what I did, eh?"

"And he didn't even have to offer a reward," sighed Steve Roberts, the dean of the copywriters. "That's what I call a 100% advertisement!"

JOSCELYN OF THE FORTS

By Gertrude Crownfield
Author of *Allison Blair*

Full of exciting adventures for older boys and girls. This is a thrilling story of the French and Indian Wars—of General Montcalm—of battle and capture and escape. It's illustrated by George M. Richards. Read it during vacation. \$2.00

THE OFFICIAL UNIFORM BOOK OF THE BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA

By Edward F. Reimer

Every boy should own and read this book. It is the only one on the Uniform authorized by the Boy Scouts of America, and tells all about the uniform, what it stands for, how to wear it. Fully illustrated. \$2.00

CLIPPER SHIPS DONE IN CORK MODELS

By Peter Adams

A fascinating account of the Yankee Clipper Ships, their histories, builders, skippers, speed records, and cargoes. This is a new book by the man who wrote *Cork Ship Models and How to Make Them*. Illustrated by Madeleine Kroll. \$1.25

E. P. Dutton & Co., 300 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.

Open Sea!

Bandits!



IN GREAT WATERS

A perilous route—from England to Shanghai, in an armed yacht, while being chased by a Chinese bandit—but these boys took it!

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

\$1.75

LIPPINCOTT

Read

May Lamberton Becker's own book for young people—

ADVENTURES IN READING

It's really reading for fun!

\$2.00 at your bookshop

STOKES, Publishers

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BOOKS TO READ

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Books for Early Summer

By May Lamberton Becker

WHEN I look over the piles of new books that have gathered round my desk, I think of something that happened not so long ago, when I was living on Seventy-eighth Street in New York City. One morning as I was leaving the house very early I met the postman and asked if I might have my mail. In the city where I was brought up, the postman was always a valued family friend, but if you live on the upper floor of a New York apartment it is hard to keep up these social relations, and this postman and I had never met. He detached a bundle for me, and said, "So you're Mrs. Becker! I've wanted to ask you one question for a long time."

"I suppose," I said, "you want to know if I really answer all those letters?"

"No," said he. "That ain't it. What I want to know is if you really read all them books."

When I told him that I really tried to, he solemnly shook his head. "I don't believe it," said he, and went his way.

But I must ask you to believe it, for, honestly, it is true, and to believe as well another matter that I did not tell him. You know how books come from the publisher, sometimes singly, sometimes two or three together, in sleek brown bundles held with string or adhesive paper tape. Such bundles come to me every day except Sundays, and on some days by every mail—yet I assure you I never cut the string of one or break the paper without feeling at least a little of the thrill you get at the theater, when the curtain begins slowly to go up on the first scene. You may have been to a great many plays and some of them may have been disappointing, but this moment is always thrilling.

In the same spirit this department will open for you, month by month, such a package and display a dozen or so of the new books. Some of them will interest one kind of reader, some another, but by the time we have looked at a book together in this way, even for so brief a glance, I think you will have an idea of what it is like and whether it is likely to interest you.

HARBOR PIRATES, by Clarence Stratton (Macmillan, \$2.00), takes place along the waterfront of a city where the Atlantic Ocean laps the piers and makes a grand place for a boy to learn to swim. Naturally he has to be a boy who can take care of himself under trying circumstances if he is to live through the process of learning, but the boys of this story are by no means wharf-rats. Several of them are the husky sons of a large Irish family, with one Western waif taken in by the warm-hearted mother and protected—until he learns to put up a pretty fight of his own—by the oldest son, admitted leader of the crowd. These boys fight like vikings, and now and then take a day off from school, but they are good citizens. Only one boy is really crooked, and you are not surprised when, the story taking a leap into the future, you find him mixed up in the thefts of harbor pirates that keep you reading rapidly to the close.

A year or so ago a story appeared called **DOWNRIGHT DENCEY**, by Caroline Snedeker (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), so alive and sparkling that everyone who read it remembered it. It was about a tomboy on the island of Nantucket one hundred years ago, a girl who had some difficulty in arranging life between an active spirit and a robust New England conscience. The story stopped just as Dencey was growing up, and Jetsam, the ragged boy she had taken under her wing, just off to sea to make his fortune. I have read any number of stories since then and forgotten many, but I picked up the tale the moment I opened **THE BACKWING ROAD**, by the same author. It goes on from this point—though

one need not read the earlier story, this one being quite complete in itself.

Dencey's father leaves the sea to be with his family and takes them with him in a covered wagon halfway across the continent to the settlement of New Harmony, Indiana, where the lovable Scotch idealist, Robert Owen—don't forget, he was a real man, and an important one in our early days—is establishing a city. This is meant to be an ideal community, home of the good and the happy, where everyone will work gayly and no one will know what money looks like. I can say from experience that this wagon journey is exciting, for I followed every stage of it as if I had been in the party. I looked up the life of the author to see where she got her facts and found that she was born in New Harmony, and that Robert Owen was her own great-grandfather; much of the details of the record are taken from family history.

WE are proud to announce that

May Lamberton Becker, of the Saturday Review of Literature, becomes with this issue the Book Editor of The Youth's Companion. Her department will appear regularly hereafter every month.

Mrs. Becker will bring taste, distinction and a keen knowledge of what young people like to the important work of telling you what is best and most worth reading among the thousands of volumes that come from the presses every year.

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THE EDITORS

change her tactics, and the lady in question wore him out at that. Mr. Reinhard is as enthralled by Henri Fabre as ever I was, but he has really done what I only thought I should like to do, and so discovered several instances where these wasps do not do what the great French scientist thought they were doing. His enthusiasm is so contagious that by the middle of the book I had an amusing proof of how far my sympathies had been enlisted. The worst enemy of the Sphecus, princess of stingers, is a certain tiny gray fly, with bloodshot red eyes, a proper villain. When I found that "her wiles have all but exterminated many a Sphecus brood," I felt that something really ought to be done about it in the interests of wasp conservation. That, I think, is being carried away by a subject.

DOWN WIND, by Donald and Louise Peattie (Appleton, \$2.50), is a series of animal comedies and tragedies, or at least scenes from them, set down with sympathy and understanding. Mus the waterside rat, Marga the gannet, Salamanca the burro, Bufo the toad, and a dozen other companions of the underwoods are not human beings disguised in fur or feathers, but while keeping the creatures real their real stories are told with dramatic force.

SPEAKING of making things, the latest craft book, called **THE ART AND CRAFT OF LEATHERWORK**, by C. Francis-Lewis (Lippincott, \$6.00), is one of the most complete. Leaving nothing to luck, it describes every step of the process of making not only simpler forms of leatherwork but the rarer and more difficult types that amateurs are only just beginning to attempt. There are many drawings, photographs and colored plates.

Next time I shall speak of some of the travel books that make good summer reading, but I must slip in one this time. It is **STORYBOOK EUROPE**, by Anne Merriman Peck (Harper, \$2.50). It takes one to Italy, France and England; wherever it went that I have been, I recognized not only the places, which would not be so difficult, but the spirit of these places, not always so easy to get into a book. There are many excellent drawings by the author which would alone make the book worth owning.

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RANDOLPH—SECRET AGENT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 311]

of action, Mark decided. Mark made no impression on the diplomat's polished exterior. The facts were against him; it was greatly to be regretted. Doubtless Mr. Randolph would find congenial and happy employment elsewhere which would give scope for his undoubted talents! But "career men" now had to have a special education. Three languages and some knowledge of a fourth were valuable, certainly; but there must also be a background of international law and diplomacy, commercial economics, and a most thorough grounding in world history as well as that of the United States. Mark's knowledge of history was only average; his commercial law, nil; his knowledge of diplomacy, sketchy.

"Of course you can take a civil-service examination for a minor consulate position, but the pressure is heavy and the average high," he was told. "Influence cannot help you in a career position."

Mark faced it like a soldier. But he saw nothing of the beauties of the Mall, did not raise his eyes to the lovely buildings on Seventeenth Street, though history called to him from the Red Cross Building, the home of the D. A. R., the gorgeous Bureau of Pan-American Republics. The Lincoln Memorial and the Monument he scarcely saw; he walked, walked, walked, to harden himself against disappointment.

Back in the Willard, he determined that, if he could not enter the Army because of eyesight, or the diplomatic corps because of lack of training, he could and would get some commercial position in which languages were of value; surely some great house would need a bright, alert young man with a soldierly background and a knowledge of French, Spanish, English and Japanese. But how begin? Some friend of his father's—General Withers, of course. He looked up the number in the telephone book beside the bed in his room. Then he picked up the phone to call Columbia 1176.

But the call was not made. His phone was cut in on a busy line, and the soft syllables which came, unintentionally, to his ear were Spanish. Even as he started to hang up the receiver, he pressed it back again, listening hard. "I do not call it *assinate*" (murder), he heard. "Del Rey will be removed after he leaves the conference today, as he enters his home. It is all arranged. Natria shall not lose!"

CHAPTER TWO

Mark Turns Burglar

A STARTLED "Hush-h-h-h! *Tenga cuidado!*" (Be careful!) in another voice; then a torrent of reproachful Spanish urging the recklessness of too frank talk over the telephone, interrupted by a scornful "Who can be listening? It is—" Then came a click as the unwitting conversation was cut off and a sweet voice asked: "Number, please?"

Mark hung up the phone tensely. By an accident he had stumbled upon a plot; perhaps the Natria-Guayzil tangle was not the *opera bouffe* the papers had reported. What to do? The police? They would laugh at him. The Secretary of State? The gentleman he had just interviewed did not appeal to Mark as one who could move fast, or who would regard seriously the report of a boy who had just tried to get a job and failed. Something else in the paper came back to him—the Secret Service! Of course, the chief of the Secret Service, whoever he might be, would be the man to tell.

He hurried to the elevator and the lobby, located the head porter and put his question: "Who is chief of the Secret Service in the State Department, and where can I find him?"

The head porter consulted a blue-bound book; "Congressional Directory," Mark read on the back.

"He's not listed. Maybe they'll know in the State Department; know where that is, sir?"

Mark ran out the door, jumped into a taxi and demanded speed. He protested when the driver did not turn right up Fifteenth Street, but to the left, behind the Treasury and White House.

"Here, that's not the way—" "You said go fast, sir!" responded the driver.

"This way there are no traffic lights to stop us. Which entrance, sir?"

"I don't know—I want to go to the State Department."

"East, then. Here you are—"

The journey took only two minutes. Mark flung a dollar at the astonished driver and sprinted for the broad steps. Inside he demanded of the guard sitting at the desk.

"You mean the Chief Special Agent? Upstairs and to the right. But the building is closed to visitors after two."

"I'm no visitor!" retorted Mark and sped up the curving old-fashioned stairs three at a time. He ran on tiptoe down the broad corridor, stopping by a colored messenger and a uniformed guard near by.

"Chief Special Agent?" he demanded. "Mr. Slyné, sir. Yes, sir. But he's busy. Have you an appointment?" asked the dusky-skinned attendant.

"No. But this is urgent—" The guard stepped nearer. "Sorry, sir, Mr. Slyné is in conference—"

The messenger turned to look at the swinging door which cut off view from the corridor to the room.

The burly guard was now squarely in front of the door.

"I must see Mr. Slyné at once! It's a matter of life and death!"

The messenger looked startled, hesitated, then said: "I'll—I'll see—" He disappeared. In a minute he returned. "Maybe you can see Mr. Slyné in an hour—"

Mark did not hear the rest of the sentence. The burly guard sat down in the messenger's vacant chair, suddenly; *jijitsu* has queerly authoritative holds, especially on the unsuspecting. Mark burst through the swinging door, waved aside the startled "I say, you can't go in there!" as a clerk rose to his feet, flung open the portal and stood in the presence of the man he sought.

Willard Slyné would be noted in any company: a slight, military figure, a rosy face with a pleasant smile, surmounted with a shock of snow-white hair, which was as distinguished as it was uncommon. But it was less the white hair over the young face than the wide-apart piercing gray eyes under heavy brows which made him unforgettable. He turned from the man at his desk at the interruption.

"How did you get in?" he asked, not sternly, not even unpleasantly; rather as if he would satisfy a curiosity.

"Upset your guard and broke in! Sorry. Ambassador Del Rey is to be murdered this afternoon as he enters his home after he leaves the conference." Mark fired this verbal bombshell as unexcitedly as he could. "There was no time for red tape, so I—just came in!"

Willard Slyné was not Chief Special Agent (by which name the State Department disguises the activities of those who watch after the safety of important people, gather information and play the difficult rôles in carrying out the chess moves of the game of secret diplomacy) of the United States for nothing. His face did not alter—he was not, apparently, surprised.

"Tell me quickly!" he demanded.

The words fairly tumbled from Mark's mouth. Then, "Tell me in Spanish!" said Slyné.

Mark retold the story in soft Castilian, though he spoke the more sibyllant variation, in which "th" becomes "s," with equal ease. Perhaps he was a little proud of his familiarity with the aristocratic speech of the most aristocratic nation in the world; there is no pride equal to that of a Spanish grandee. It did not occur to him that Slyné was testing the one statement he could verify on the instant.

Slyné nodded and pressed some buttons. Men appeared, received orders and departed. Slyné turned to a box-like thing on his table, touched some more buttons and spoke quick orders; if it was a telephone, it was a kind new to Mark. Later he learned that the dictograph had other uses than those of espionage. Then the burly guard came in and made for Mark.

Slyné held up his hand. "No!" he stated. "Let him be." Then "Will you excuse me?" he said to the man who sat an amazed spectator of the scene. The man rose and left at once. Then, to Mark, "Are you too busy to wait here for me an hour or so?"

Mark was not too busy. Slyné provided him with a paper and a little private office in which to wait and disappear. But Mark read little; he had lived too fast for an hour to return easily to the dullness of unimportant news. And he had said that romance was dead and plots and counterplots no part of modern life!

One hour later Slyné walked in and slumped into a chair.

"Mr. Randolph, we are under a great debt of gratitude to you; international complications of the gravest difficulty might have resulted had it not been for your quick wit. Natria and Guayzil must not go to war. We knew there was trouble brewing here as well as there, but our information was that it was not to come to head for a week. The Natria patriots were more clever than I gave them credit for being. We caught two armed men. Of course," rather bitterly, "we can't prove anything worse than carrying concealed weapons. But we know

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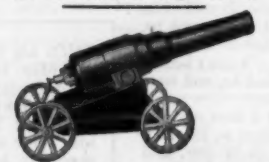
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what they might have done. What can I do for you, to show my appreciation?"

"Why, sir, I didn't do it for pay." Mark was embarrassed.

"Of course not. Nor would I offer you pay!" retorted Slynz. "But one can show appreciation without offering payment. Tell me about yourself—who you are, how you had sense enough to come to me. Boy, we had less than half an hour!" Slynz shivered. Then, once more: "Tell me about yourself!"

Mark told his little story the more effectively for making it very simple: the headlines he had read in the paper, the hopes of a diplomatic career, which had made him read of Natria and Guayzil, the Ambassador's name which remained in his mind.

Slynz paid Mark the compliment of close attention. "You want a diplomatic chance? What are your qualifications?"

Hope suddenly in his heart, Mark presented the best case he could; his education, his travels, his athletics, his languages, were paraded before Slynz modestly (for Mark was born and bred a gentleman in the best sense of that much abused word), but eagerly—this was no time for mock modesty.

"I see!" Slynz threw himself back in his chair. "Of course, that's not enough for a career job. But it's quite enough for me. How would you like a job with me?"

"I'd like it fine. I never thought of it—in fact, I never quite believed there was a Secret Service until today!"

Slynz smiled. "We don't call it that; you won't find us listed in directories. But we are very real. If you want, I'll gladly give you a chance. You've earned it—and I'm shy of men. What with distinguished visitors from abroad and this conference here and a few little plots here and there, I'm handicapped. You know what a dictograph is?"

"Thing you eavesdrop with, isn't it?"

"Yes. Leave the Willard and register at the Washington. You will be shown to a small room on the fifth floor. When you have locked the door, pull the telephone cord out of its box—it will come out easily. Then push this in its place."

Slynz took a pair of small ear phones, from which depended a brown cord, from his desk drawer.

"The telephone in room 542 is temporarily out of order!" he smiled. "Its wires connect a dictograph hidden in another room to your room. You will hear everything said in this other room. I want a full report. Not all the words; you can't get those unless you know shorthand. But the sense, particularly names, dates, addresses, telephone numbers. Go on duty at six and listen until midnight, or until you are sure they have gone to bed. Report to me in person at eight-thirty tomorrow."

MARK returned to his hotel on wings; the flight from New York had not whirled him forward as fast as exultation and interest took him to the Willard. From despair to hope, from hope to despair, and now back to hope again! Of course the Secret Service wasn't the Army, and neither was it the diplomatic corps. But it was far better than a commercial career—and, after all, one could serve one's country, as a Randolph always had, as well in one service as another. Colonel Randolph held that no military work was as much unsung, as difficult or as honorable as that of the spy who risks life, reputation, a disgraceful death, working alone and without help, often in the dark and among enemies, for his country. Wasn't a Secret Service operative—if that was the right name—akin to a spy in war?

The clerk at the Washington glanced up on reading his signature on the register. Mark felt a distinct sense of satisfaction in "Front! Show this gentleman to 542." Evidently Slynz's words carried weight.

He dropped a quarter into the bell boy's expectant hand, locked the bedroom door behind him and looked eagerly around. Room 542 was not large, but well furnished and comfortable. Five-thirty—he had half an hour. A pull at the telephone cord and it came away; the plug on the ear-phone wires fitted exactly. He put the receivers over his ears, but heard only a faint hum. Where was that other room? Mark recalled suddenly that he had not been told. Perhaps Mr. Slynz did not want him to know.

He removed the cord, stuffed the ear phones again into his pocket, and went out to eat. The hotel dining-room might take too long—a restaurant across F Street provided a hasty meal. Back again at five-fifty-five. Before he again attached the ear phones he laid out paper and pencils, removed his coat and shoes, and put on slippers to be as comfortable as possible. The cord was long enough to allow him to lie on the bed and listen. He expected to spend the time when nothing was to be heard reading

the Evening Star he had purchased at the newsstand. But his thoughts wandered; the excitement of his task, this upset in his life, made local news of but pale interest. He looked in vain for any mention of excitement centering about Ambassador Del Rey of Guayzil; of course Slynz would see that it was kept out of the papers. What had the editorials to say? He turned the page—

A combination of an airplane motor, a fire engine and a boiler factory exploded in his ears; he grabbed the phones from his head as if they were hot. Then he smiled someone in the unknown room was about to answer a telephone call; that racket was the ringing of the unseen bell, evidently close to the concealed dictograph.

The words were in English. "Barros? I give you two numbers—one and nine."

"The blue door."

"At twelve."

A click and the conversation stopped. Busily writing down this cryptic conversation, Mark heard someone moving about a room; the dictograph is so sensitive that it registers even faint sounds, as of a man rustling a paper, a chair dragged across a carpet, an electric-light switch. Mark could imagine himself in an open closet in this unknown room. He pictured "Barros" to himself. Barros. A Spanish name. A dark man, slender, small, black moustache. "Nonsense! Don't be melodramatic!" Mark derided himself. "He's probably old and fat and Irish!"

But the mental image persisted, and so lifelike were the sounds that Mark felt as might feel an invisible man in the unknown room and with the mysterious speaker.

TWO hours elapsed before any other sounds came over the dictograph; Barros had either gone out, or he slept or read. Then Mark heard a knock, as plain as if upon his own portal. He listened avidly.

"Ah, Raymond! And the Señor Aldebo. Welcome!"

Some ceremonious conversation followed in South American Spanish, not Castilian. Greetings were exchanged, polite inquiries made as to health. Mark busily noted every name.

Then he heard: "She will sail on time?" He thought it was Barros who asked.

Another voice, exultant: "Five thousand rifles; a million rounds! My country—ah, my country!"

"You Natrians are very sure and very patriotic!" This was in English in heavy tones. Mark pictured a big police-like man behind that bull voice.

"What is the name of the ship? And at what hour will she clear?"

"Hush! The very walls have ears! Let but a whisper get to this government and—"

Mark could imagine the shrug with which Barros accompanied the words. Mark scribbled rapidly, his thoughts racing. Someone was planning to send a shipment of rifles and ammunition to Natria. From what port, at what time, by what ship, were facts these conspirators refused to utter because "the very walls have ears." Mark's firm mouth was grim; he had the "ears." Would Mr. Slynz know how to learn what was not said? Doubtless, if he had time enough. Mark listened eagerly for any word which might point to a city, an hour, a ship, a date.

The telephone bell clattered hideously in his ears again. The conversation was very short, and made Mark think furiously.

"Barros? Two numbers. Six and eight."

"Thank you. I have guests present."

A sharp click as the telephone was hastily hung up. The first call had specified one and nine, this one gave six and eight. "1-9-6-8" wrote Mark. A date? A cipher? An address? It wasn't his business. His job was to listen, report, remember—but his thoughts raced. The unknown caller had been warned; he had not continued the conversation. Perhaps he would call again, later.

It was very annoying of them to whisper; he could hear an occasional word, only: *la aduana—biftek—paquetes—campo—papel de escribir*. Mark translated rapidly: custom house, beefsteak, packages, camp, letter. Then the voices grew louder. Salutes were again being exchanged; he could imagine low Spanish bows. It was eerie, being an unseen listener, as close to the speaker as if sitting in the room, yet seeing nothing, having no idea whether they were adjacent or on another floor.

"Burnas naches!" A door slammed. They had said good night and gone. Then footsteps; up and down—up and down—up and down. Barros—if it was Barros who remained—was anxious. The phone clicked in his ear. Central said, "Number, please?" The voice he knew said, "Give me Columbia—never mind!" The phone clicked again. Mark registered the exchange on his pad, though it could be of little

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 350]

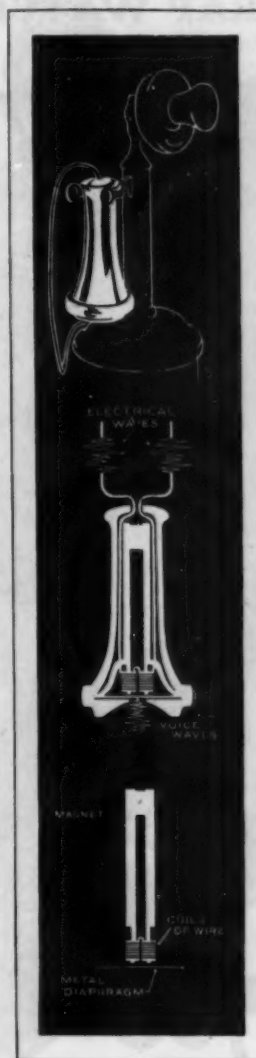
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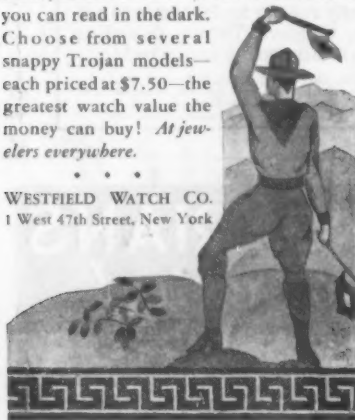
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RANDOLPH—SECRET AGENT

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 349]

use without a number. Could 1968 be a telephone number? Perhaps. Slyné would know. Then the bell roared in his ears and footsteps hurried.

"Barros? Alone?"

"Yes."

"Graham Place."

"The blue door."

"Pay tonight; sail tomorrow!"

The phone clicked down. Barros no longer walked. A rustling sound—a footstep or two—a door shut. The car phones were silent.

Mark looked at his watch. Eleven-fifteen. He walked the floor, reasoning it out. Arms were to be shipped. They were to be paid for tonight. At the "blue door"? Graham Place, 1968—could the two be an address? And if so—Slyné should know. Mark pawed over the telephone book; there it was: "Willard Slyné, 2807 Woodley Road, Columbia 2570." Mark grabbed his hat and flew for the elevator, the lobby, the telephone booth—not having a phone in a hotel room had its inconveniences.

But he got no answer. Evidently Mr. Slyné was not at home. Half-past eleven—no time, even if he could find Slyné. Mark hunted up the head porter, from whom he learned that Graham Place was not more than a mile away and that 1900 was obviously at the corner of Nineteenth Street. Mark ran for a taxi. "Nineteenth and Graham Place—know where that is?"

The driver did know. A mile—five minutes—plenty of time. Time for what? What could he do at 1968 Graham Place at twelve o'clock? Mark didn't know. He told himself he was on a fool's errand. But the evening had gotten into his blood. He was not at all sure of his knowledge of Natria and Guayzil, but obviously Slyné was interested. He had said that international complications of the first importance might have resulted if Ambassador Del Rey had been injured—would they not follow if a shipment of arms—a million rounds!—reached Natria? A country bought arms only for use in war. The cab drew up to the curb. Mark parted with another dollar, and then loitered deliberately while the driver pulled away and disappeared around the corner.

Mark walked through Graham Place, a short side street but one block long. It was rather narrow and not very well lighted. But it was sufficiently bright for Mark to see the numbers on the transoms over front doors.

No. 1968, on the corner of an alley, had a blue door!

Mark walked evenly through Graham Place to Twentieth Street, turned to the left and ran until he came to an alley. Down this he sped; as he expected, it crossed a second alley at right angles. This second alley might run past 1968. Mark now ran on tiptoes, passed the rear of houses, mostly dark. The alley was cobbled and not very wide; it was flanked on either side by garages having no numbers. The last one on the left was evidently an appendage to the house with the blue door. The garage doors were open, the tin box empty. Mark stepped inside; as he hoped, a small door at the end of the garage also stood open. He tiptoed through it, walked through a short back yard, and up four steps to a porch.

A window facing on the back porch was dark. So was the back door to the house; no light showed through its glass panel. But the door stood slightly ajar!

MARK'S first impulse was to push it open and enter. But suppose he was mistaken? Suppose the number and the name he had heard had nothing to do with Natria or Guayzil or the plot to run arms? If he was caught in the house of an innocent private citizen he was a burglar! To say "I am employed in the State Department, and hunting for information" would do no good! Slyné would disown him. His job was to report what he heard; he had not been told to go spying! He was mixing into something he didn't understand. But that overheard conversation had been very convincing.

"Fool!" Mark called himself other names. "If this house is what I think, that back door is open for a purpose! Hide and watch! Oh!"

He grabbed a pencil from his pocket, felt up and down the edge of the half-open door. Yes, it was a night latch. He thrust the pencil deep into the catch and broke it off; it made a sharp sound which frightened Mark. Suppose someone had heard and came to the back door? He sped softly down the back steps. Looking around in the dimness for a hiding-place, he rejected the garage as too dangerous; if anyone came he might drive into it. Then he crawled under the steps, thanked his stars that his clothes were dark, and waited.

Mark was uncomfortable. The steps were low and his position was cramped. Was he making a fool of himself? Would that broken pencil in the catch prevent the door from latching when it was closed? Would anyone come? Perhaps someone would go in the front door, and then he would know it. How could he differentiate between the peaceful citizen of Washington who might have a right in the house and a Natrian conspirator. He was a fool! He'd better go back to the hotel. Hiding around under the steps of a house he knew nothing about except that it had a blue door—ah, but that was the reason! Three secretive mysterious telephone messages, two of them giving each half the number of a house with a blue door; it must mean something. And someone had said, "Pay tonight, sail tomorrow."

A protruding nail made his back ache. He was huddled over, cramped. He couldn't stay there all night. But it must be close to twelve o'clock. Ah! Lights came slowly up the alley. A softly purring car backed and filled and rumbled softly into the open garage. The slam of the car door; low voices. Mark crouched lower, tense, eager.

"*Es este el camino?*" (Is this the way?)

"*Si. Entre.*" (Yes. Enter.)

Mark grinned in the darkness at his discomfort; the first voice was that of Barros.

Heavy steps sounded over his head; he heard the door close. Quickly he crawled out. Had the door locked? Or had his pencil done its work? He crept up the stairs, doubt gone from his mind. It might be burglary, but even if he were caught he thought no charge would be made. Those who conspire against the peace of nations, especially those who use a neutral country secretly to ship arms to other nations, do not desire publicity. He pushed on the door softly. It stuck for a moment; Mark bit his lip. Then it yielded. The latch had not caught!

Feeling far more like a conspirator than a government operative, Mark crept slowly across the dark floor; a dim shape with a sparkle here and there he translated as a kitchen stove. He wished mightily for a flashlight, for rubber-soled shoes, for a mask—burglars always wore masks! But the mask he had; to tie his handkerchief over his face was but a moment's work. His heart beat hard in his breast. But he was not frightened, though common sense told him that men who planned murder might not be tender to a spy if they caught him. But he did not know that those who plotted to ship arms and those who planned murder were the same, even though both were interested in Natria.

A light shone through the opening between the curtains; Mark guessed that they separated the dining-room, which was presumably beyond the kitchen, from the front of the house. It was not a large house, Mark had noted. Voices came from behind the curtains; soft Spanish words. Mark stooped, only to creep forward again; it might be valuable to see those men.

He identified Barros at once by his voice; a bearded man, distinguished-looking, in evening dress; tall, Mark guessed, although he was sitting. And he was counting money—yellow bills which Mark did not recognize. Then he caught his breath as he saw the figure \$1000 on one of them.

The last of the money was paid over as he watched. The man who took it was, in Mark's language, "a hard-boiled-looking guy," with a thin, tight mouth. He was very heavy, almost gross, and yet it was less fat than solidity; Mark thought of a great wrestler he had once seen who had similar thickness of arm and leg. A scar on one cheek gave his nose too pleasant face a sinister appearance. The third man was small, dark, alert, quick—he moved nervously in his chair.

"La Bella will sail tomorrow at five—turn of the tide!" said the man with the scar.

"How long will the journey require?" asked Barros.

"How can I tell? Good weather, and she'll make it in ten days. Storms may add—anything you please."

"La Bella! Tomorrow at five!" Mark had heard enough. He turned carefully to leave the way he had come. But he stepped on a board which gave; fearing it would creak and betray him, he moved his foot a little to one side. He put it down on something soft, something that yielded, and snarled—a cat!

Careless of noise, Mark flew. But, from facing the light in the front room, his eyes did not see clearly in the darkness; he collided with a chair. As he stumbled lights flashed on, and the big man with the scar stood between the curtains, in his hand a leveled gun.

"Hands up—quick!" he growled.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

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HENDERSON—AIR-MAIL PIONEER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 315]

license. Transport companies, however, generally require a minimum of five hundred hours' flying experience before considering a pilot for a job. Many would rather hire no pilot who has not had a thousand hours of flying.

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"And as for boys who cannot fly, the other jobs available in aviation grow day by day. There are more than a hundred and fifty engineers in the Curtiss Company. The Boeing plant on the West Coast is said to employ fifty. Fokker employees tripled in a year. The three leading engine companies have at least quadrupled their staffs since Lindbergh flew the Atlantic.

"A survey is being made under the auspices of the Guggenheim Foundation for the Promotion of Aeronautics to determine just what the new jobs in aviation are, what they demand of employees, what training these employees should have, and, finally, what specialized training may be recommended to high schools and vocational schools as necessary to prepare boys for the new opportunity arising at flying field or airplane factory. Tool-makers are needed, and welders, it is known as the result of a preliminary report based on inspection of seven leading airplane plants.

"Aviation cannot draft its young men from any one particular source. Some companies have taken engineers from certain colleges near by, to be sure; but the experience generally is that men with an instinct for the newest profession come from everywhere. Mechanics come from other lines, preferring aviation and wishing to be in touch with it for the rest of it, though they may never fly or wish to do so. Men leave good jobs elsewhere to work in our shop in Chicago, for instance, though the requirements in care and precision make our jobs more difficult.

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"To my hotel in Los Angeles one day a boy came in overalls, hurrying over from the gasoline station where he was working. He stood on two feet and asked for a job. What job? Any job, just so he got into aviation. I liked him. I sent him over into New Mexico to drag a chain for a surveyor laying out a new airport. Weeks later one of our directors informed me that one of his sons was working for me, and my questions identified the boy from the gas station as this wealthy man's son. He was on his own. He got the job in aviation—any job in aviation—by his own effort, with never a mention of his father's connection with National Air Transport. That is the kind of young men we need in aviation, and we are getting them.

"There is another division of this business we have not touched—that of selling. Already the bigger factories divide the country up into sales districts, with distributors, or authorized agents in each district—a system exactly paralleling the automobile sales-agency system. If America goes in for the private airplane, the airplane salesman may come to be a sort of prince among salesmen, outranking his motor-driving brother. Of course he will have to be an expert pilot in order to demonstrate his wares.

"Aviation has one thing to sell, speed. In order to progress it must sell speed with safety. In the drafting room, in the factory, on the flying field and in the air it is character in workmanship which gives both speed and safety."

Aviation's Hall of Fame

Earl Reeves, who has given you this vivid account of Colonel Henderson's career in aviation and what it means to you, has another splendid article on the way for July. It is one more addition to The Companion's growing list of Aviation's Hall of Fame.



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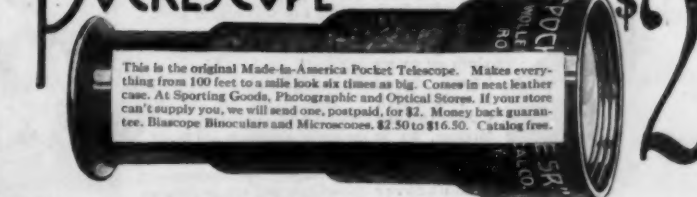
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Congratulations, Candy Makers!

Our Candy Contest comes to a triumphant end

FOR many weeks the Candy Contest judges have been busy classifying, sorting and testing recipes. Bonbons and chocolates, taffies and peppermints,—from Turkish paste to fancy popcorn,—the recipes poured in. Before the closing date more than five hundred girls had sent in their favorite recipes. The best entries out of all these hundreds were finally selected and then carefully tested at Miss Farmer's School Cookery, of which Miss Alice Bradley, THE COMPANION'S Cooking Editor, is Principal. The first prize, a complete candy-making outfit which you see in the picture below, including Miss Bradley's famous book "Candy-Making for Profit," has been awarded to Jacqueline Rush (15) of Barnard, Mo. Jacqueline's recipe, for a cream fondant, was chosen because it formed the best basis, out of all the recipes submitted, for many excellent and easily made varieties of candy. Fondant is the essential part of practically all bonbons, many chocolates, and a great variety of nut and fruit confections. You will find this recipe of the greatest value.

First Prize—Fondant Recipe by Jacqueline Rush

PUT 2 cups of granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon light corn syrup, 1 cup heavy cream and a few grains salt in a smooth, straight-sided saucepan. Dissolve over a slow fire, removing spoon and cooking quickly when the syrup begins to boil. Stir occasionally until it will form a soft ball when tested in a cup of cold water or at 240° F. Now pour the syrup quickly on a cold, wet platter, sprinkling with cold water from a pastry brush to hasten the cooling. Do not move platter while the syrup cools.

This process has changed granulated sugar to crystal-clear solution, and now you want to change it to another form of sugar smooth, soft and creamy. The quicker this clear syrup is cooled the smoother the result-

ing fondant will be. Be sure not to work it while it is still hot, as that is what causes it to sugar, or become grainy. When the cooling syrup is lukewarm begin to work the mixture with a spatula backward and forward. It will soon change to a creamy white mass which can be taken up in the hands. Scrape it from platter and knead in the hands for about five minutes until soft and velvety. Now place in a covered jar to "ripen."

This fondant should be allowed to ripen for at least a day or two before eating it. It will keep in good condition for several weeks. Cream fondant makes a better foundation for bonbons or chocolates, as it is richer than water fondant. The above amount makes a moderate-sized jarful.



The candy above is easily made with Jacqueline Rush's first-prize-winning recipe. On the right is the first prize itself: a complete candy-making outfit. Below is the second prize, Alice Bradley's autographed "Candy Cook Book."

Second Prize— Peanut Brittle

Recipe by Janette Mitchell

THE second prize in the Candy Contest, Miss Alice Bradley's own "Candy Cook Book," autographed by her especially for the winner, was awarded to Janette Mitchell (16) of Wilder, Idaho. The cook book you will see directly below, and the prize-winning candy in the large photograph on the right-hand part of this page. Janette's recipe is for making a particularly delectable kind of peanut brittle, easy to make and perfectly wholesome. Only the simplest ingredients, white corn syrup, peanuts, and sugar, are used. Here is how it is done:

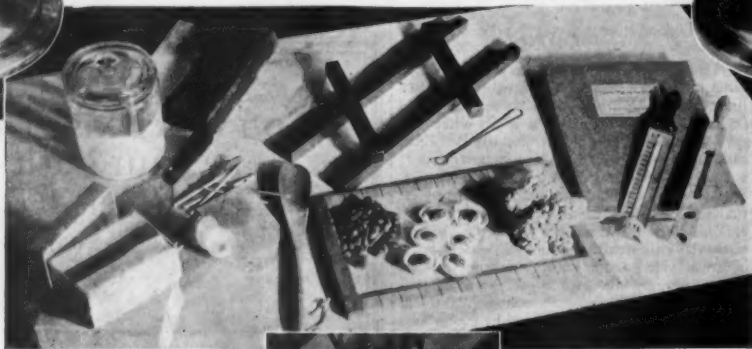
First carefully prepare the peanuts which you are to use. Cover with boiling water $\frac{1}{2}$ pound of shelled raw peanuts. The small Spanish variety is the best for this purpose. After bringing the water to a boil skim out the nuts and push off the skins. The peanuts are then ready to use.

Then put $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup water, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white corn syrup over the fire. Stir the mixture until the sugar is dissolved, then wash down the sides of the saucepan with a cloth or pastry brush dipped in cold water. Covering the mixture, let it boil three or four minutes, then uncover and cook it to 275° F. The

candy may be tested by cooling a little; when it is of the correct consistency it will cling but not stick to the teeth when chewed.

You are now ready to add the peanuts and 2 tablespoons of butter, stirring constantly until the peanuts are nicely browned and are of the same color as well roasted ones. Removing from the fire, add a mixture of 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in 1 tablespoon cold water, and 1 tea-spoon vanilla. When the candy is through foaming, turn on to a warm and well-oiled marble slab or platter. As soon as it has cooled a little on the edges, take hold of it at the edge and at the center by running a spatula or thin-bladed knife under it and pull it as thin as possible. This recipe should make about thirty-five pieces.

This recipe can be varied by the use of pecans, walnuts, hazelnuts and Brazil nuts. But one of its greatest advantages is its cheapness and simplicity and where these are important there is no better ingredient than peanuts.



The peanut brittle above was made with Janette Mitchell's second-prize-winning recipe. Below, at the left, are Eleanor Kent's popcorn sticks, which won third prize. Third prize, a Taylor candy thermometer, is shown below.

Third Prize— Popcorn Sticks

Recipe by Eleanor Kent

THIRD prize was the hardest of all to award. There were so many different kinds of candies clamoring to be recognized that the winner was determined only after a long series of tests. The prize, an extremely accurate candy thermometer made by the Taylor Instrument Co., which you see in the lower right-hand corner, was finally awarded to Eleanor Kent (15) of Rusk, Wis., for her popcorn-sticks recipe. The picture at the left shows how tempting the finished confection is!

Everyone who has ever eaten popcorn balls knows how difficult they are to handle daintily. This recipe helps solve this problem by presenting the same delicacy in a more convenient form, in addition to giving a good recipe for the candy mixture. The mixture is made by cooking $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups light corn syrup, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, 2 cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vinegar and 1 tablespoon water until it becomes brittle when a little is

dropped into cold water. At this stage remove from the fire and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda and 2 tablespoons butter and stir until thoroughly mixed; then pour over 5 quarts of freshly popped corn, stirring until each kernel is well coated. When cool enough to handle, mold it into sticks about 4 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. This recipe makes about twenty-five sticks.

THE G.-Y. C. has held few contests which have had so enthusiastic a response as this one. Recipes arrived from every state in the Union, from Canada, Mexico, and even from far-away China. All of them were good, and so very many of them were of high excellence that in this limited space it is impossible to print a list of all the girls who should receive Honorable Mention. Miss Bradley and the judges, and particularly myself, extend our thanks to all the entrants. From time to time some of the recipes will be published in these columns.

Next month Miss Bradley will give you some valuable advice on camp cooking, together with some simple recipes for use away from well-equipped kitchens.

HAZEL GREY

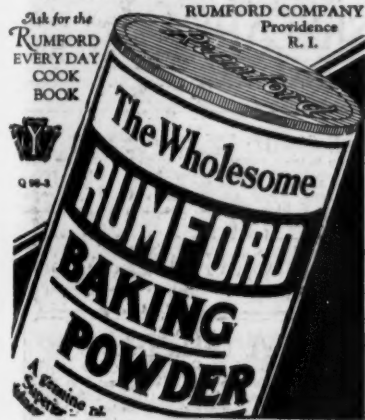




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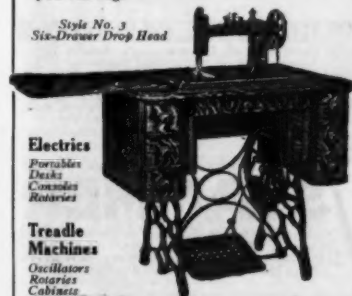


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THE G.Y.C.

"The way we talked by the fire in my room"

Letters from Jan



LET'S suppose that you are a girl between fourteen and seventeen. And let's suppose that you have an older sister (she's twenty-three) who has left your home in the West, and has a fascinating job in New York. Wouldn't the day that she wrote you a long, frank, happy friendly letter be one that you would look forward to all month long?

I know just such a family. Jan is the New York sister. Elinor is seventeen, Peg is fourteen, and both still live at home. And Jan comes pretty close to being the ideal older sister; old enough to make her advice worth while, young enough to be able to see things in the same light as a younger girl. Elinor and Peg have consented to let the G. Y. C. girls look over their shoulders once a month when Jan's letter comes. It's a fascinating chance, for Jan is as sprightly as she is sensible and, in her own words, talks about "books, boys, travel, dances, clothes, courses, parents, ambitions, astronomy, complexions—just whatever comes to mind first."

To all intents, Jan is your sister, too. Think of her that way.

HAZEL GREY

DEAR ELINOR:

Don't get excited or think that anything disastrous has happened because I'm writing before you've fairly had a chance to dust the smooches of my powder off the guest-room dressing-table. Really, I didn't lose my train or any of my money. The truth is, I had just such a wonderful time vacationing at home that I can't wait to unpack my bags before telling you how marvelous it seemed.

Elinor, you simply can't imagine how amazed I was to find that, in the three years since I have seen you, you and Peg were actually growing up! I didn't realize how little difference there is between Peggy's fourteen, your seventeen, and my twenty-three years until I got back and we all began playing around together. Come now, 'less up—did you? If you ever gave it a thought, didn't you suppose a woman twenty-three years old and connected with a publishing house in New York would be—well, heaven only knows what, but I hope that it was charitable. But you really did mean it when you said at the station yesterday that you had enjoyed the week as much as I, didn't you? I'm going to believe it anyhow—for that makes it all just about perfect.

I don't like to think that it is completely over. It doesn't have to be, does it? I mean, we can still write. Not the matter-of-fact, boring sort of writing, but a real talking letter once a month. Most likely I shan't get home again for a year anyhow, and at least eleven thousand things will be happening to you before then.

There may possibly be things now and then which we can help each other with. Of course, Dad and Aunt Marcia are fountains of knowledge, but sometimes they seem so far removed from the scene of action or else they can't remember having had any such problems when they were our age. Possibly there might be some little

things which I could help you with better than one who was so near you and apt to be prejudiced. So write about everything, the way we talked out at the club-house mornings or by the fire in my room in the wee small hours last week. Books, boys, jobs, travel, dances, clothes, courses, parents, ambitions, astronomy, complexions—just whatever comes to mind first. I shall love it and answer without fail.

There was no end of time for thinking on my way East—and here is one thought I had. You and Peg and I talked surprisingly little about summer vacations, considering the fact that you are both on the brink of one. What are you going to do with it?

I think it's rather too bad the way so many people let their long vacation from school steal up to them and catch them without any plans in mind. It's so easy, I know, to think during the spring, when every geometric figure and every line of Cicero almost make you shriek with boredom, "Oh, if vacation ever comes! If vacation ever comes, I'm just going to sleep in the mornings, and get drinks at the drugstore, and sit on other people's porches, and live in peace!" Well, I haven't a word of criticism for that program, except that it has been drawn up a million times and never carried out in the world. Aunt Marcia always begins calling you at the usual seven o'clock by the third morning at the latest; your allowance runs out before the end of the first week, likewise the allowances of all the obliging boys you know, and Pop Gunn at the Corner Drug looks superior when you suggest an account. There simply is no place in this age for lovely idleness. Your only resort is a pretty dream of some deserted tropic isle where the sand is white and the sky is blue and infinite numbers of bananas simply reeking with calories hang within reach as you lie on your back. Dream the pretty dream, but—make some very definite plan to get exactly what you most want from three marvelous months!

You've already been to camp. Wasn't it perfect? I went every summer while I was in high school, and those left a bunch of memories I expect to have rattling cheerfully in my pocket when I'm such an old lady that I've lost the key to everything else I ever did. I'm glad you've been.

But I remember your saying that you wouldn't want to spend a second summer that way. I think you're awfully wise. After all, there is so little time to do the ever-so-many things a person likes to have done before she finishes school. For instance, have you ever thought of trying to start a very unpretentious little tea room for earning a bit during July and August, Elinor? It would be exciting, and you have a perfect location down under the sycamores beside the lake road. I thought of it one year while I was in college. You will find my plans sketched in the red leather notebook in my drawer of the old roll-top desk. You are welcome to them, if you are interested. I'll advance you twenty-five dollars, too, if you like, because I have a tremendous faith in the power of those sycamores and in my idea of two big rock fireplaces for roasting hot-dogs and in all the yellow umbrellas I had meant to sprinkle over the field for picnic parties. This is just a suggestion, of course. But make this summer one you can remember, anyhow, won't you? "1929! Oh, yes, that was the summer I—" Make it that sort!

Much love,
JAN

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THE G.Y.C.



Two dresses for Commencement which can be used later for your vacation parties

For Commencement Time

THE loveliest Commencement dresses I have seen are those which are simple in design, with the material hanging in soft, straight lines. Those which have many frills and tulle-bows give a chopped-up appearance and are not nearly so attractive. Another point which you will wish to keep in mind is the fact that this Commencement dress of yours will be one of your summer dresses all vacation long. See to it that you choose one which you will enjoy wearing later!

The dress to the right in the picture has the new peplum, the low hip-line, the pleated skirt, and the trick bows which appear on so many of this season's lovely dresses. It may also be effectively made without sleeves. And the materials which I especially suggest for it are crepe de Chine, silk crepe, rayon or celanese, and radium silk, according to your preference. It may be made from Butterick pattern No. 2511-A, costing forty-five cents.

The other dress is somewhat simpler to make because of its straight-gathered skirt. With its two circular tiers to give flare to the skirt, it illustrates the new silhouette and is very pretty indeed. The dress may be effectively made not only in silk materials—crepe de Chine, georgette, sheer rayon, celanese—but also in cotton voile, organdie, pin-dot Swiss, lawn and batiste, from Butterick pattern No. 2556-A, costing thirty-five cents.

Our Contest

I have been more than delighted with the many letters which came in for the "My Dress Problem" contest. It was no easy or simple matter to decide which deserved first place and our prize of ten dollars. At last, however, the decision was given to the entry written by Anita Tilley of Washington, D. C. This is Anita's interesting and suggestive letter:

"My problem is not an unusual one. In fact, it is one every girl who is interested in clothes confronts at one time or another. Have you ever needed a dress and not known what to get? Perhaps you have tried to remember some of the fascinating frocks you have seen in shop windows, on smart girls, or in fashion leaflets, which you have especially liked. But you have not always been able to do so. This was my problem.

"I therefore started a scrapbook that appeared to be the solution of my puzzle.

"I hit upon the plan of saving illustrations of dresses which I particularly like, either wholly or in part. This system had its disadvantage in that the clippings were not always assembled. I have therefore gathered together as many as I can from the various fields of my endeavor and purpose to keep them all in this book. I hope thereby to solve the problem of how and what to make, and to be ready with new ideas when I need them.

"The designs in my book are from every conceivable source, from newspapers, advertisements, and magazine fashion departments. Some, as you may have guessed, are from our G. Y. C. page. Each design occupies a separate page, with its date and origin noted."

Honorable mention is given to: Florence Ball, Calgary, Alberta, Canada; Ruth Butcher, Bayard, Neb.; Gladys Christian, Windsor, Mo.; Harriet Doren, Canton, N. Y.; Winifred Fleming, Alexandria, Ohio; Margaret Howard, Haynes, Calif.; Annabel Mayo, Montpelier, Vt.; Jean Rowland, Dayton, N. J.; Helene de Thorbe, Oregon, Ill.; Jane Vineyard, St. Louis, Mo.; Mildred Wise, Snoqualmie, Wash.

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Hazel Grey, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

DEAR HAZEL GREY:

I am a girl who enjoys what the G. Y. C. Members do, and I am interested in worthwhile achievements.

Will you please write and tell me how I may join the G. Y. C., earn the right to wear the blue and gold Keystone membership pin, and enjoy all the advantages of being an Active Member?

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PETS for the FAMILY

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Our free booklet tells you how. Over 20 varieties of Pigeons.

W. V. MOORE, Box M, Sterling, Ill.

THE PICKED CHICKEN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 319]

"Ye-yes, of course," gasped Dorothy, seeing herself fairly caught.

For the ten days remaining of the camp session Emilia basked in the manufactured warmth of Cute Campers' attentions. Dixy and Dorothy knew that Joan was watching them. Besides that, they knew how to take a joke, and on the night of Emilia's initiation the joke had certainly been on them.

Mr. Lawson, of Lawson Hotels, Inc., arriving to take his daughter home, in a car that matched the abundance and richness of his camp treat, was greeted by a tanned, smiling child.

Her father, a worried, tired little man, beamed on everybody, but he singled out Joan for special thanks. "I notice that you looked out for my little girl from the very first, and that's what counted. In every letter, when she was homesick and picked on, it was Miss Joan who helped her out. Any time you come to Boston or New London or Worcester or York Beach"—he proffered his card with a tiny cross stamped in a corner—"go to my place, show this and my people, if I'm not there, will look after you." He pointed out the little cross. "I don't give 'em out marked like that unless I mean it."

Joan's pleasure in his thanks was dampened when Miss Tevis, handing her the stipulated weekly wage, announced curtly that she should never again pay an inexperienced counselor. Vail Lane, too, saying good-by, gave her a horrid dig. "So long, Joan! You sent your baby off happy, but the way you held up Dorothy wasn't cricket."

JOAN arrived home in a state of deep depression. Miss Fix-It had spoiled her record for satisfying every customer. There was no job in prospect, no news of Dad, no progress in the patent suit. Joan put on a businesslike dark dress and went down to Mr. Steve Adams' bank.

"You don't need an extra girl?" she asked.

"I've decided that I must have a steady job."

Mr. Adams stared solemnly at her, across his shiny mahogany desk. "The world is full of people that can take the steady routine jobs," he announced. "What I need now"—he thrust a letter at Joan—"is a Mister Fix-It who'll go down to Boston and get that man to change his mind again and give Hillsboro the New England Hotel-keepers' Convention same as he led us to think he would in the spring. Why, Jo, Mr. Smith at the Inn made all those repairs on the strength of the convention coming to see what a fine place he's got here. The town voted money for the bathing beach, and the Country Club bonded itself for nine more holes, and the Chamber of Commerce—oh, well, I can't swing it, and nobody else here can. Burlington gets the convention, though why that fellow Lawson—"

Joan, who had been reading the letter, looked at the signature, "G. Lawson," and then at the heading, "Lawson Hotels, Inc."

"Is this Mr. Lawson the one you want Mister Fix-It to see?" she asked. "And—would there be any money in it for Mister Fix-It if he got you the convention?"

"There'd be a good fat fee—two, three hundred dollars, and all expenses."

Joan went home, composed a careful letter, and pounded it out—five copies before she got a perfect one—on Dad's old typewriter:

"Dear Mr. Lawson: Your letter about the New England Hotel-keepers' Convention was accidentally shown me. It does not sound as if you cared very much where it was held. Hillsboro cares, maybe more than you know. We thought it was coming here, and we're all ready. Tourists and hotel men know all about Burlington and Lake Champlain, but they don't know about Hillsboro, specially the improved Hillsboro that we've spent our money to make attractive for you."

"I don't have chances to travel, so I probably shall never use your card. Instead I thought maybe I might ask this favor of you."

She mailed her letter one night, and the next afternoon Mr. Adams, who was president of the Hillsboro Chamber of Commerce, got a wire from Mr. Lawson: "In accordance recent request very glad to ask N. E. Hotel Convention committee to choose Hillsboro. They will. G. Lawson."

"Joan," demanded Mr. Adams, telephoning her the amazing news, "how'd you do it?"

"Why, I didn't exactly do it, Mr. Adams," she said. "It sort of happened. It was—why, it was just a coincidence!"

A MESSAGE TO REAL BOYS

As the Indian traveled through the forest—soundlessly, tirelessly, comfortably—so can you, if you wear the same type of footwear that he invented—True Moccasins.

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



"Grr-rr! Grr-rr!" growled the tiger in bewilderment, for he had never seen such horns on a cow

Golden Horn and the Tiger

By Dhan Gopal Mukerji

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

HER real name was the Cow of Plenty. But after she was sold to Rajah the King she came to be known as the royal cow, Golden Horn.

She was bought for the royal stable from her master, Krishaka, a farmer, because she was beautiful, wise and fearless. It is said that Krishaka was paid with her weight in silver by the Rajah. In order to show how he loved her, the King had her horns covered with gold. After that had been done, he had set on the tips of her horns gems that shone like stars. That is how she came to be called Golden Horn.

Because everybody knew how wise and unusual she was, the whole kingdom allowed Golden Horn to go wherever she pleased and eat whatever fodder she chose. This, indeed, was a great honor. Not a person in the royal household ever worried if Golden Horn did not come home at sundown. If she wanted to, she could spend the night in the jungle, full of tigers. Her fearless heart and wise head protected her everywhere.

Golden Horn had a calf who was called Jewel Horn. Aside from giving floods of milk, Golden Horn had to do her duties as a mother. As soon as his horns had sprouted a little, she took Jewel Horn with her to many strange pastures in order to educate him. She said:

"You must go to school. My boy, I am your mother. I must teach you all I know. We cows are not like people who hire teachers. We have to educate our own children by ourselves.

"First of all, learn to think clearly. Always keep calm. And whenever you face an enemy don't fear him.

"I want you to learn the ways of men and beasts. You must know danger when you see it. You must sharpen your wits, strengthen your heart, and exercise your

body. And you must never make the same mistake twice."

"But, Mother," objected Jewel Horn, "in order to succeed in fighting, all that I have to do is to use my horns."

His mother said: "You must first use your brains, and then, if you have to, use your horns."

One day they trotted off in the direction of the tiger-infested jungle. It was late afternoon. The wild animals were still sleepy. Those that were awake were stretching themselves in their dens. Black panthers sharpened their claws on the trees on which they had slept all day. Large leopards whined as they woke. Far off a *sheer* (tiger) snarled as he leaped out of his lair. Darkness fell softly over the jungle.

When she noticed that the dark was coming, Golden Horn said, "Come, Jewel, let us start homeward. It is getting late."

Slowly they sauntered back. But soon after their backs had been turned to the deep forest resounding with the yell of wolves, the roar of tigers and the trumpeting of elephants, Golden Horn felt that some dangerous beast was following them.

She whispered: "Go slowly, my son. The calmer you are the less anyone can frighten you. Don't be frightened."

"But, Mother, don't you feel afraid?" questioned Jewel Horn. "Look, Mother, what is that patch of black and orange in the high grass before us?"

Golden Horn whispered to him: "Hush! Stop. Stand still."

Hardly had she warned him when, with a roar, a tiger landed ten feet from

where she had stood. "Grr-rr!" he roared again, and his eyes were gleaming.

A SHOCK ran through Golden Horn and Jewel Horn. But clever Golden Horn stepped forward as if she was not at all disturbed. Stamping her hoofs on the ground, she scolded the tiger. "Who are you? How dare you interrupt our evening walk?"

"Grr-rr! Grr-rr!" growled the tiger in bewilderment, for he had never seen such horns on a cow nor heard such speech.

"Do you not know I am Golden Horn, the King's cow?" said the cow. "I am the Cow of Plenty. I am walking with my son, Jewel Horn. Please be good enough to jump away from our path. We are on our way home to the King."

"Not a bit of it," growled the tiger. "Cow of Plenty, are you? Good. I will kill you. That will give me plenty to eat."

"How dare you insult my mother?" shouted Jewel Horn. "If you talk like that again, I will gore you, though my horns are only three inches long."

That speech from a mere calf puzzled the tiger even more.

"Just a minute, Tiger," pleaded Golden Horn. "Forgive the rudeness of my son. He does not know who you are!"

Then, putting her mouth to her son's ear, she whispered: "The moment I bellow three times attack him. Put your horns into his stomach. Leave me to do the rest."

Then, quietly turning to the sinister beast whose stripes were like shining steel in the light of the risen moon, Golden Horn said, "Oh, Sir, why kill me? My horns are of gold. On their tips I wear diamonds. If you bite off those pieces of gold and diamonds, you can sell them

to a goldsmith. Then with the money you will be able to buy many cows. That will give you something to eat for many days."

"Then," said the tiger, "how can I get the gold off your horns?"

"That is easy. Come forward. I will lower my head. Then bite off their tips with your teeth while I hold my head steady. Do be kind enough not to wrench my horns too hard, won't you?" she begged.

"Anything to oblige such a valuable cow," said the tiger, advancing toward Golden Horn's lowered head. Though he was bewildered by the strangeness of all this, and his heart was full of strange fears, yet the tiger moved on. Step by step he came. The earth seemed to tremble under his weight. At last he stopped. It seemed to Golden Horn that an hour passed before he opened his mouth and closed his teeth slowly on the tip of one of her horns.

That instant she bellowed three times, like three thunder claps, deafening his ears and almost freezing his muscles. At the same moment the tip of Golden Horn's horn pierced the roof of his mouth. From below, Jewel Horn's little sharp horns struck his side and knocked him over. Howling with pain, he rolled on the ground.

He was so hurt and frightened that he ceased to be bloodthirsty. As soon as he was able, he slunk out of the sight of the mother and son, as if they were two tigers bigger than himself!

The next day, after they had been bathed and fed, Jewel Horn said, "Mother you are right. Horns alone cannot protect a cow. He must first use his brains."

Golden Horn answered: "Even our brains are not good enough unless our hearts are calm. If you are calm, nothing can frighten you. And he who is not frightened can beat tigers or any other animal!"

You will find more of these stories in Mr. Mukerji's book, "Hindu Fables for Little Children," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

Here Is the Solution of the Maze Published Last Month



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The \$11.30 air-mail stamp issued by Paraguay for use on the Asuncion to Buenos Aires route; the Italian colony of Libia issues its first air-post set—the current Italian air-post stamp surcharged with the colony's name; the new Joan of Arc commemorative issued by France. The design of this last stamp has met with a flood of criticism

BLOCKS, STRIPS AND PAIRS

THESE are three familiar philatelic terms which are generally mystifying to the boy or girl first becoming interested in the collecting hobby. A study of the words, however, will make them almost self-explanatory.

A pair, of course, signifies two. A stamp pair, therefore, comprises two stamps attached one to the other, the perforating or rouletting between them being intact. It may be either a horizontal pair, one stamp being beside the other, or a vertical pair, with one stamp above its companion.

A strip consists of three or more attached stamps in a row. The strip may be either horizontal or vertical.

A block implies the presence of at least four attached stamps. Two adjoining pairs forming a square make the smallest block. Three adjoining pairs make a block of six, as do two strips of three stamps each. Three adjoining pairs, each with five stamps, make a block of fifteen. Twenty adjoining pairs make a block of forty. And so on.

It is obvious that a "single" means an individual detached stamp.

STAMP NEWS

The City of the Vatican

THE signing of the agreement between Italy and Pope Pius XI foreshadowed stamps for use on mail posted within the new and tiny independent state, and announcement is made now which will fulfill this expectation of philatelists.

Twenty papal adhesives are to appear, in values of 5, 7½, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60 and 75 centesimi and 1, 1.25, 1.75, 1.85, 2, 2.55, 2.65, 5 and 10 lire, with these probably supplemented by postage dues and parcel post and special delivery stamps.

These City of the Vatican products are not expected to carry the Pope's picture. Instead, the design tentatively selected is the Papal Tiara (signifying "Power") above the Crossed Keys of Heaven (denoting "Knowledge"); and "Citta de Vaticana" may be the inscription.

Before the temporal power of the Pope, then Pius IX, was rescinded, about sixty years ago, the Papal States had their own postal system and stamps. The tiara and the keys featured the designs of those early issues, on which appeared also crowns symbolizing the Church of Rome's "Militancy," "Purity" and "Triumph."

St. Benedict

TURN back history's pages fourteen centuries and you will find that in 529 St. Benedict of Nursia founded the Monte Cassino monastery, since visited by religious pilgrims from all parts of the world. It stands on a peak rising 1,500 feet almost perpendicularly, overhanging the ancient town of Cassino, midway between Rome and Naples. Numerous popes there received their first lessons in ecclesiastical discipline.

This year Monte Cassino will be the goal for countless thousands of worshippers, as Italy is observing nationally the anniversary—and once more stamps associated with religion are being issued. The Latin kingdom promises a series, with appropriate designs, early in the summer, and these will be noted in THE COMPANION in due time.

Benedict is believed to have been born in 480, and it is supposed he died in 543. He founded the Benedictine Order. Monte Cassino has at various times been destroyed by religious and military enemies, but has been repeatedly re-

built, and today it stands a national monument cared for by monks.

The founding of Monte Cassino is the earliest event which stamps thus far commemorate.

A President's Decision

TWO stamps from Paraguay, different in color but each of 10 pesos, bear a portrait of Rutherford B. Hayes, a President of the United States. Washington was once postally honored by Brazil. No other Presidents of our country have ever had their pictures on foreign adhesives.

Paraguay's issue recalls the part which Mr. Hayes played as arbitrator in a land controversy between that republic and Argentina a half-century ago. Unable to arrive at an agreement, Paraguay and Argentina submitted their mutual problem to the President of the United States, and Mr. Hayes, late in 1878, gave his decision—awarding the disputed terrain to Paraguay. The stamps are inscribed 1878 and 1928.

A Present without Precedent

PRINCE FAROUK of Egypt reached the age of nine in February. His father, King Fuad, is a stamp collector. The monarch gave his son a birthday present that is unique—a series of Egyptian stamps which, carrying the boy's picture, commemorated the occasion.

There are four values—5 millimetres brown and black, 10m red and black, 15m blue and black, and 20m blue-green and black. They present a smiling youngster, three-quarters' length, in tarboosh and European clothes, and bear an inscription which includes "Prince Farouk" and the dates 1920 and 1929.

Aerial Posts—and Others

IT will be surprising if several high-value air-mail stamps do not emanate from Washington. The new Postmaster-General, Walter F. Brown, recently fixed rates on half-ounce letters carried on the routes being established to connect with Pan-American republics, and it is not to be expected that the current air adhesives, in denominations of 5, 10, 15 and 20 cents, will suffice.

To Colombia and Ecuador the fee is 40 cents, to Peru 55 cents, to Chile 70 cents, and to the Canal Zone, which is U. S. territory, 25 cents. Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Honduras, Mexico, Panama, Paraguay and Uruguay are other countries which will be visited by Uncle Sam's mail planes when this postal chain has been completed, and unquestionably the varying rates will result in new adhesives.

The republics mentioned, Ecuador excepted, have thus far issued more than 140 major and minor varieties of air stamps, or about one sixth of all which have appeared the world over since 1917, when the first ones were printed.

Recent ones include Paraguay's initial series, for use between Asuncion and Buenos Aires. These are official stamps overprinted "Correo Aereo Habilitado En" and new values—\$2.85, \$5.65 and \$11.30.

Meanwhile Libia is another newcomer to the ranks. Two Italian air stamps have been overprinted with this colony's name, and they were used on the first route to the motherland.

France's Joan of Arc commemorative, previously described in THE COMPANION, is illustrated this month. It has disappointed the people of France, where it is regarded as not artistically worthy of the Maid of Orleans. Its small size and dark-blue color do not do justice to the design, which seems unusually crowded and dulled.



Egypt commemorates the ninth birthday of Prince Farouk with this new stamp

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THINGS WE TALK ABOUT



Fitzhugh Green, author, adventurer and explorer

IT takes more than an editorial department to make a magazine. Three things determine what goes into every issue of The Youth's Companion: what the editors choose, what the writers contribute, and what you, the readers, say you want. So why shouldn't this last page become, every month, an informal gathering place for all three groups: the notes, so to speak, of what happens when all of us sit down together and talk things over? I feel certain that we will all profit if we make it so; and that is why the "Things We Talk About" Department reappears now, in larger and fuller form than ever before. Its aim will be to take you behind the scenes every month and show what is going on in The Companion offices, what writers and artists are working on, and what Companion readers are doing and thinking.

PERSONALITIES are always interesting. When you know what an author is, his writing takes on a new color. Take Fitzhugh Green, for example, whose complete long story, *THE MYSTERY OF DEATH ISLAND*, leads The Companion this month. He isn't just a landsman who likes to write about the Navy and the sea. He has lived through most of the adventures that he tells you. For when Fitzhugh Green, in 1925, took up the careers of authorship and publishing, it was after fourteen years of active and brilliant service in the United States Navy. He graduated from the United States Naval Academy in 1909 and took the degree of Master of Science at Georgetown University in 1913. During the World War and after, he was promoted through the various grades until, in 1927, he became a Commander. And "Commander" we still call him, even though he has now transferred to the Naval Reserve, and lives a civilian life as a member of the publishing firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York.

Despite his many publishing activities, Commander Green finds time to be a versatile, successful, many-sided author. The number of words which he can turn out in a given time makes him the despair of his friends. How, they wonder, can anyone who writes so well write so fast also? The answer seems simply to be this: Commander Green enjoys every minute of his working day and, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, "fills the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run." He can write a swift, colorful, exciting story while many another would be only thinking about it. Besides being a high favorite with Companion readers, Commander Green has another distinction: he has never been known to be late with a manuscript. If he tells an editor that he'll present it on the fifteenth of next month, it is usually in on the fourteenth. And that, we'll be frank to confess, is a rare trait.

Perhaps we shouldn't reveal the secret quite so soon, but Commander Green and the Editor have recently been discussing a new long story to appear later in the year. The outline of it has already been finished, and it's no exaggeration to say that few stories more exciting or imaginative have been written for young people since Jules Verne published "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." That is enough of a hint as to the subject.

Commander Green has written for many magazines, among them the Saturday Evening Post and Collier's; but in the young people's

field The Companion enjoys his exclusive services.

THERE'S always an extra bit of excitement to the month when we start a new serial. We are proud of the latest—*RANDOLPH, SECRET AGENT*—which begins this month, and are prepared to promise that each instalment will rise just a little higher in excitement than the last. Here again, the author knows whereof he writes. Keith Kingsbury was a member of the Secret Service during the World War, and many of the experiences which he records in his fascinating story of international intrigue between two mythical South American countries are based on fact. No matter how you searched you could never discover the name of Keith Kingsbury in any official records, for no Secret Service man can well write under his own name. Curiously enough, the revolts that are now flaming to the south of us had no bearing on the writing of this story, which was completed before a shot was fired or a threat was uttered. And yet, an incident occurring in the first chapter was almost exactly duplicated in fact, and the newspapers blazed with it on the very day that The Companion's editorial department sent the first instalment to its printing plant.

WHEN The Companion some time ago announced two contests, one offering Lon Chaney's make-up box as a prize, and the other offering two of Colleen Moore's dolls, the editors expected no more than a few hundred entrants for each of them. But so many hundreds of letters poured in with every mail that the

judges needed a great many weeks to sort and classify the letters. At last their task has been completed.

The entrants in the contest for Lon Chaney's make-up box were asked to describe what character in drama appealed to them most, and why. The best letter received was from Joseph W. Miller (16) of Litchfield, Ill., and to him has been sent the make-up box and autographed book that accompanied it. His favorite character is the Phantom, in "The Phantom of the Opera," one of Lon Chaney's most famous parts.

In the contest for Colleen Moore's two beautiful dolls, entrants were asked to tell, in a brief letter, about their favorite flower. The first prize in this contest was won by Katherine Bernard (12) of Newton Highlands, Mass. Her favorite flower is the bluebell. "My home in England was up in the Surrey hills," wrote young Miss Bernard in her prize-winning letter, "where we had a lovely large garden full of flowers, and surrounded by woods. During April and May the garden was just a sea of blue with the bluebells. It was lovely to look out of the windows at twilight, and see the moon coming up through the trees and shining on the bluebells, and hear the nightingales singing among the branches. No one could help believing in fairies there."



Joseph W. Miller

The second prize was won by Esther Stavrum



Katherine Bernard

(8) of Oconomowoc, Wis., whose favorite flower is the apple blossom.

AT the first of the year, The Companion asked its sport-minded readers which their favorite game might be and offered a first prize of \$25 and a second prize of \$10 for the best letters telling why. Here was another deluge.

Several thousand votes had to be tabulated and many hundreds of letters read before the decision could be reached. Now we salute Edward W. Garbett, of McKeesport, Pa., as the winner of the first prize. Here is his letter:

"The three sports I like best are baseball, basketball and tennis, and I would refer to them if ever asked to select my life work from athletics.

"Baseball is a great and interesting sport, keeping watchers and players on edge all through the game. I like baseball because it gives necessary body exercise and involves energy, not too strenuous, if an athlete keeps training rules. It also requires quick thinking and actions which must be done with perfect judgment. Lastly, every muscle in your body gets the proper exercise.

"Basketball is a scientific and intensely interesting sport. I like it because of the clean sportsmanship, cooperation and teamwork required if a team is to be successful. It requires good quick judgment, and provides exercise a little more strenuous than baseball. It tests a person's ability under a hard strain, and his fighting spirit to come from behind.

"Tennis is also a scientific sport, and your ability to play depends on being fast and your accuracy in hitting the ball. I like it because it requires quick thinking, judgment and exercise. It develops your lungs, regulates your breathing, and strengthens your arm and leg muscles."

The second prize goes to James Leroy Sears, of Middlebury, Vermont, who sent in this excellent contribution:

"I primarily prefer track, because of the intensity of effort, the splendid opportunity for good sportsmanship, and because of individual competition with team spirit. Also one meets more competitors at one time and place, and victory is much more enjoyed. It also builds stamina, muscle, symmetry of figure, a ruddy complexion, and resistance to disease.

"Second, I prefer boxing. It sparkles with vitality and action. As in the battle of life, if you are beaten you cannot blame your coach or your team captain, and if you win you must share your victory with them. Thus there is not too much publicity. It also adds to the symmetry of one's body by building proportional arms and shoulders.

"For my third choice, I favor skiing. It exhilarates the participant with dazzling speed, the bite of the wind on healthy cheeks, the tingle of snow-spray, and above all the flight through the air gives a feeling of elation that even wings would find hard to excel. It produces poise, a security of balance and ease that make one at home in any surrounding. Finally, it relaxes the muscles developed by the other two sports, and gives a liveness to one's movements that everyone envies."

In addition, forty-eight readers (of whom nineteen were girls) receive third-prize awards for excellent letters. The list is too long for publication here, but individual congratulations, as well as cash, go to the winners. This has been a most satisfactory contest, and reflects great credit on every one who entered. The favorite sports? First place goes to basketball at almost two to one. Baseball is second, football and swimming just about tied for third, and tennis seems to be fourth. And golf, which not many years ago was a game for the old and the rich, is forging ahead with huge strides. Today it stands more than half-way up the list of favorites.

NEXT month on this page we'll have a good deal more to tell you about our plans for the summer, how you helped to shape them, and the authors and artists who will carry them out. Many new features are planned for the summer; in particular, a series of long and short stories of mystery and adventure that are among the finest fiction pieces that The Companion has ever been privileged to print. We'll talk them over soon. THE EDITORS

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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